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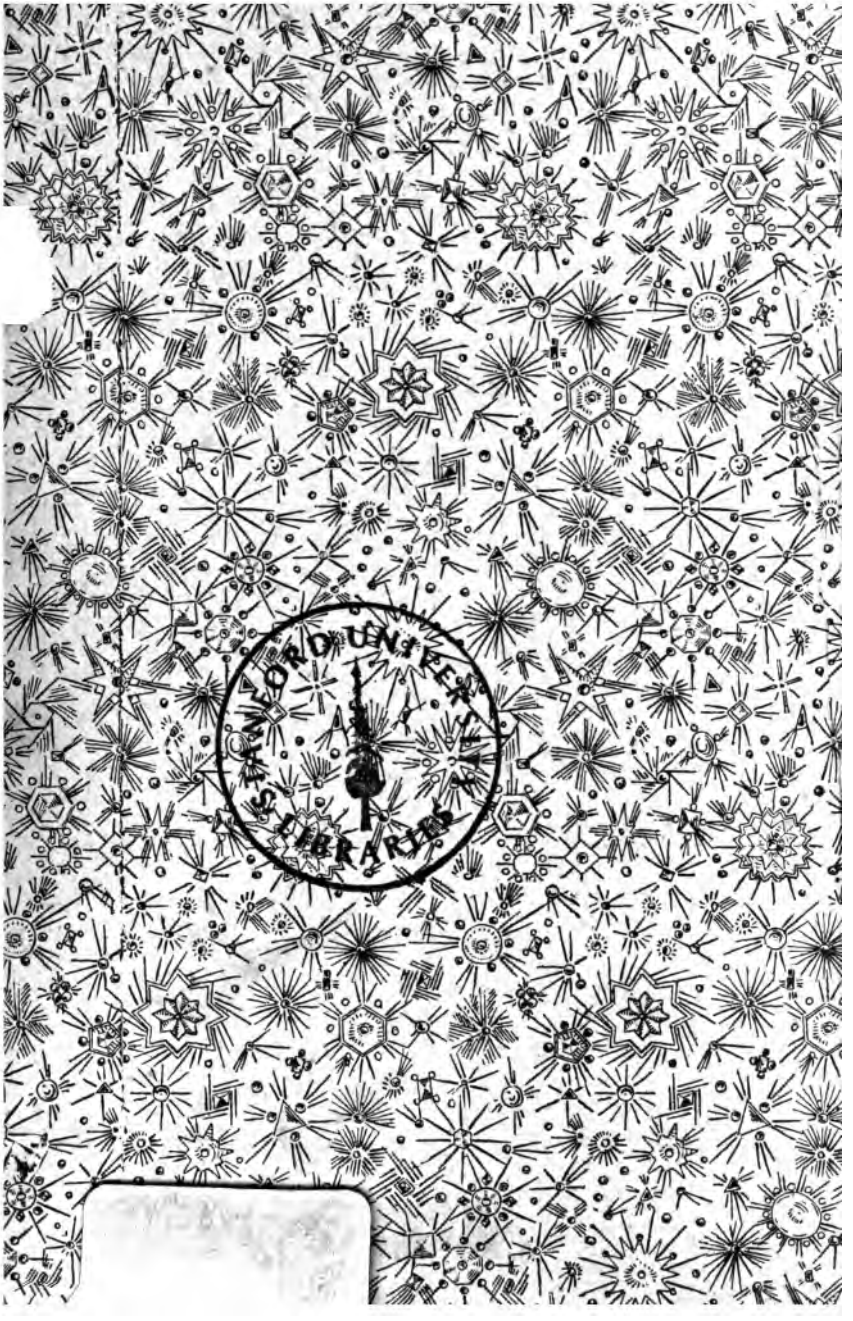
JOHN N. EDWARDS

LIFE, WRITINGS AND TRIBUTES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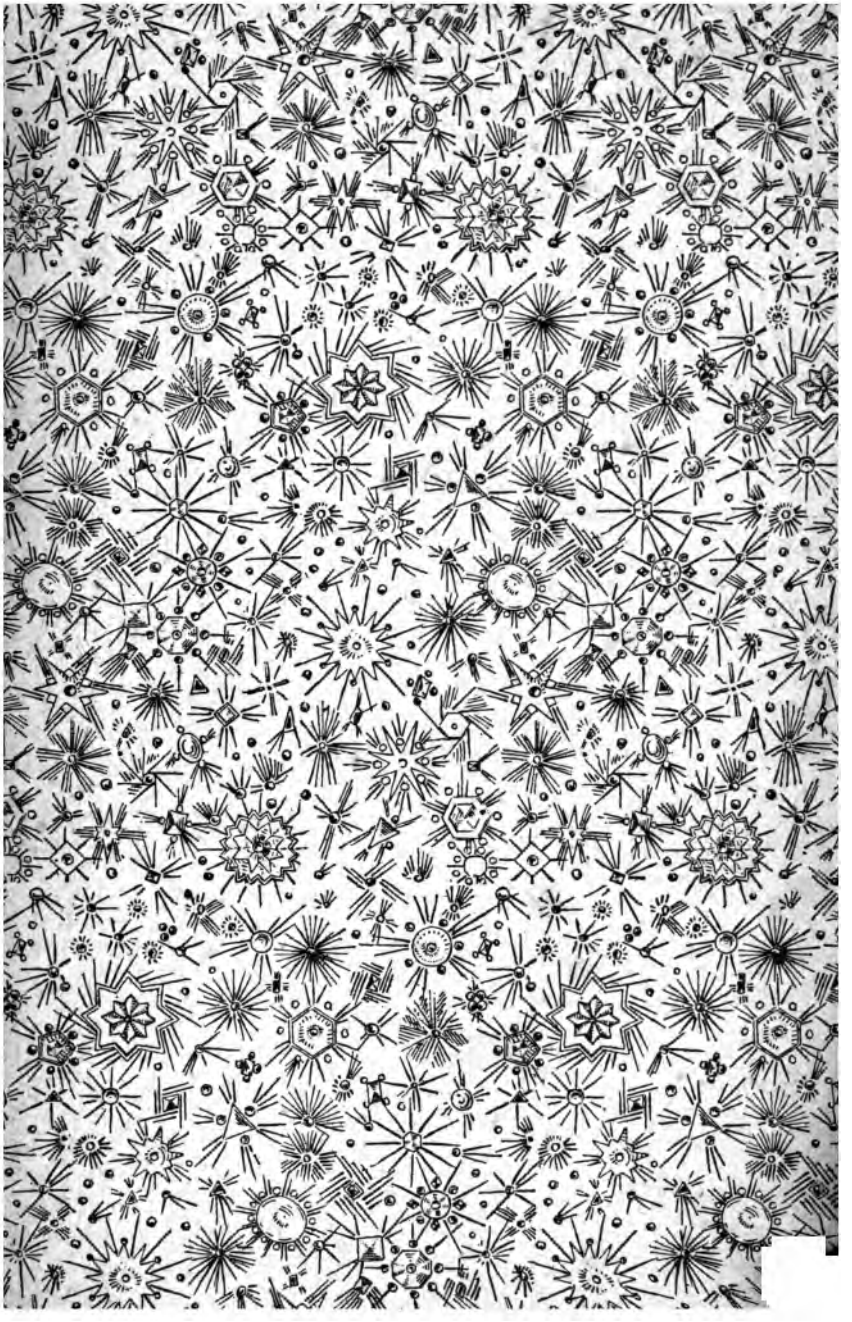

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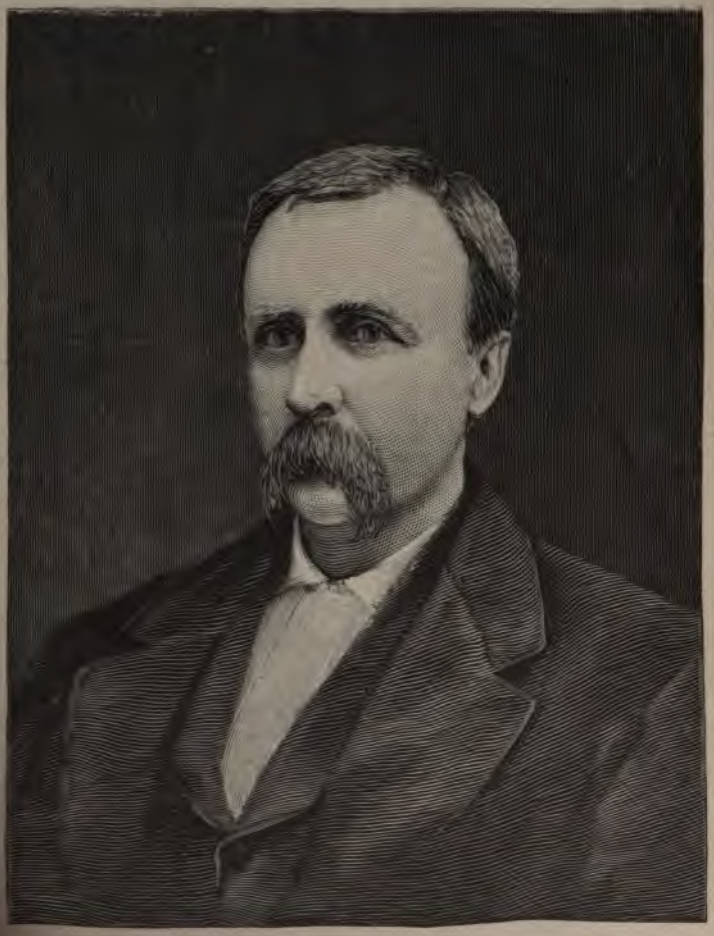

Your friend, as ever,
J. P. Edwards.

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1889

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DEDICATION.

TO THE FRIENDS OF MY DEAD HUSBAND, SOLDIERS AND CIVILIANS, CONFEDERATES AND FEDERALS, DEMOCRATS AND REPUBLICANS, I INTRUST THIS WORK. . . . . .

JENNIE EDWARDS.

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JOHN NEWMAN EDWARDS

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY REV. GEO. PLATTENBURG, DOVER, MO.

The subject of this brief sketch, John Newman Edwards, was born in Warren County, Va., January 4, 1839. Whilst a mere boy he learned tpye-setting at the town of Front Royal, a place now of great and heroic memories, in the *Gazette* office, a paper at this writing called the *Sentinel.* Even at that time he was regarded as a boy of extraordinary powers, having, at the immature age of fourteen years, as testifies a contemporary, written a story that gave him "wide celebrity." While yet a boy, through the influence of his relation, Thomas J. Yerby, of Lexington, now of Marshall, Mo., he was induced to come to the State of Missouri in 1854 or 1855. Arriving in Lexington, he soon thereafter entered upon his avocation of printer in the office of the *Expositor,* by whom conducted I do not now recall. Here, really, began the education of this singularly gifted boy, whose manhood was to be so rich in strange adventures and romance. Of schools Major Edwards knew but little, his advantages of this kind were limited and poor in character. As a boy, he loved solitude—this peculiarity in manhood made him shy to the verge of girlish timidity. He loved the fields, sweet with "the breath of kine" and the new-mown hay. He lingered in the dim vistas of the woods, and from out their slumberous shadows, dreamily watched the ceaseless swirl of the great river. This love of nature and its communion,

made him fond of the hunt and the pastime of gentle Izaak Walton.

His life during these years, in and about Lexington, was of the ordinary uneventful character, belonging to extreme youth and peaceful times. But the storm was brewing. The distant and sullen muttering of a great political upheaval was breaking ominously upon the nation's ears. Great questions lying radically at the very base of the two antagonistic conceptions of the American system of government, were loudly and hotly contested by the sections of the country. The slavery question was not the cause, but the occasion of the threatened rupture. Whatever men may say, or however much they may deplore sectional controversy, there were, as there are, but two great drifts of thought as to the true theory of our institutions, the one, denominated, "State Rights," the other, the steady trend toward centralization. Leaving the truth or falsity of these contested theories out of the question, the fact remains that out of them came one of the mightiest struggles known to the annals of the race. The rupture came. The "golden bowl was broken," the "silver cord was loosened," and there came an era of hate and blood that all good men ought gladly to wish to be forgotten.

HIS CAREER AS A SOLDIER.

It is at this juncture that Major Edwards began his active career. In the year 1862, Gen. Jo. O. Shelby organized a regiment near Waverly, Lafayette County, Mo. Of this regiment Frank Gordon was Lieutenant-Colonel. Colonels Shanks and Beal G. Jeans, with Capt. Ben Elliott in command of a battalion, joined and united with Shelby at this point. This command moved on the day of the Lone Jack fight with a view of forming a junction with Cockrell and Coffee. The forces of Shanks, Jeans, and Elliott, with his own regiment, constituted the original force under Shelby. Of this command, after the expiration of several months, upon the retirement of

Captain Arthur, John N. Edwards received the appointment of Brigade-Adjutant, with the rank of Major. This occurred in the month of September, 1863. When finally Shelby was promoted to the command of a division, Edwards shared the fortune of his generous and chivalrous leader and became the Adjutant of the division, I think with the rank of Colonel, though of this I have no positive evidence at hand. In this positionhe continued until the disbanding of the whole command after Lee's surrender.

Shelby's force, as we have seen, left Waverly to form a junction with Cockrell and Coffee, but on reaching Columbus in Johnson County, he heard of the Lone Jack battle, and was compelled to revise his plans. He began to work his way south, invironed by almost indescribable difficulties, and never at any time were the experiences and dangers of this illustrious body of men greater or graver. Care, prudence and courage of the highest order were manifested in successfully making this junction, with the men that fought at Lone Jack, an accomplished fact. This was done at or near Newtonia, from which point the united force fell back to McKissock's Springs, in Arkansas. Of this force, as Senior Colonel, Shelby took command, Lieut.-Col. Frank Gordon being at the head of the old regiment. From McKissock's they fell back to Cane Hill, a place made memorable years before by one of those tragedies so incident to frontier life of almost indescribable horror. Here they rested, Hindman at that time having his headquarters at Van Buren. To Shelby was given the arduous and dangerous duty of watching and contesting, step by step, the Federal advance from Fayetteville. It was necessarily Shelby's additional duty to cover Hindman's movements at Van Buren, Blount performing a like service for Curtiss. During this period the splendid soldierly qualities of this whole command were daily exhibited. The soldier alone knows the hardships, and the demand for an almost superhuman endurance in this form of military service, of such varied fortune of defeat and victory. During the whole period immediately

prior to the battle of Prairie Grove, Shelby held the position in front of Hindman's advance, and finally, on a frosty December morning, he opened the hard contested fight of Prairie Grove. The sad December night before the battle is thus described by Major Edwards himself, and as he alone could do it: "The moon this night had been eclipsed, too, and upon many of the soldiers the weird, mysterious appearance of the sky, the pale, ghost-like phantom of a cloud across its crimson disc, had much of superstitious influence. At first, when the glowing camp fires had burned low and comfortable a great flood of radiance was pouring over the mountains and silvering even the hoary white beard of the moss clustering about the blank, bare faces of the precipices. The shadows contracted finally. The moon seemed on fire, and burned itself to ashes. The gigantic buckler of the heavens, studded all over with star-diamonds, had for its boss a gloomy, yellowish, struggling moon. Like a wounded King, it seemed to bleed royally over the nearest cloud, then wrapt its dark mantle about its face, even as Cæsar did, and sink gradually into extinction. There was a hollow grief of the winds among the trees, and the snowy phantasm of the frost crinkled and rustled its gauze robes under foot. The men talked in subdued voices around their camp-fires, and were anxious to draw from the eclipse some happy augury. Relief exhibited itself on every face when the moon at least shone out broad and good, and the dark shadows were again lit up with tremulous rays of light."

And e'er the great sun's white splendors kissed the rime-robed earth, Shelby's voice, clear as a bugle's note, came to gallant Shanks, "Forward, Major!" And since the day that men first learned war, they never rode with more splendid courage into battle; not one of all these men but deserved the golden spurs of chivalrous knighthood. From this field, stained with such precious blood on this chill December day, Shelby again occupied the post of honor and danger, covering Hindman's retreat. Falling back slowly, on reaching Van Buren he found that General

Hindman had abandoned his position at Van Buren, and had fallen back to Little Rock. Shelby finally went into camp at Lewisburg, on the Arkansas River, and became virtually an outpost of Hindman's command at Little Rock. Shelby in all this service acted independently, although shortly prior to the Prairie Grove battle Shelby's and Marmaduke's Brigades had been united, forming Marmaduke's Division; the latter becoming Division Commander by virtue of a Brigadier's commission at that time in his possession. At this camp was organized an expedition into Missouri, the leading event of which was the capture of Springfield, January 8, 1863. But being unable to hold the position won, they moved on in an easterly direction to the town of Hartsville, where a disastrous defeat was sustained. From this point a retreat was effected, and the force went finally into camp at Batesville, on the White River in Arkansas. Here, probably in the month of April, subsequent to the events described, was organized what is known as the "Cape Girardeau Expedition," as the attack upon this town was the leading event of the campaign, where the subject of this sketch was wounded and taken prisoner. Some time prior to that measureless blunder of a most pitiful senility, the disastrous assault upon Helena, Arkansas, Major Edwards was exchanged and had rejoined his command, taking part in the fateful scenes of that dark day when so many gallant and fearless men were slaughtered upon the altar of a boundless stupidity. Shelby was wounded in this battle. His command then moved to Jackson Port, where he remained until the Federal advance under that humane soldier, General Frederick Steele, was made on Little Rock. Shelby was commanded to take position on Bayou Metoe, to watch Steele's advance from points on the White River. Price's whole force was then occupying an intrenched position on the Arkansas River immediately opposite Little Rock. Colonel Frank Gordon's regiment was occupying a position on the extremity of a spur of Big Rock, in full view of the city. In all the scenes before Little Rock Shelby's division was a very large part, and finally

covered Price's retreat from the city. At Arkadelphia another expedition into Missouri was organized, at the earnest solicitation of General Shelby, and so the raid of 1863 was inaugurated. He gained permission to select a number of men from each regiment of his division, to the number of 800. After a single day's march they came within the enemy's territory. Marching day and night, engaged in countless skirmishes, they reached and captured Boonville; from thence they came to Marshall, where they were surrounded by not less than 5,000 men under Ewing, Crittenden and Pleasonton. The two formed in front, the latter in the rear. After three or four hours' fighting, Shelby determined to cut his way out, and an order to this effect was borne to Colonel Shanks by Major Edwards. The plan was successfully accomplished despite the mighty odds against them. The inequality of the forces gave especial glory to the deed.

But it is not possible in a brief sketch like this to follow the fortunes of this band of noble soldiers under so dashing and fearless a leader, in a long war. Of the scenes so tragic of this vast conflict each soldier might say with Aeneas as he recounted the miseries and the fall of Troy, to Dido and her Tyrians, until the sinking stars invited to repose "Magna Pars Fui." Of the great contest and its strangely varied fortunes they were a great part. It was at this point in the history of this great internecine struggle that Major Edwards began to receive that military prominence he so richly deserved. As a soldier, he was not only brave and fearless, and wise in council, but gentle, tender, courteous to the humblest soldier beneath him. As he was whole-hearted in the cause he espoused, so dealt he kindly with the men that shared his convictions and the fortunes of a common cause.

I here employ the beautiful tribute of Major J. F. Stonestreet, who shared with him the vicissitudes of a long and bitter struggle. It is better said than I could say it:

A COMRADE'S TRIBUTE.

The achievements of Shelby and his men are matters of history. Of them all Major Edwards was the hero. The individual instances of his bravery in battle, his

wisdom in council, his tender solicitude for his men, his self-sacrificing spirit, would fill a volume. Major J. F. Stonestreet, of this city, who was with him until he crossed the Rio Grande into Mexico, tells well the story of his part in the great struggle.

"I can not speak of John Edwards without emotion," he said. "He was the noblest man of the many noble men who took part in the great struggle in the West. I can not begin to tell of all the instances of his valor in battle, his kindness in camp, his care for his comrades, his noble self-sacrifice, his great brain and noble heart. No one but those who were with him in those dark hours can appreciate his magnificent spirit. He was only a boy when he joined Gordon's regiment, but he soon became the hero of Shelby's old brigade. It was a grand sight to see him in battle. He was always where the fight was thickest. He was absolutely devoid of fear. The men had the confidence in him that they would have had, had he been a God. Their trust in him was sublime. He had a genius for war. While he was as brave as a lion, his courage was not of the rash, impetuous sort that led him into foolhardy undertakings. His wisdom was as great as his bravery. No one appreciates more the character and achievments of General Shelby than I; but when the dark days came, it was John Edwards who, more than anybody else, inspired hope in the hearts of the men, cheered and encouraged them, and spurred them on to renewed exertions.

"This self-sacrifice was noble. I have seen him dismount and give his horse away to a tired trooper. In the hospital once I saw him take off his shirt and tear it up for bandages for the wounded, not knowing when or how he was to get another one. I have seen him take off his coat and give it to a soldier who, he thought, was more in need of it. His spirit was so gentle that it hurt him more to see others suffer than to suffer himself. What heroism he displayed in that awful retreat from Westport! Small-pox broke out among the men. John Edwards feared it as little as he did the bullets of the enemy. He would take a soldier with the small-pox in his arms, carry him to the most comfortable place that could be secured, and nurse him with the care of a woman. He would brave anything to secure a delicacy for a sick soldier. When we were eating horseflesh on that awful march, and the men were starving, naked and ready to give up, it was he who cheered and encouraged them and held them together. His heart was so big that he thought of everybody before himself.

"In battle he was a very Mars; in camp he was as gentle as a woman. The men loved him, and little wonder. He could never do enough for them. Brave men, all of them, they recognized him as the bravest and the brainiest. 'Follow me, boys,' I have heard him cry, 'and I will take you where the bullets are the thickest and the sabers the sharpest,' and then, his sword flashed in his hand, he would be off to where the fight was the hottest. And the men would be after him with a confidence and devotion that insured victory. He was the bravest man in war and the gentlest in peace that I ever saw. He was the soul of honor. He was one man in a million. He was the Chevalier Bayard of Missouri."

Notwithstanding his intrepid bravery, Major Stonestreet says he was badly wounded but once. That was in Marmaduke's raid on Springfield, when he was shot and taken prisoner in the fight near Hartsville. He was afterward exchanged and rejoined his regiment at Jacksonville, Ark. He especially distinguished himself for bravery and strategy in the 4th of July fight at Helena, which was in progress when Vicksburg surrendered. It was said of him that he had more horses shot from under him, and gave more horses away to those whom he thought needed them more than himself, than any man in Shelby's brigade.

So testifies one who knew John Edwards through all the trying scenes of a contest all too bitter, and who loved him well. John Edwards was a born soldier. The genius of war and the genius of poetry alike presided at his birth. The courage of the Knight and the poesy of the Troubadour were alike his. He crowned the brow of war with golden nimbus of the poet. For his deft fingers the brand of the grizzled grenadier and the minstrel's lute were alike fashioned. He brought the chivalry and song of the thirteenth into the Titanic struggles of the nineteenth century.

An officer once bore a report of General Shelby's to General Holmes, who on reading it exclaimed with an impious expletive: "Why, Shelby is a poet as well as a fighter!" "No, replied the officer, but his Adjutant is a born poet." It was this remarkable combination of elements in Major Edwards that made him as brave and fearless as he was tender and gentle. It also accounts for the strong,

religious sentiment of his nature mentioned in a brief speech at his grave. Belief in the supernatural elements of religion and poesy go hand in hand. Goethe stated a very large and a very fundamental truth when he wrote, *"Der Aberglaube ist die Poesie des Lebens"*—the "over-faith, the supernatural, is the ground of life's highest political forms.

IN MEXICO—MARRIAGE, ETC.

After the close of the war Major Edwards followed the fortunes of his old leader with others of his fellow-soldiers into Mexico, where he spent two years, a deeply interested spectator of the affairs of Maximilian's Empire. With this amiable, but unfortunate Prince, and with his wife the "Poor Carlotta," he became a favorite, and through him was negotiated and obtained the grant which enabled Shelby, and perhaps fifty others, to establish the Cordova Colony of Carlotta. He and Governor Allen, of Louisiana, a man of beautiful spirit and richly stored mind, established a newspaper, *The Mexican Times*, devoted to the restoration of an era of peace, prosperity and good government for this sadly distracted people. Whilst here, the material of one of his books, "An Unwritten Leaf of the War," was produced and gathered, which appears in this present volume. What a strangely romantic period these two years must have been to the dreamy, poetic soldier of the North. The rich, tropical foliage, the skies luminously blue, the warm airs, the voluptuous climate, the romantic people inheriting the glorious traditions of Old Spain, the memories of the Cid, songs of Calderon and Lope de Vega, chanted in the sweet the Castilian tongue must have been things of ceaseless charm to the imaginative temperament so strongly marked in Major Edwards. It was a period of romantic adventure, and from time to time he has related to me singular episodes that occurred during his association with Governor Allen, but brevity denies indulgence to the reminiscent mood.

In the year 1867, having returned from Mexico, Major Edwards went on the *Republican* as a reporter, then under the editorial control of Col. William Hyde, a noble gentleman and an able writer, whose contributions to that great paper have rarely been equaled in western journalism.

In the year 1868, in connection with the brilliant and versatile Col. John C. Moore, now of the Pueblo *Dispatch*, he inaugurated the Kansas City *Times*, with the financial support of R. B. Drury & Co. It was at this time that he was married. This marriage took place on March 28, 1871, to Mary Virginia Plattenburg, of Dover, Lafayette County, Missouri. A woman scarce less brilliant than himself, of high impulses, poetic sentiment and of an uncommon literary faculty, she was a fit companion for this molder of "fiery and delectable shapes." They were married at the residence of Gen. John O. Shelby, near Aullville, in Lafayette County. This marriage took place away from the home of the bride because of an interposed objection on the part of the parents, grounded solely upon the near family relationship of the parties. The fruit of this marriage is two boys and one girl. The boys are John aged seventeen and James fourteen years, the girl Laura eight.

THE DUEL WITH COLONEL FOSTER.

Major Edwards remained on the *Times* until 1873, two years after it passed into its present management, and greatly aided in building it up into its present commanding position as director of western thought and enterprise. In this same year, he went upon the St. Louis *Despatch*, owned and controlled by Mr. Stilson Hutchins, whom he followed into the St. Louis *Times*. It was while at work on the *Times* that his duel with Col. Emory S. Foster took place. The difficulty grew out of certain questions incident to the great civil struggle whose memories were yet fresh in the minds of all, and its passions still unallayed. These matters were discussed with great acerbity of temper and sharpness of expression. The acrimony engen-

dered by a long, bitter contest, was still more or less dominant in the minds of men in all sections. It can serve no good purpose here to dwell on the questions themselves or their mode of treatment; they belong to the dead past, and there let them remain. I know that the acrimony so rife at the time of this occurrence with Major Edwards, in common with the better class of men in both sections, was a thing to be deplored and forgotten. The friends and admirers of Major Edwards are of all parties. There are no more tender or appreciative tributes to his memory than those written by the men in blue. Mrs. Edwards informs me that she has received as many expressions of sympathy and admiration from Federal as from Confederate soldiers. The perpetuation of the rancor of the war is left to the camp-follower and coward. I shall here enter on no defense of Major Edwards' ideas on the duello. With his education, and sensitive perception of the worth of personal honor, it is easily accounted for. Omitting the offensive paragraphs we give this statement from a morning paper the day after the rencounter:

BELOIT, Wis., Sept. 4, 1875.

A duel was fought at five o'clock this afternoon, six miles north of Rockford, in Winnebago County, Illinois, between Maj. John N. Edwards, of the St. Louis *Times* and *Despatch*, and Col. E. S. Foster, of the St. Louis *Journal*. The origin of the affair grew out of the recent invitation to Jefferson Davis to address the Winnebago Fair. The St. Louis *Times* of August the 25th contained an article written by Major Edwards, commenting upon the treatment of Mr. Davis, and reflecting upon the intolerant spirit manifested. To this the *Journal* replied that the writer of the *Times* article had lied, and knew he lied, when he wrote it.

Major Edwards took exception to this and demanded a retraction of the offensive language. Colonel Foster, the editor of the *Journal*, disavowed any personal allusion to Major Edwards, but declined to retract the language. A lengthy correspondence ensued, Col. H. B. Branch acting as the friend of Major Edwards, and Col. W. D. W. Barnard as the friend of Colonel Foster, the result of which is embodied in the last letters of the principals, which show the difference between them:

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 30, 1875.

"Col. EMORY S. FOSTER:

"*Sir:* In reply to your letter of this date I have to state that your reply to the reasonable request I made of you, to-wit, to withdraw and to disavow all language in your editorial of the 25th inst., personally offensive to myself, is evasive and not responsive to my request. In my letter to you I referred solely to what was directly personal to myself, without inquiring whether my editorial, or yours in answer to it, exceeded the usages of the press in discussing a subject generally or referring to bodies of persons. I can not admit your right to introduce these questions into this controversy which refer solely to your allusion to the writer of the *Times* editorial.

"The disclaimer in the first four paragraphs of your letter would be satisfactory had you followed it up by a withdrawal of the offensive terms of your editorial, so far as they referred to me personally. But as you decline to do so I must, therefore, construe your letter of this date, and its spirit, as a refusal on your part to do me an act of common justice, and so regarding it, I deem it my duty to ask of you that satisfaction which one gentleman has a right to ask of another.

"My friend, Col. H. B. Branch, who will deliver this, is authorized to arrange with any friend you may select, the details of further arrangements connected with the subject. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. N. EDWARDS."

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 31, 1875.

"Col. JOHN N. EDWARDS:

"*Sir:* Yours of the 30th inst. was handed to my friend, W. D. W. Barnard, Esq., at 11 o'clock this A. M., by your friend, Col. H. B. Branch, and is now before me. In reply, I have to state that I emphatically disclaimed in my note of yesterday any intention of referring to you, or in any way offering to you, a personal offense in the matter in which you have raised the issue.

"My friend Mr. Barnard will have charge of my honor in the premises. I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant, EMORY S. FOSTER."

It being found impossible, as appears from the above correspondence, to accomplish a reconciliation between the parties by a withdrawal of the offensive language, the matter passed into the hands of the seconds, Col. H. B. Branch, on the part of Major Edwards, and W. D. W. Barnard on the part of Colonel Foster.

They were to meet on the 4th day of September, 1875, between the hours of 6 and 7 A. M., or as soon thereafter as the parties could reach the grounds, in the county of Winnebago, State of Illinois. The weapons, Colt's navy revolvers calibre 38, the distance twenty paces. Each party entitled to one shot, unless both demanded a second. The firing was to be at the words, thus: "Are you ready; one, two, three"—the firing to occur after the word "two" and not after the word "three." The seconds were to be similarly armed, and any violation of the rules agreed upon entitled the second of the one to shoot down the offending second of the other.

Upon arriving at Rockford both parties drove to the Holland House and partook of dinner.

About 3 o'clock the seconds completed their arrangements. It was decided to drive five miles north on the Beloit road, and have the meeting in some secluded spot. Both principals agreed, and Col. Edwards' party started off in a hack at half-past three, the understanding being for them to await the other party for half an hour after arriving as far out as designated. If the challenged party did not arrive on time it was to be regarded as an evidence of cowardice.

The Foster party caught up with the other party just as they were halting at an estimated distance from the city of five miles.

The spot where the halt was called was a shaded valley, with a winding stream called Turtle Creek, running through it. The seconds held another consultation, and, the site suiting them, they went in search of a place sufficiently far from the Beloit road to be safe from intrusion. After an absence of five minutes they were successful in their search, and on their return the whole party left the carriages. The hackmen, who were wondering what was in the wind, but had not the enterprise to gratify their curiosity, were told to wait in the neighborhood for a few minutes, which instructions they filled to the very letter. The names of the parties who went on the field were: Col. John N. Edwards, the challenging principal; Col. H. B. Branch, second; Dr. Montgomery, surgeon; Dr. Munford, of the Kansas City *Times*, friend; Major Foster, principal; W. D. W. Barnard, second; Dr. P. S. O'Reilly, surgeon, and the representative of the *Tribune*, friend.

The spot selected was a couple of hundred yards to the west of the road, a beautifully shaded valley in which horses and cattle were grazing. The seconds took up position near a tree and commenced to examine the

weapons. The principals were a few yards apart, Foster reclining on a bank, coolly smoking a cigar, Edwards resting with his back against a tree and conversing with Dr. Munford, with whom he served in the Confederate army. The surgeons took their cases of instruments to the hill-side, where they sat watching the preparations for the encounter. Some time was occupied in the examination and loading of the pistols, and while the necessary part of the work was in progress, the principals each divested himself of his watch and other articles which might turn off a bullet. The next procedure was to measure the ground, a matter which was gone through with business-like dispatch and coolness. Twenty paces was the distance. The positions were north and south, and were marked by a short stake driven into the ground. Branches of trees were cleared out of the way to prevent injury from falls, and other details attended to which might render things comfortable for the parties immediately interested. The next important step was to toss up for position and the call. Branch, Edward's second, won the choice of position, and Barnard the call. This fact was communicated to the principals, who expressed themselves satisfied with the result. The principals and seconds then walked up the ground. Edwards asked Foster's opinion as to position, but the latter said he had no choice. They both received their weapons from the seconds and Edwards chose the south end of the ground. Before the final arrangements were completed, the friends were requested to relieve themselves of their pistols, a precaution against a general skirmish should either party feel aggrieved. Dr. Munford was the only one who had a pistol on his person, and he at once placed it in his valise. The conditions of the fight were then read. Edwards requested Barnard to articulate the words, "Are you ready? one, two, three," in a distinct manner, so as to prevent unpleasant haste. Both men at this point displayed marvelous nerve, Foster smoking his cigar in an unconcerned way. Positions were then taken up, the the seconds shaking hands with their principals, and receiving instructions in case they should fall. At length all was ready. The seconds had pistols in their hands ready to revenge any infringements of the code. There was an ominous pause. At exactly 5 o'clock the men faced each other and took mental aim; then came the words, "Are you ready?" in clear, distinct tones: "one, two." Before the word three the duelists fired almost simultaneously. The surgeons anxiously looked each to his man, expecting him to fall, but neither

was wounded. "A little high!" exclaimed Foster, as soon as he had fired. Edwards demanded another fire, in an excited tone. His second asked if he would adhere to that resolution. "Yes," he replied, "it is just as I told you before we came on the field. I will go on if it takes a thousand fires;" and with this remark he sat down on the grass. Foster declined another fire. He was the challenged party, and felt no bitterness against his antagonist. Therefore he was not anxious for blood. His honor had been sustained as the challenged party. Shots had been exchanged, and that was all that was necessary. Barnard went to talk with Edwards, who was heard to say: "I have admitted as much as I can do—have received no satisfaction to take with me." After the interchange of a few words, Edwards concluded to make the thing up. He approached Foster and shook hands. There was mutual congratulation all round, and it was interesting to see the brotherly love displayed by the men, who two minutes before, had faced each other with death in their eyes. The genial Bourbon was produced, and the agreeable termination to the affair toasted. A short time was spent on the grass in mutual explanation, and everything was forgotten and forgiven. The parties then returned to their hacks, one shaping toward Beloit and the other to Rockford, which place they left in the evening, but for what point the reporter failed to ascertain.

Apprehending a possible fatal result, Major Edwards wrote the following note to his friend, Dr. Morrison Munford, who was present. It was written at the Tremont House, Chicago, and bears no date, and written in pencil on a leaf torn from a note-book which he carried in his pocket. The note needs no comment—it carries its own:

Dear Morry: A little farewell I want to speak to you. I have but three thoughts: my wife, my two children. When you can help my wife in her pride—help her. It aint much—only it is so much to me. Your friend,

J. N. EDWARDS.

This note is a revelation of the character of the relations between these two men, and shows how implicity he relied upon the loyalty and steadfastness of Dr. Munford's friendship—the one man of all others upon whom he called in his supposed extremity. John Edwards knew the man he calls "Dear Morry" as perhaps no other man did, and

he trusted him. And now, the "little farewell" has been spoken, and the memory of a brave soul is left to men.

JOURNALIST AND AUTHOR.

After his withdrawal from the St. Louis *Times* he started to Santa Fé, to engage in sheep-raising, but visiting Dover to make his farewells, he was dissuaded from the undertaking, and remained at the home of his wife's father, Judge J. S. Plattenburg, and wrote the "Noted Guerrillas," a wonderful record of the border warfare. Subsequently he went to Sedalia, taking editorial charge of the *Democrat*. Retiring from this paper he started the *Despatch*, which had a brief, but singularly brilliant career. He was then called to the editorial management of the St. Joseph *Gazette*, by the late Col. J. N. Burnes, the owner of the paper. Again, in 1887, he was recalled to the editorial chair of the Kansas City *Times*, which place he held at the time of his death. One needs but to read the numerous press tributes to know how exceedingly brilliant his editorial career has been. His style, bright and full of poetic forms, was forceful, vigorous and convincing; as flashing and as keen as the scimiter of Saladdin. Many of the passages in this book bear critical comparison with the most beautiful passages of classic English. The exuberance of expression and prodigality of beautiful words in the compositions of Major Edwards have occasionally led men to overlook or underestimate the more solid aspects of his mind. His historical and general knowledge was very great; his familiarity with the best specimens of Classic English in both prose and poetry was something wonderful in both accuracy and comprehensiveness. The opportunities of a student's life were never within his reach, and yet he knew vastly more of books than most men who had been patient toilers over their pages through continuous years. To the ordinary mind it was wholly inexplicable, how or when he obtained such stores of rich and varied knowledge. His work was a remarkable blending of fact and

fancy, of cogent reasoning and vivid poetic expression. A rare combination of powers. There are many grad-grinds, but few poets to clothe the hard facts of life in the aureole of imperishable beauty. The words necessary to describe fitly the dauntless courage, the greatness of soul, the tenderness surpassing that of woman, characterizing the life of John Edwards, would, to those who little knew him, seem fulsome and extravagant. But not so to his friends who knew him. Some of the virtues of Major Edwards were so intense in their expression as to seem almost weaknesses. He never talked of himself. There was not a single shred of the braggart in his nature. He was reticent of his own deeds to the verge of eccentricity. He seemed to be wholly unambitious, free, even from a suspicion of egotism. A strongly marked instance of this is shown in the fact in three books of which he is the real hero, not once is illusion made to himself. I fully agree with his devoted friend, Dr. Munford, that such a repression of self, under such circumstances, is simply without a parallel. I have known but one other man well, in Missouri, who even nearly equaled the modesty, the unselfish self-forgetfulness of John Edwards. That man was the prince of orators, whose soldiery skill wrote his name beside that of Xenophon, viz.: Gen. A. W. Doniphan. For all meretricious methods, for every form of pretense, for merely dramatic effect, John Edwards entertained the harshest scorn. Sham and cant that sniveled, stirred his gentle nature into holiest and hottest wrath, and he wove around its victim the network of scathing lampoon that burned like the shirt of Nessus. Trickery, deceit and cowardice alone made him pitiless. That he was unselfish is clearly manifested in this fact, that his great influence, and surely no single man in all the State had so large a personal following whose devotion was a passion, was never employed to advance his own financial interest or to win place for himself. His influence was always for his friends. The witnesses are everywhere, in every walk of life. Men in high places, and low alike, bear testimony to his unselfish work for every comer. He showed me once

a letter from a poor Irishman, asking his assistance to procure a position on the police force of St. Louis, and it was granted as readily as to a seeker of the highest place and power. Of his carelessness of self-advancement and his unceasing thought of other people, this circumstance is recalled. He, the writer, and an old soldier, grim and gray, in stature a very son of Anak, stood together. These two men had ridden into battle as joyously as the groom seeks his bride. And now in the days of peace, the grizzled soldier asks: "John, wouldn't you make a good governor?" Promptly the answer came: "No, but I know who would." The swart grenadier asks: "Who?" It is not needful to give the party named, beyond this: that he represented his district in Congress, and wore for years stainlessly the judicial ermine of his State. I reconsider, and give the name of Elijah Norton, the able jurist, the distinguished publicist and reproachless gentleman.

HIS DEATH.

Major Edwards was ill as early as the Wednesday prior to his death, but his demise at last was sudden and unexpected by his friends. The immediate cause of his death was inanition of the cardiac nerves. In the morning early he read part of a late paper. No one witnessed his death, but Thomas, a colored servant, and his little daughter Laura, aged eight years. His sons were at St. Mary's College, Kansas, and Mrs. Edwards, worn out from loss of rest, had retired to another room. He seemed to have some premonition that the end was near, as three different times he asked Thomas to call Mrs. Edwards. The boy not realizing the Major's condition, said, "no let Mrs. Edwards rest." The child was playing with a bubble-pipe, and about ten minutes before death he blew a bubble, and said "Laura, always remember that papa bought you that pipe" evidently from this he knew the end had come. The little girl stood by the bedside wiping the chill death dew from her father's brow, as his soul took its mysterious

flight to that "bourne whence no traveler returns." Mrs. Edwards and Major Bittinger entered the room together, just as life's bound was reached. Soon it was noised abroad, and produced a profound sensation in all parts of the city. Says one:

The news soon spread throughout the city, and there was universal expression of profound sorrow. Major Edwards had been a frequent visitor to the capital, attending all the sessions of the Legislature for the past eighteen years, and all Democratic conventions held during that time. He was known to a majority of the members of the General Assembly, to the State officials and to the people generally. As soon as his death was announced, groups of men could be seen on the principal streets, discussing the sad event, and at the capitol half of the members of the Senate and House at once left their seats and gathered in the lobby and adjoining rooms. Republicans and Democrats alike expressed the deepest sorrow for his sudden and untimely death, and the highest sympathy for his bereaved family. During the recess at noon nothing else was talked about among the crowds at the various hotels but the death of the brilliant journalist.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

At the afternoon session of the Senate, Senator McGrath, of St. Louis, offered the following resolution:

WHEREAS, The Senate of Missouri, with profound regret, have learned of the death of one of Missouri's greatest and most distinguished citizens, Major John N. Edwards; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in respect to his memory the Senate now adjourn.

After a few appropriate remarks by Senator Moran, of St. Joseph, the resolution was unanimously adopted and the Senate adjourned. In the House, Hon. Lysander A. Thompson, of Macon, offered a similar resolution, which was unanimously adopted and the House adjourned. This evening a great number of the members of the Senate and House visited the McCarty House to take a last look at the features of the dead journalist.

In addition to the action of the Senate and House of Representatives as a mark of respect to the memory of the dead journalist, the local newspaper men and newspaper correspondents met at the *Tribune* office this afternoon,

and a committee consisting of Walter M. Monroe, of the Tipton *Times*, W. A. Edwards, of the St. Joseph *Gazette*, and C. B. Oldham, of the Jefferson City *Tribune*, were appointed to draft suitable memorial resolutions to the memory of the deceased journalist. The committee reported the following:

Maj. John N. Edwards was born in Virginia about fifty-one years ago. His parents moved to Lexington, Mo., when he was of tender age. He received a common school education and afterward learned the printing trade in an office at Lexington. At the commencement of the Civil War he enlisted in the Confederate army and belonged to Gen. Jo. O. Shelby's command. He was promoted time and again for skill and personal bravery, and won his military titles in the most honorable manner possible. He was engaged in more than fifty battles and skirmishes, and was severely wounded on more than one occasion. As the war drew to a close he followed Shelby and Price to Texas, and about the time peace was declared a small fragment of Shelby's command, known as the "Iron Brigade," sank the flag—the blood-stained flag which they had carried through the war—in the Rio Grande River, crossed the line into Mexico, and for thirteen months served in the French army. Later, Major Edwards returned to Missouri and published several books, one relating to the border warfare in Missouri, Texas and Arkansas, another entitled "Shelby and his Men." He soon after engaged in newspaper editorial work, first in St. Louis, next in Sedalia, then in St. Joseph and Kansas City, respectively. He was for a time editor of the *Despatch* and *Times* in St. Louis, edited the Sedalia *Democrat* and *Despatch*, later the St. Joseph *Gazette*, and at the time of his death was editor of the Kansas City *Times*. No writer in the West was better known than Major Edwards. He followed no man. Every idea he advanced was original, and every thought he expressed in print was copied far and wide. He had no superior in the newspaper field and but few peers. He was honest and fearless, and never published a line in public prints which he did not believe to be the truth, and for which he would not answer personally at all times. We, representatives of the western press, recognize in his death an irreparable loss. He was brave and generous in war, and fearless and honest in civil life, and liberal to a fault—an affectionate husband and a kind father. We believe that his death has left a vacancy in Missouri journalism that can never be filled. His death is a calamity to the press of the State. As an original writer and

conscientious literary man, he never had a superior. He was brave and magnanimous in health, and fearless and resigned when the final summons came. Resolutions can not express our opinion of his ability and fearlessness. He lived the life of a patriotic American, and died the death of a brave, conscientious newspaper man.

Augustine Gallagher, Kansas City *Journal*, president.
W. A. Edwards, St. Joseph *Gazette*, secretary.
C. B. Oldham, *Tribune*, chairman committee.
Walt M. Monroe, Tipton *Times*.
Walter Sander, *Westliche Post*.
John Meagher, St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*.
A. C. Lemmon, *Post-Despatch*.
W. M. Smith, St. Louis *Republic*.
W. N. Graham, Sedalia *Gazette*.
J. H. Edwards, *Tribune*.
W. A. Curry, Kansas City *Times*.
W. J. Cambliss, Higginsville *Advance*.
John W. Jacks, Montgomery *Standard*.
A. A. Lesueur, Lexington *Intelligencer*.
Walter Williams, Boonville *Advertiser*.

Immediately on the announcement of Major Edwards' death, Col. A. C. Dawes telegraphed General Manager Clark of the Missouri Pacific, and received a reply that he would place his special car at his disposal to convey the remains of the dead journalist and his family to Dover, Lafayette County, where it had been decided he should be buried. The pall-bearers are: ex-Governor Charles P. Johnson, Dr. Morrison Munford, Maj. J. L. Bittinger, Darwin W. Marmaduke, J. F. Merryman and Col. Thomas P. Hoy.

Captain Lesueur, Secretary of State, gives the following account of the journey from Jefferson City to Dover:

THE FUNERAL JOURNEY.

The death of Maj John N. Edwards, from heart disease, took place at the McCarty House, in Jefferson City, at 9:40 A. M., Saturday, May 4th. It is not too much to say that it created a profound sensation throughout the city. No man in Missouri was so well known as he to its public men. In Jefferson City he was known by every-

body, and his friends were numbered by the limit of his acquaintance. Republicans as well as Democrats were his warm admirers, and the humblest negro that knew him loved him.

It is safe to say that no funeral that has occurred at Dover for many years has created a more profound impression upon the public mind than did that of Major Edwards. There he learned to know his beloved commander, Gen. Joseph O. Shelby, and many of the brave and daring soldier boys whose firmness in battle and endurance on the march gained for the old brigade that renown which he afterward immortalized in most poetic prose. There, too, he wooed and won his bride, a fair, gray-eyed Southern lassie, as full of impulse and romance as himself, a woman of ideals and poesy perhaps, but a brave and true-hearted woman who stood by him always, in weal and in woe, in joy and affliction, and was ever his ministering angel, his comfort and his solace. O, yes, Dover had many ties upon the heart of Major Edwards, and to the good people of the vicinity, a steady, God-fearing people, but a people of leisure, who read and preserve a touch of the romance of the days of Cœur de Lion, of Bruce and of McGregor, John Edwards was the embodiment of all that was chivalric and poetic. They ever followed from journal to journal his gifted pen, and he was nearer and dearer to them than he was to many with whom he came in daily contact out in the busy, active world. And they were there to put all that was mortal of him away in its last resting place with their own loving hands. Their wives and daughters were there, too, to add their tears to those of the stricken wife and children. As the numerous assemblage encircled the grave, grief and sorrow written upon every face, the scene was one to immortalize the painter who could have seized it and put it on canvas. There was the evidence of an unusual depth of feeling and regret even for such an occasion.

From the moment of his death until his remains were taken from the train, there was a constant stream of sad and sorrowing friends passing in and out of the corridor, all intent upon hearing the particulars of his dying hours, upon looking just once more at his familiar features, upon expressing grief at his loss and of sympathy with his bereaved wife and children. At 12:30 on Sunday the funeral procession formed at the hotel to go to the depot, where the train was waiting. First, came a long line of gentlemen on foot, led by Governor Francis, and composed of senators, members of the house of representa-

tives, and many others. By the side of the hearse were the pall-bearers—Dr. Morrison Munford, Col. D. W. Marmaduke, Hon. J. Frank Merriman, Maj. John L. Bittinger, Col. T. P. Hoy and Capt. A. A. Lesueur; after them came the family and other friends in carriages. At Tipton a special train furnished by the courtesy of S. H. Clark, Esq., at the request of Col. A. C. Dawes, awaited the funeral party, which was composed of Mrs. Edwards, Miss Ella McCarty, her near friend, all of the pall-bearers (except Col. Marmaduke), Rev. Peter Trone, and Messrs. George and Walter Plattenburg. At Boonville they were joined by Hon. Thomas Cranmer, and at Marshall by Elder George Plattenburg and Mr. Yerbey. The train reached the Dover depot at about 6:30 P. M., where it was met by a number of the citizens of the place, and by the following named gentlemen, who acted as actual pall-bearers: John Allen Harwood, E. S. Van Anglen, Dr. E. R. Meng, R. T. Koontz, James F. Winn and George B. Gordon. The casket was deposited at the Plattenburg mansion, Mrs. Edwards' girlhood home, until 10 o'clock the next morning, when the burial took place in the village cemetery. The whole country-side had turned out.

The train arrived as above, at Dover, 6:40 P. M. Sunday, May 5th. The following day, May 6th, he was borne to his last resting place. The burial is thus described by the Kansas City *Times*, the paper he started, and at whose helm he gallantly and dauntlessly stood through many a storm:

THE LAST SLEEP.

[*Special to the Kansas City Times.*]

HIGGINSVILLE, MO., May 6th.—In the old cemetery, just at the outskirts of the little town of Dover, ten miles from here, the body of John N. Edwards was buried this morning. It is a quiet, secluded spot, where the rumble of wagon wheels in the road near by are the only sounds, save the singing of birds, heard from one year's end to the other—just the place where one with Major Edwards' love of nature and the beautiful would desire to lie in his last long sleep. And it was his wish, frequently expressed, that he should be buried there. It is within easy view from the old Plattenburg homestead, where his wife spent her girlhood and he wooed and won her, and from which his body was carried to its last resting place this moring. From

the windows the tombstones which mark the graves of the former residents of Dover are plainly visible. The whole scene is a pretty rural one, the scattering houses of Dover giving it just enough of an urban aspect to soften its outlines without destroying its primitive beauty. It was no wonder that one with the poetic temperament and chivalrous ideals of Major Edwards should choose the old Dover cemetery as his burial place, even if his early days had not endeared it to him.

The special train—which was kindly furnished by the Missouri Pacific—bearing the body, the wife and little daughter of Major Edwards, the pall-bearers and friends, arrived at Dover from Jefferson City, Sunday night at 6:40. The pall-bearers were Maj. John L. Bittinger of St. Joseph; Dr. Morrison Munford, Hon. J. F. Merryman, Rev. Peter Trone of Clinton; Col. T. P. Hoy and Secretary of State A. A. Lesueur. Miss Ella McCarty of Jefferson City; Messrs. George and Walter Plattenburg of Kansas City; brothers of Mrs. Edwards, and Mr. Thomas Cranmer, sheriff of Cooper County, were among the party that came from Jefferson City.

The body was at once taken from the station to the residence of Mrs. L. C. Plattenburg, Mrs. Edward's mother.

THE LAST SAD LOOK.

At 8:30 this morning the casket was opened, and the citizens of Dover and the people from the country for miles around, filed in to take a last look at the face which was loved throughout the length and breadth of Lafayette County, where he passed his early life, and from which he went to make a name that was honored and loved whereever it was known. Moist eyes of strong men gave evidence of the sincere affection with which the dead soldier and journalist had been regarded. Many of the men who passed had seen him go out to battle in the pride of his youthful strength, and they said that after many years the face was not changed as much as might have been expected. The features were life-like and the expression peaceful. "He looks as if he were sleeping," many remarked.

The greater part of the five or six hundred people who viewed the corpse came from Lexington, Higginsville, Corder and the neighboring towns. There had been a misunderstanding as to the time the funeral would take place, many persons from Higginsville, Corder and other

places had driven over Sunday. This and the comparative inaccessibility of Dover kept many persons away who had desired to be present. Nevertheless the little town could not have accommodated many more strangers.

There were no services at the house. At 10 o'clock the casket was closed. In addition to the pall-bearers who had accompanied the body from Jefferson City, Mr. John Allen Harwood, E. S. Van Anglen, E. R. Meng, R. I. Koontz, James F. Winn, and George B. Gordon of Dover, had been selected. They carried the casket to the hearse, which had been sent from Lexington. Besides Mrs. Edwards and her two sons and daughter, the members of the family who were present were J. Q. Plattenburg, H. W. Plattenburg, H. Y. Plattenburg, George Plattenburg, and W. L. Plattenburg, brothers of Mrs. Edwards; Mrs. L. C. Plattenburg, her mother and Miss Eula Plattenburg, her sister. Mrs. Thomas Yerby, with whom Major Edwards lived when he was a boy, and learned to set type, also followed the body to the grave. Mr. Wiley O. Cox, of Kansas City, was in one of the carriages. The procession was a long one, but the distance from the house to the cemetery was short.

THE PREACHER'S TRIBUTE.

The services at the grave were simple, as Major Edwards had wished them to be. They were conducted by Rev. George Plattenburg, a cousin of Mrs Edwards. He spoke feelingly and every word was listened to intently. His address was substantially as follows:

Twenty-eight years ago, when General Shelby was the captain of a single company, composed largely of the flower of the youth of this immediate vicinity, Major Edwards came to my home in Little Rock, Arkansas, accompanied by Yandell Blackwell, a soldier and gentleman from spur to plume. From that day to this my intercourse with Major Edwards has been of a most intimate character. I have never met a more rarely gifted or nobler man. His knowledge of men and books was simply wonderful. When and how he gained this great and varied knowledge was to me, a close student of books for more than forty years, still more wonderful, engaged as he was continuously in great active interests, and involved in the stress of vast political contests. A great journal of yesterday morning spoke of him as only a poet. If by this

was meant that he was only a maker of rhythmic phrases, or the framer of melodious sentences, the statement was scarcely just. His was the wonderful and acute insight of the true poetic faculty into the great problems of human life and action and destiny — the faculty that intuitively penetrates the reason of things. In this sense he was a poet. These things he clothed in the poet's glowing words, in striking and ofttimes surprisingly beautiful forms of speech. In his best moods he threw off passages of rare charm, not surpassed, if equaled, anywhere in the vast field of American journalism.

It was not the splendor of his intellect, the marvelous grace of his diction, or the unequaled mastery of scintillant and forceful words, that bound John Edwards to his friends, but his greatness of heart, his sweet, gentle and unselfish nature. In a long intercourse with men of all ranks and conditions, professions and trades, I have met no man so free from all ignoble and selfish impulses. His wide influence was never used for his own gain or personal advancement, but always for that of others. Those debtor to John Edwards in this regard may be counted by hundreds. A journalist, and now a State official said to me years ago, "he asks for himself, never; for others, always." A great, loyal, loving and unselfish heart was his. God rarely makes a man like him. Fitly might the Recording Angel write of him, Abou Ben Adhem's prayer, "write me as one that loves his fellow men."

Whatever the infirmities of gentle and gifted John Edwards, there was in him a strong religious sentiment. I do not mean religious as defined by books, or as formulated in creeds, but in the acceptance and reverent holding of those great truths that lie behind all formulated systems and of which organized religions are the product. That Infinite Being, forming the primary religious concept of primitive peoples, the Jehovah of the Hebrew records, the "Heaven-Father" of the Vedic hymns, which Max Muller says formed humanity's first poem and first articulate prayer, and as exalted by the great Master in that universal prayer: "Our Father who art in Heaven," he recognized and looked up to with the trust of a child. In addition to this as a necessary sequence, he accepted unfalteringly the doctrine of the soul's immortality as the sole basis of a hope that can gladden and sweeten the labor of stricken men. Once as I sat by his bedside at the McCarty House, late in the night, turning suddenly to me after a lull in our talk, he asked: "Do you ever go down to the great river that flows near your home, and sitting beneath

the midnight stars listen to the solemn swish of the on-sweeping mysterious stream, and think of the vast things that lie beyond the river and beyond the stars?" From this we drifted into a discussion of the largest problems with which the soul has to do; the questions of action and destiny. Then, more than ever before or after, John Edwards revealed to me the secrets of his immost life. He felt as the Laureate sings:

> My own dim-life should teach me this,
> That life shall live forever more,
> Else earth is darkness at the core,
> And dust and ashes all that is.
>
> This round of green, this orb of flame,
> Fantastic beauty, such as lurks
> In some wild poet as he works
> Without a conscience or an aim.

To-day, from every part of the great Southwest, the scarred veterans of the "lost cause," will turn with tearful eyes to this village graveyard, where we reverently and lovingly lay their old companion in arms, so brilliant in intellect, so noble in heart, so gentle and generous, so pure and chivalrous in every impulse. May the smile of God rest upon this village grave as a perpetual benediction.

* * *

In the quiet, quaint little village of Dover, whose people removed, "Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife," pursue the even tenor of their way, on a gentle declivity leaning to the kiss of southern suns, a sheltered, sequestered spot, fit place of rest after life's "fitful fever," lies the village graveyard. Here:

> "The sacred calm that reigns around,
> Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
> In still small accents whispering from the ground
> A grateful earnest of eternal peace."

In this retired spot reverent hands laid all that remained of gifted John Edwards. The voice, that oft within the "battle's red rim," shouted, "Steady, Men," is hushed. The eye that flashed with steely glitter, as it saw the setting and onset of squadrons, but so gently limpid in repose, is closed forever. The blare of bugles, the cannon's roar, the rush of armed fleet and the voice of love are now alike

unheard. The fearless soldier, the brilliant journalist, the loyal friend, the dreamer of sweet dreams, by his own request lies quietly among the village dead, apart from the stress of enterprise and the coldness of greed. Above the narrow, dreamless abode of the great heart now pulseless, the leaves shimmer in soft light, the fragrance of flowers lingers above the turf lovingly, and the sweet May stars distill their dews to keep the grasses green. In his own words, written of "Prince" John B. Magruder's lone Texas grave, we may say, "If roses are the tear drops of angels as the beautiful Arab belief puts forth in poetry, then is this lowly mound a hallowed spot, and needs not the sculptured stone, the fretted column and the obelisk." Few men have been so admired, or so mourned. At his grave, old, scarred soldiers, unused to tears wept like girls. Friends, kindred, his children grieved, but a larger grief was hers, whom he wooed and won with knightly devotion in the summer days long ago. She, sitting within the mysterious shadow of the "Spheral Change, by men called death," can only sing with Dante Rossetti, in mournful questioning:

"O nearest, furthest! Can there be
At length some hard-earned, heart-won home,
Where exile changed for sanctuary,
Our lot may fill indeed its sum,
And you may wait and I may come."

from time to time, until my removal to Kansas City in May, 1869, soon after which we became room-mates, and so continued until we sought other partners for life.

The memory of my bachelor days twenty years ago, with John Edwards as my chum, lingers as a sweet unction. I was then in a business that required no night work, but nearly every night would find me seeking the *Times* office, and together, after the paper had gone to press, we would wander homeward to our bachelor quarters. The communings we then had, the confidences we mutually bestowed, the castles in the air we then built are all, all a glorious recollection. The friendship then established between us continued unbroken to the day of his death.

In 1871 I became manager of the *Times*, with John N. Edwards as editor. This relation lasted for some three years, and never was one more congenial and satisfactory. Then, against my positive judgment and advice he went to St Louis on the *Times* with Stilson Hutchins, who aspired to be the dictator of Missouri politics. The golden promises held out to John Edwards turned to worse than ashes, and his consecutive drifting from point to point in new ventures in Missouri journalism was the consequence.

During these many years I had personally, and by letters, advised and entreated him to return to his first love, telling him there was always a place for him on the *Times* staff. In the fall of 1886 he wrote me from St. Joseph that he would come, and in January, 1887, he came. His contributions since then to the *Times* need no mention at my hands. Treating every topic, political, social, scientific, historical, literary, whatever he touched bore evidence of his splendid genius. What he did in these last years of his life as it appears on the surface—in his writings—is known to the world, but how much of effort and endeavor, of strife and contention he had to endure, and the fierce contest he waged against his only enemy day and night, no one can know, except those who knew him as I intimately knew him during these later

years, and who had so much to do with the efforts made to disenthrall him. And I have thought that perhaps I could do no more just, kind or brotherly act to his memory than to give to the world in his own words—extracts from his letters to me—an insight into this phase of his character. They show, it is true, his weakness and irresolution but they also show his noble impulses and his heroic struggles to overthrow his enemy—"the monster of drink."

Soon after his arrival he wrote me as follows:

KANSAS CITY, January 26, 1887.

I have agreed upon a house, and I want to bring what I have into it instantly. I want to get to work and buckle down to business instantly. Work now is my salvation. I do not care how hard it is, but I want not only to paralyze the tiger but also to kill him.

What I want to do is for you to put me upon my honor, and deal with me in a business way. Our personal friendship is another matter.

You can trust me in all the future about drinking. My honor is pledged to your nobleness of character.

The return of Major Edwards to Kansas City to take a permanent position on the *Times* was soon made the occasion for a matter of social rejoicing and convivialities, by unwise and indiscreet "friends," the result of which left him in a deplorable condition, from which he barely escaped with life, and his enemy soon seemed to have a spell upon him that no ordinary methods could break. After trying in vain the unavailing efforts of the good sisters of the hospital, and the influences and restraints of my own house for several months, I concluded, with the written sanction of his wife, to try a more heroic remedy, to put him under treatment of Dr. Keeley and his celebrated Gold Cure, at Dwight, Ill. The Major had always expressed the utmost abhorrence against going to an inebriate asylum, or even a sanitarium where there was physical restraint, but as this was nothing of the kind I thought it the best place I knew of for the experiment, both from hearsay and also from a letter of inquiry to which the following was a reply:

week. I see it the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night. I do not understand anything about it. All I know is that the very thought of liquor makes me sick. I am as well as I ever was in my life. I walk about five miles a day, eat everything, and pour editorials in on you by every mail. I have done some good writing, if I do say it myself.

DWIGHT, March 30, 1887.

Since I wrote to you this morning I have received your very kind and welcome letter. It did me a power of good.

Have no fear of me. I will stick to a funeral. If it is three weeks, then it is three weeks. I was never better, physically in all my life, and, as I told you this morning, I hate even the smell of liquor. I *feel* and *believe* that I am saved. In fact I *know* it.

DWIGHT, April 1, 1887.

I am as well as I ever was in my life, and hate liquor more and more every day. I could take the medicine just as well at home as here, but if it is three weeks then it is three weeks. Don't rely on a word I say, but write to Keeley. I find him an exceedingly strong man in his profession, and possessed of a vast erudition. I can not fathom his medicine, however, nor do I know one thing about its therapeutic effect. I only know that it kills whisky like a ferret kills a rat.

DWIGHT, April 2, 1887.

I received your letter of the 31st this morning. I am in splendid health, still hate liquor, and feel that I shall never touch it again. That is all I know about it. I just know that I hate the very smell of it. I will stay the twenty-one days gladly, although I believe fully that the appetite is broken up, root and branch.

DWIGHT, April 4, 1887.

A week from to-day I will have been here twenty-one days. Then I shall start back. Still the same feeling in regard to whisky. I have no more desire for it than for prussic acid. More than that, I do not even think of it. The bottle is still on the table in my room, uncorked and unnoticed. Not for ten years have I been free from a constant desire for alcohol in some shape until I came here. Of late years that desire had become almost second nature, the appetite becoming stronger and stronger with each spree. Now it is totally eradicated. How it passed away I can not say. There was no effort on my part, no struggle of any kind. The usual horrible depression was

totally absent. Dr. Keeley offered me liquor over and over again—indeed, he really tried to tempt me to drink, but the very thought of drinking made me sick. I do not explain anything. I can not explain anything connected with the medicine any more than I can explain the immortality of the soul. In a physical sense I only know that I do not want to drink.

DWIGHT, APRIL 5, 1887.

I inclose you a statement of my account, up to next Monday, the 11th, at half past three o'clock, P. M. when I take the Denver train for Kansas City, as, I believe, a thoroughly cured man. You will see that I bring four bottles of the medicine with me. If I am cured, which mean life and everything to me, I will owe it solely to you. I see things more clearly to-day than I have seen them in ten years. If there is one trait in my character stronger than another, it is that of gratitude. If you were to ask me to stand by your side when the chances were a thousand to one that we would both be killed, I would stand as joyfully as I ever went forth to play or hunt as a boy. This is the physical part of my love for you. The other part is to show you that I am worthy of your devotion to me, which has been shown under circumstances that would have driven away from me a million of so-called friends and even relations.

DWIGHT, April 6, 1887.

I have talked with Dr. Keeley fully, freely and frankly. I have obeyed him in everything, and he is clearly of the opinion that 21 days is enough to stay here. He is satisfied perfectly as to the cure, and I bring four bottles with me. He wrote you fully to-day. If nothing happens I will be at home next Tuesday morning, the 12th. I am awful tired, but I am free. What a glorious thing is freedom. I still hate liquor with an abiding hatred.

DWIGHT, April 7, 1887.

I am still as I was the second day of my arrival here. I have not the least desire for whisky. Keeley shows me letters from all over the United States bearing testimony to the efficacy of his cure for both liquor and opium. It is astonishing.

DWIGHT, April 9, 1887.

I have just received your kind letter with inclosures. Vell, next Tuesday morning

"In other guise than forth he rode,
Will return Lord Marmion."

I will get off at Grand avenue. I never felt better, and never felt freer from all desire to drink. I am on my fifth bottle of gold cure.

Dr. Keeley spoke of having also received a letter from you to-day. He did not show it to me.

Way late in the night, while I have been communing with the moon and the stars, I have in my walks run across here and there one of the Doctor's opium patients. They are a curious race of human beings. I go to them, hunt them up, and try to draw them out. One had a face like what I imagine a vampire ought to have. His eyes were scintillant. He was in an old field sitting on a stump. His pallor was the pallor of a corpse that had been three days dead. Under some sort of an occult mesmerism that I did not understand, I went out to him and commenced to talk. He raved like a madman, and fairly shrieked for me to go away. I went. I swear to you that I have seen that vampire face every night for a week since.

DR. KEELEY'S CONFIDENCE.

As corroborative of the confidence the Major felt I give some extracts from letters of Dr. Keeley:

DWIGHT, April 6, 1887.

Your truly kind letter of the 3d inst. came in this morning and I hasten to answer it.

I am glad to be able to tell you that I think the good Major entirely cured. He tells me that he has absolutely no thought of liquor, consequently no crave, and further that he has had none since the evening of the second day after coming. He has still in his room the last four ounces that I bought for him that evening, and intends to take it home to you as "an earnest" of "the miracle God hath wrought" in his case.

I shall be very sorry indeed when the dear Major leaves us, he is so companionable, or as our "janitress" says, so "knowledgable." He has made friends with everybody with whom he has come in contact here, and many will share my regret in his leaving. He has been one of the most patient and obedient gentlemen whom I have had to treat, and has taken as much pains to make his treatment a success as his friends could wish.

I agree with you now, that the dear gentleman is better worth saving than two-thirds of the patients who have come here. You remember you told me I would think so

before he left. May God keep and protect him in all the future.

DWIGHT, April 11, 1887.

Our good Major left us this afternoon, and will reach you before this letter. We are all sorry to lose him, and none more so than myself. May the dear Christ go with him, keep him and preserve him, is the wish of his many friends here. I think you will find a wonderful change in him, and I am almost persuaded that it is a permanent one for good.

Dr. Keeley suggested to me when I left the Major at Dwight that it would be a good idea to have some of his friends write him kind and encouraging letters to "brace him up," and I accordingly wrote to Colonel Burnes, among others, which led to the passage of several letters between us. His letters cover the situation so fully and analytically and at the same time are so tender and full of friendship that I am tempted to give some extracts:

COLONEL BURNES' HOPES AND FEARS.

ST. JOSEPH, March 26, 1887.

Dear Dr. Munford: I am just in receipt of your profoundly interesting favor written in Chicago, and beg to say that with all my heart and soul I am truly grateful for the confidence you give me, also for the genuine spirit of kindness so plainly manifest. It is upon such confidences and kindnesses that the friendship "which sticketh closer than a brother" is safely founded, and they alone lend enchantment and encouragement to the daily struggles of life which, at best, are of brief and valueless results to us all.

Poor, dear John! A thousand times I have realized that the course you have now taken was the *only* one that remained. Everything else has been tried, over and over again, in vain. Your whole course toward him, and this last action, more supremely than all your varied goodness and kindness to him for years before, conclusively evidences an interest in and a love for him that is God-like. Let us hope—but so many bitter disappointments in the past make me tremble at the use of the word—that this present step will result in his permanent restoration; but as it is our *last* hope, let us be firm in making his stay long and thorough. I need scarcely add, that I will most fully comply with your wishes and instructions, and do

everything in my power to aid and second your efforts. If I can see him to any advantage, I will visit Dwight for the purpose, and whenever you think it best I will write him, with earnest exhortation, to aid by constant resolution and effort your noble purpose to save him for the benefit of his family, his friends and mankind. He knows full well that my love for him is as strong as life, and has always appeared to yield something to my judgment. On the one accursed subject—his lamentable failing—no one can control him by any ordinary methods. His is a disease beyond *all* question, and should be eradicated, root and branch. All we can now do is to soothe and nurse him as an infant.

ST. JOSEPH, April 7, 1887.

Your valued and deeply interesting favor of the 3d gives me profound hope and joy. At the same time disappointment has so often followed a similar creation—bitter and cruel disappointment—that I venture to suggest: Be in no haste to recall the cherished object of our most affectionate solicitude from his safe and pleasant retreat. According to the authority in charge he has a disease. I have, for a long time, regarded it as a disease. It is of all diseases the most hypocritical. It is a disease with limitless cunning and all the qualities of the opossum. In its consequences or results are to be found there its triumphs. Its victim—John himself—is deceived and betrayed by it. It lulls him, by a vain sense of security, into a belief that he is capable—strong enough—to win a fight with it. Deceived himself, his infinite variety of influence, his unparalleled power over his attendants and friends, whose stern judgment surrenders too soon to a lovable sympathy, make them easy victims of this our confidence and cordiality.

I need not—perhaps ought not to say this to you—for you have much more of the iron in your blood than I—without less of womanly tenderness; but the resources of John's enemy are so infinite that it takes us all, as well as himself, to win even a partial victory.

How nobly he writes to you! How nobly he writes, and feels and thinks! He believes he can never fall again. He is amazed at his past folly. His intellectual perceptions are now complete and perfect, but is he free from his disease? God knows I hope so with all my heart; but after a brief treatment, even a treatment so faith-inspiring, do I believe as a matter of experience or judgment that he can now stand? Alas! do I? Will it not take time—long time—time to kill, and then to

eradicate, purge away the last vestige of the invidious, treacherous monsters that have pursued and tormented him so long!

ST. JOSEPH, April 14, 1887.

Your esteemed favor of the 10th just received. I am very thankful for your great kindness in thus advising me of the good news. An hundred times I have said I can never, alas, have any more hope, and yet I confess, now, it is strong again. I do again believe and trust. Surely we will no more suffer disappointment. You have done the work; it is noble and God-like. If I could envy such a friend and such a gentleman, as yourself, the glory and satisfaction fairly won, I would wish that I had been the savior of John Edwards as you are. But fortunately my happiness in the result is too perfect and complete to admit of any base alloy.

I met the Major at the depot that Tuesday morning, April 12th, on his return from Dwight. I was there ahead of time, and I wondered, half in doubt, in what manner he would appear. The train drew up and soon I saw him coming along, and truly—

"In other guise than forth he rode."

His hearty handshake; his joyous, half silent laugh which always reminded me of "Pathfinders," as described by Cooper; his appearance, his gait, all were an occular demonstration of the wonderful change effected in three weeks. There was much rejoicing in several households, and among all his true friends that day, and for some weeks thereafter. But alas! the foreboding and misgiving of Colonel Burnes proved only too true. The disease was not eradicated, and in less than a month the "monster of drink" had full control again. A second experiment at Dwight was tried with substantially the same results as the first one. Later on, during the past year the virtues of Excelsior Springs were tested on two occasions with satisfactory results, which, however, did not prove lasting. The additional extracts below are from letters written while there, and also others from time to time until his death, all pertaining to this subject:

MORE OF MAJOR EDWARDS' LETTERS.

EXCELSIOR SPRINGS, June 20, 1888.

Well, we got here Saturday night safe and sound. Saturday morning I began on the water. In an hour I was so sick that it seemed to me as if I could hear the first ten notes of the final trumpet. All day Saturday and Sunday night, all day Monday and Monday night I could not lift my head scarcely from the pillow. Tuesday morning I managed to crawl to a bath house; like Napoleon at St. Helena, I managed to stay in one, off and on, for four hours. This Wednesday morning I went to work. I send forward four articles.

Of course every hour here is a purgatory, with no priest in a thousand miles to help pray me out. All that it is possible for these waters to do in the way of curing alcoholism—all that it has ever been claimed that they would do—is to break the drinking gait, bring a man back to a realization of his sense of duty, and leave the balance in his own hands. Still, I will stay as long as you desire.

EXCELSIOR SPRINGS, June 23, 1888.

As this is the first clear day for one solid week, I have lived out of doors as one of the captured Apaches might live if suddenly from the Dry Tortugas he were carried to his own Madre Mountains and there set free with God and immensity. As five hours out of the twenty-four are all that I can ever sleep, whisky or no whisky, I wait for the darkness to do my thinking. For hours and hours, and far into the night, I sit by an open window and think. Here, I have gone over the entire political field from Washington City to Jefferson City. * * *

And yet you would put me to writing "literary articles." No, no, Morry, I can not dance attendance upon—

"Sweet Miss Fanny, of Trafalgar Square,"

While outside the bugles are singing,

"All the Blue Bonnets are over the border."

You also say: "This is a sad ending to all our hopes and expectations." Say, rather, their resurrection, Morry. There comes a time to every one of my disposition when he regains his second youth, or rather, second manhood. That period was very near to me. I had come at last to look my condition full in the face. I saw just what had to be done. I was surely providing for every friend to whom I owed a dollar. I was getting further and further away from whisky. I was getting nearer and nearer to a condition of independence, and I saw clearer and clearer per-

severance in mining matters was nearly equal to gold. But no matter all this. This will belong to some business talks we will have before we separate for a period which neither of us can now reckon accurately upon. How true a friend you have been to me, I will not here narrate. How splendidly I would have stood at your side through any storm, crisis, or disaster, it does not become me now to declare. Wherever you are I will always be glad to hear the story of your happiness and progress—of some triumph grateful in a personal way, some victory won over the Pharisees and Philistines.

I had better come home next Friday, I reckon. My pass ends next Saturday, the 30th. Further expense here is unnecessary. All the good the water can do has been done. I am free from all desire, in perfect health, can eat anything, digest anything, but I do not sleep. Nor have I more than five hours a night for years. The fight from this on I must make myself, and, God willing, I intend to make it.

EXCELSIOR SPRINGS, June 26, 1888.

I am coming back with a renewed youth, and a determination to show you that all your kindness to me, and friendship for me, and devotion to me have not been in vain. Morry, I will be a sober man. Our last days shall be our best.

I see the town this morning, and the fog above it, and a great cloud bank against the sun, but,

"My heart is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian bay."

Good-bye. As the Spanish say: *Asta lue ago*—until we meet again.

KANSAS CITY, June 28, 1888.

The trip to the Springs enabled me to break my gait. Having fully resolved to change my whole life as far as whisky drinking is concerned, I only ask an opportunity to show you what is in me.

KANSAS CITY, July 20, 1888.

God of Israel! If for two weeks I have not suffered the tortures of the damned, then, as Sheridan said, one might just as well rent out hell and live in Texas.

I have crawled from my bed, bent double with pain, nd tried to work. The spirit was willing but the flesh as weak. "Acute inflammation of the duodenum" as diagnosed, whatever that may be, and yet I was drunk, when a quart of whisky would have killed me.

But no matter. One can not always eat his cake and have it too.

KANSAS CITY, August 27, 1888.

I am at home working like a gopher, and taking gold cure within an inch of my life. This time I will anchor the old ship or wreck her. I have Keeley's later process.

KANSAS CITY, August 29, 1888.

* * * In my own behalf I have not a single word to say. If I knew a million I would not utter one. I knew it had to come, sooner or later, and why not now? And yet I should have triumphed. Just think of that; I should have triumphed. Of course I might get sick enough to die, and all who knew me might declare that I was on a spree. Such was not the case when I saw you last. Such has not been the case these two weeks.

This information, however, is mere words. I sincerely wanted you to know the truth, so that when some snake-in-the-grass goes to gloating over my drunkenness, you can give him the lie.

* * * I am a political writer. It is only when I feel depressed or cast down, or it is dark all around, that I write something sad, or of pitiful episodes, or of men or women who sing low in the twilight:

> "By the shore of life and the gate of breath,
> There are more things waiting for men than death."

KANSAS CITY, January 8, 1889.

Last Friday, January 4th, was my birthday—fifty-one years old. I feel like twenty-five. I went to my priest, laid my hand upon the crucifix, and swore to the God who made us all, never again to touch liquor. You laugh. Very well—you have good cause. Watch and wait.

KANSAS CITY, January 11, 1889.

Since the cloud of liquor has been lifted, work is all my consolation. To save my life I can't lie in bed over five hours. Often and often I get up at three in the morning and go to work. I can eat anything, digest anything, stand any amount of fatigue and exposure, but I can't sleep. Perhaps all this will regulate itself.

Have you anything else for me to do by way of occupation—literature, reminiscences with all individuality left out, anything? I wan't more load to carry—more ground to plow.

KANSAS CITY, February 2, 1889.

Morry, I am a curious man. So, also, are you. I swear to you that when I looked upon his face (Col. Burnes) in

the coffin there, I said this to myself, "Who will be next? Will Munford look upon the face of Edwards, or will Edwards look upon the face of Munford?"

KANSAS CITY, March 19, 1889.

I have nothing on earth to reproach you with. You have done for me what but few brothers would have done. I recognize the situation as fully as I recognized the overthrow of the Confederacy.

I shall make one more effort. If I fail I will come to you—loyally, frankly and honestly, and say: "It is finished. Choose some one else to do what you had a right to expect me to do."

These words of John Edwards during the last two years of his life, from March 25, 1887, to March 19, 1889, contain a more graphic and pathetic account of his unavailing struggle against his only enemy, "the monster of drink," than any other pen could depict. They are at times disconnected and scattered over long periods, but the extracts given are verbatim from his letters. I doubt not I have mislaid or failed to preserve many others written during this period, which might perhaps fill up the gaps, but these are not necessary, the skeleton is shown, and it requires little imagination to fill up the interstices and round out the details. With such a framework, a genius like his could weave such a sad and pathetic story as would surpass in vividness De Quincey's "Confessions."

In the many letters I have of Major Edwards—among them those from which the foregoing extracts are taken—hundreds of topics of a different character and on different subjects are mentioned in a manner that only he could touch them. Much of this is of a semi-personal nature, growing out of his relations toward me and his connection with the *Times*. Much relates to State and National politics, to individuals and events as they were presented at the time. All are interesting—private and not written for publication—therefore the more interesting to the public. Much contained in those letters can not yet be published, as the comments on politicians and public men would be premature. In the extracts subjoined I have intended to include nothing that would offend any living

person—certainly no one in Missouri. Among the following will be found in full the last letter I ever received from him:

LETTERS ON DIFFERENT TOPICS.

KANSAS CITY, August 18, 1887.

I saw —— —— briefly, but had no talk. He was looking everywhere for you. That's a Black Prince for you. I had rather have him on the skirmish line alone than ten of Shelby's picked body guard—picked for a personal daring that never had an equal. ——, as a scout, is everything. Cool, quiet, dumb as a dead man when you need wariness; noisy as a brass band when you want fun, or frolic, or boisterousness; pensive as a quaker, yet laughing to himself at the incongruous things of a day's travel; impenetrable, seeing all things, hearing all things, knowing all things. Lord, what a line of priesthood this Tennessee Melchizedek might have created.

KANSAS CITY, August 19, 1887.

Now, Morry, I have given you my candid opinion of —— ——. You could even put him on guard at the great gate of Jerusalem while Titus was thundering away on the outside. I am in no need to tell you about him, only this: In view of my almost immediate departure from Kansas City, and to a country that is not blessed with quite so many railroads as we have, it would be a splendid act of political policy to put him on the paper. Indeed, he could do much better without me than I could do without him, were I back again. I know you hate politics, but you certainly ought to use your own paper to defend yourself. To fight your enemies with all modern weapons, and forage liberally upon the enemy, always.

What matters how rich your newspaper is? How fully it can be made to drift and drift, merely keeping its head to the wind. How "faultlessly nice, and icily dull" some of its features are—no matter all these things and more—I had rather anchor such a craft, broad-side on, and square up for a funeral against the whole fleet of the enemy, than to keep out of the fight in Missouri a single hour. There is the threat to drive you from the party. Your want of activity and aggressiveness will be misconstrued. Men would call you coward who would not dare to face you. And so it would go. Without miners, without boring, and digging, and putting down dynamite, and making here a clean alliance; there a combination, and

everywhere scouts who report daily or weekly, a campaign would be like the bridal meal given by the high contracting parties,

> "And what do you think they had for dinner?
> Two little fish and one little minnow!"

—— —— can save you from all this. As God is my judge, Morry, I would not have you simply wipe out the political prestige of your newspaper for all the money you possess, now or hereafter, so I have insisted upon and do insist upon ——. Do not quit the field at the first onset. I have told you fifty times that no man's life was necessary to the *Times*. It will go on just the same. And just think what a campaign it is going to be. Revolution everywhere. Unrest everywhere. Threats, passion, eager defiance everywhere. Try it, anyhow. In no possible way can it lead up to your experiment with me.

EXCELSIOR SPRINGS, June 23, 1888.

Morry, so sure as we two live to see next November, we will see Cleveland a beaten man. His message killed him. You remember the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava. A French commander, General Bosquet, was looking on. Asked an aide: "What do you think of that, General?" "It is magnificent, but it is not war."

If Harrison is nominated, it will be a fight for life and death in Indiana, with the odds all against us, and if we do not carry Indiana, good-bye, Grover! We have no more chance of carrying a single other Western State than a man has of life who has been bitten by a cobra de capello. Wisconsin! Wisconsin devil. Michigan! Michigan two devils. Whatever else you and I may be, do not let us be fools. And then Connecticut and New Jersey. They are tariff to the core, as you and I are Confederates. Randall, by a still hunt never before surpassed in American politics, carried them for Cleveland. And his reward? An iceberg thrust down his back, and an avalanche poured over his head. His corpulency can also be an exhausted receiver upon occasion. For the lifted hand of Randall no latch-string hangs out at the White House door. Mr. Scott, of Pennsylvania, attended to that—a cerberus with a single head. You know what the French say: "Nothing succeeds like ingratitude." Very well. We shall see.

For Missouri now: I read Glover's interview in this morning's *Times*. As to Morehouse, he was never more mistaken in his life—Glover, I mean, when he intimates

that he, Morehouse, does nor know his own strength. He does know it to within ten votes. So far, the race is squarely between Francis and Morehouse. Glover hasn't the ghost of a chance. He isn't even in the fight. Mind you; he is a thoroughbred. As I began, so will I go forward. If it is die in the ditch, then let us die like grenadiers of the guard, but do not let us deceive ourselves. His only hope on earth is in an alliance with Morehouse.

For heaven's sake! do not think me a pessimist. I am writing to you like one brother would write to another, and just as I would talk to you by your own fireside, and under the sanctity of your own roof-tree. I see the race, however, as I now can plainly see the sky, with the blessed sun shining in it.

EXCELSIOR SPRINGS, June 26, 1888.

Now what! Harrison and Morton. Remember Indiana, and what I told you in my letter Saturday of the situation there. It is desperate for the Democracy. McDonald is sulking in his tent like Achilles. And no wonder, Cleveland put the knife into him in cold blood and turned it in the wound. Gray is a new comer. Still on his garments are the mud stains of first republicanism, and next mugwumpery.

KANSAS CITY, July 9, 1888.

I think that I should at least stay with you until the fight is fought. I have been sick for a week—sicker than you believe, or any man believes. Such is my reputation that I can not be sick without being drunk. I haye had a most painful and weakening dysentery—so painful as to prevent both eating and sleeping. All put together I have not drank a quart of liquor. Then I got some good brandy with laudanum in it, prescribed by Dr. A. B. Sloan. I have touched nothing in four days except this, and there is a third of it left yet.

I have lost a week. Strike it out. The end will very soon come in politics, after the August convention. Then let us close the books. Every word you wrote to me is true to the letter. Each went into my soul.

Old Frederick the Great—when his fortunes were at their very worst, and when it was fellest and blackest—said to a soldier running away, "How, now, comrade?" "I am deserting old Fritz," was the answer. "You can neither feed me, clothe me, nor give me shoes nor shelter." "Hold on for one more battle, and if the tide does not turn, I promise to desert with you."

We had better remain together for one more battle. I

believe that I can do you some good. If I did not think so, and if I did not want to finally show you that I have some gratitude, I would never enter the *Times* office again except to say to you, "Hail and farewell." I know my unworthiness. Think you not that the iron has gone into my flesh, cruel and corroding?

As for pay, if I had cared more for it I had surely done better. But all this in passing. I am at work to-day, and will send down several articles.

KANSAS CITY, August 17, 1888.

Dick Collins was married this morning at eleven o'clock, by the Rev. Father Lillis, of St. Patrick's church. His witnesses were Col. John Longdon, my wife, and myself. I have written his epithalamium, or his obituary, I do not know which. His friendship has always been so true to you, his devotion always so undeviating for you, his courage always so steadfast for you, that I ask as a special favor that you have published in the morning the marriage notice I send you.

Of course all these high qualities are now of no longer availment, but for all that upon some graves there should always be monuments.

KANSAS CITY, November 7, 1888.

As old Job once said, or as good as said, "This is hell." Recall what I once wrote you from Excelsior Springs!

KANSAS CITY, November 8, 1888.

What an overthrow! Four Congressmen gone from Missouri, and scant 5,000 plurality in the State! As Pyrrhus said: "Another such a victory and I am ruined."

If you and I had been prophets and the sons of prophets we could not more surely have foretold the disaster. They see it now, poor fools—they who wanted to put us to death because we pleaded almost on our knees for the integrity of the party of our love, our religion and our idolatry.

Tarsney's election is a great card for you. By contrast it shows what power the *Times* has when it is either for or against.

I wish much that I had your philosophy. The defeat of Cleveland actually made me sick.

Your special Kansas train was a master piece of busi-ss. Lord! but how Kansas is joined to her idols. Let e mortgages go on. One day she will shrivel up in the ds of her eastern anacondas as some old garment in mes.

For the next month I will show you some of the best writing I have ever yet done. The inspiration of defeat has lit all my lamps again.

KANSAS CITY, November, 14, 1888.

I was never more surprised in my life than when I got your letter of yesterday, the 13th, this morning.

I have at this hour, and had last night, not less than five columns of editorial matter on Mr. Grasty's table. How you could have been mistaken in this, I am at an utter loss to understand. The articles you will say yourself, are to the point and such as you would have indorsed in every line.

As for depending on me, I, too, have re-organized from top to bottom, from Alpha to Omega. You say articles ahead are not journalism. No, not political journalism; but every newspaper on earth has more or less literary matter. These are the kind of articles which should constitute the reserve.

KANSAS CITY, November 20, 1888.

Since this is the hour of reconstruction, let me say a word or two categorically:

1st. From this day I want you to order every Missouri exchange, except St. Louis, to my especial keeping. Have them tied up and put in your room. I will get them every evening myself. Then I will show you a State *melange* of which you will be proud.

2d. There appear to be some of my editorials which are not acceptable. Will you please read such, make a two or three line memorandum on the back as to their deficiency, and send them back to me. In many an instance it will save me much work. Especially where the tariff is concerned. By hook and by crook I have managed to get hold of about thirty valuable works on the tariff. To write one single half-a-column article I have sometimes to consult as many as fifteen. I have prided myself on my tariff articles because of their perfect accuracy. Even as much of a night owl as you are, I am pouring over Adam Smith, Beasley, McAdam, Granier, Whatsook, etc., when you are asleep. I think that all the tariff books which come to the office, *pro* or *con*, you should give to me. I honed after McCulloch's book. If you really mean for your newspaper to fight out this fight, you ought to supply my cartridge-box when it costs nothing.

3d. There is an editorial on Carter Harrison which you should permit to go in by all means. Morry, this miserable renegade's attack upon Cleveland was so unjust

and cowardly that even stones on streets would cry out against it.

KANSAS CITY, February 2, 1889.

Perhaps you will think that I know something about foreign affairs. I predicted Boulanger. Also, the humbuggery of Emin Bey; also Stanley's fanfaronade; also Gladstone's complete overthrow; also the impossibility of France fighting Italy over Tunis; also the impossibility of Italy making inroads into Abyssinia—and now, hear me again: The Crown Prince of Austria committed suicide. He was pitiably married, he had epilepsy, a girl as beautiful as the dawn was torn away from him, he was a powerful drinker, he used opium to excess, he scarcely slept five hours out of twenty-four, and what else could come except that terrible word—Finis.

If you will let me, I would like to write half a column on him. It is part of the curse that he should die. I have Hungarian history open before me—the blackest, the cruelest, the most unspairing ever recorded—and I wonder at nothing that now comes to the Hapsburgs.

HIS LAST LETTER.

JEFFERSON CITY, April 15, 1889.

My Dear Morry: Frank Graham told me this morning that you had been quite seriously sick with your old trouble. I need not tell you how grieved I was and how unhappy it made me. If it had been John or Jim I could not have sorrowed more. If you should die I would feel like I was—

"Alone, alone, all, all alone—
Alone on a wide, wide sea."

There are but few men in this world for whose sake I would be willing to die, if nothing else but death would avail. You are one, Jo. Shelby is another, there might be two or three more; but these would cover the category. For God's sake take care of yourself. You do not do this. You think that you do, but there are times when you forget yourself and undergo ruinous exposure. That infernal steam heat in your room at the office would kill a Ganges crocodile. You go from it to the open air—that is to say from a temperature of about 80 degrees to one of 40. Victor Hugo wrote that no man could be suddenly transported from Senegal to Senegambia without losing his reason.

I think the fight is won here. It has been hard,

unceasing, and exhausting. Everything is being attacked —beef, hogs, liquor, telegraphs, telephones, express companies, stock yards, school text books—everything. The Democratic house is on fire from cellar to garret, and not a drop of water nearer than that apochryphal drop, which Abraham might have commanded, but didn't, to cool the parched tongue of that otherwise apochryphal gentleman called Mr Dives.

In about two years more, good-bye, Democracy. It has been a faithful old soul, God bless it! Upon a time it strode across the land and giants sprang up. For a blessing it knelt at the feet of patriotism, and when it arose a long line of statesmen had been created. When the Civil War came it made all the lists of it jubilant with the clanking of its armor.

And now what?

Wolf scalps, imbecility, cowardice, demagogy, the chattering of monkeys, and the want of daily washing. I will be——Morry, if a man can be a good Democrat unless he keeps his person clean. I am so tired. Just as soon as we can force the fight here to a final vote, I will come home.

This is a glorious April day. Such days as these will soon make you as of old.

Your friend as ever,

J. N. Edwards.

* * *

And now the most difficult part of this sad labor of love is but just begun—to tell in proper terms and fitting phrases of the greatness and nobleness of this Paladin, whose untimely ending brought so much sorrow to so many hearts—as illustrated through an intimate friendship of over twenty years. Within three weeks after his last letter I stood by his open grave in the village graveyard at Dover, and mingled my tears with others that were falling as the earth was fast hiding all that was mortal from our sight. There was no feigned emotion on that sad occasion. The bronzed and grizzled veterans who had fought with him more than twenty-five years ago, wept as freely and felt as bereaved as his own wife and children. Never has earth closed upon mortal man more truly and sincerely

mourned. Others as brilliant and gifted, have passe away and left a void intensified, it may be by their intel lectual gifts, but no man of so rare and splendid geniu ever died, at whose grave these gifts were so forgotten i sorrow for the nobleness of the *man* who was thei possessor while alive.

The two most distinguishing traits of character in Joh Edwards, as I knew him, were his absolute unselfishnes and his genuine modesty. Coupled with these, of course were undoubted courage and chivalry, devotedness an loyalty, an unvarying courtesy and cordiality, tha wonderful memory of his which enabled him to never for get a face or a name—all of which endeared him to ol friends, and made new ones of those with whom he wa brought in contact. But over and above, and greater fa than all these, were his pure and unalloyed unselfishnes and self-abnegation. Never once in our long and intimat acquaintance can I recall a single instance in which ther was the shadow of a difference or variation when thes phases of his character were called into action. No matte what the time or when the occasion, he was always read to do and be done for his friends. Regardless of money of personal comfort or convenience, aye, of public opinio and the proprieties he would make any sacrifice to his ow detriment, for a friend, it mattered not how poor, ho humble, or even reviled, so John Edwards considered hir a friend. This may be called devotion, and so it is, bu its substratum is unselfishness.

And it may be said that this might refer to notabl instances of a public character in which there was muc of glamour, and in which the mock-heroic could have bee assumed for effect. I mean nothing of the kind. I ar thinking and writing of the thousands of instances, i every day life, under all kinds of circumstances, when have seen these traits so fully tested and so clearly exem plified—of how I have seen him spend time, money, energy brain power, influence, anything and everything, for som poor fellow who could not help himself, and whom Joh Edwards supposed he ought to help; of how, in any cam

paign, undertaking or journey, his personality or convenience was never to be considered; of how he always preferred and looked to the comfort of others, whether patricians or plebians, the highest and most distinguished, or the lowest and most forsaken—in short, of how he seemed always to want to take the "smallest half" of everything, to think of everybody except himself, not humbly or ignobly, but naturally and with an unassumed grace, I have never seen in any other mortal man. Often I have said to myself: It was born in him, and he can not help it.

If there was aught of self-pride or egotism in John Edwards, the world never knew it, nor did his most intimate friends. For twenty years he was recognized and acknowledged as the most gifted writer in the West. No matter on what newspaper he was engaged, his brilliant pen soon made for itself a place and an individuality that were known far and wide. Nearly all of this time he was one of the most prominent figures and potent factors in Missouri politics. He entered heart and soul into every campaign, first for his friends and always for his party. And yet during these twenty years, with the fierce light of political antagonism and professional rivalry shining upon him, no living man can point to one instance in which by word or deed John Edwards ever preferred or exalted himself, or ever showed that he was conscious that he was the gifted son of genius, which everyone else knew except himself. Personal adulation and praise, especially of his writing, seemed always to be absolutely painful, and hundreds of times have I seen him adroitly turn the drift of such conversation into other channels. His relations with his newspaper associates seem to have been of the same kind as those with his army associates. All recognized his overshadowing ability but in no breast was there ever the tinge of envy. He was the equal, the friend, the helper of every man on the staff from reporter to proprietor, from private to general. And never once in army, in journalism, in politics, was he known to ask preferment or seek to be advanced.

More than all this, he was an author—a writer of books.

Two of his volumes, "Shelby and his Men," and "Shelby's Expedition to Mexico" relate entirely to events and occurrences in which John Edwards was an only less prominent participant than the commander himself. He was General Shelby's adjutant-general, and held the same relation to him that Rawlins did to General Grant. It is no detraction from the established fame of General Shelby or of any officer who served under him to say that during all those days John Edwards was much more than his title implied, a mere adjutant-general—that in fact he was more to Shelby than any captain, any colonel, any brigadier-general—that he was always at the war councils, and that his judgment outweighed them all. These volumes of John Edwards were written to perpetuate the deeds and glory of Shelby's command during the war, and to tell of the romantic march of the five hundred indomitables to Mexico after its close. And yet in neither of these volumes, "Shelby and his Men," and "Shelby's Expedition to Mexico," does the name of the author John N. Edwards, appear except on the title pages and in official orders! I challenge the rounds of history, biography, memoirs, recollections and what not, to instance a parallel! Privates, corporals, sergeants, lieutenants, captains, quartermasters, commissaries, colonels, generals, all—every one of them almost—are given a place in the only history that could perpetuate their names and their fame. But the name of the author and the master spirit and what he did is never once intruded. I have asked myself time and again why does this man so abnegate himself, and I often tried to draw him out on the subject. His unvarying answer was that he had almost the horror of seeing his name in print as he would have of facing hydrophobia. His actions throughout years corroborated this statement. No journalist in Missouri ever received from his brethren of the press so many laudatory and eulogistic notices. But while inwardly he no doubt appreciated them, he never by word or deed or look gave evidence of that fact. He did not preserve them—he never kept a scrap book. Next to army experience, camping, marching, messmating, and fight-

ing, there is no better crucible in which to test a man than in the active brain shop of a metropolitan newspaper. There obtains in the latter an *esprit de corps* that is surpassed nowhere except, perhaps, in a well organized and drilled military troop in active service. There can be no loafers or laggards in either corps. A man is soon "sized up" and rated for what he is worth. John Edwards has been "sized up" in both of these professions. Ask any of his old army comrades—all of them—and there is but one reply: "He was the truest, the bravest among the brave, and withal the most modest and unselfish." So, also, would be the verdict of his newspaper friends, and especially those with whom he was last associated; he was true always to his convictions, whether right or wrong—that he was brave goes without saying—that he was modest and unselfish, there is an avalanche of testimony.

I shall add to these notes neither analysis nor panegyric which I leave to other but not more devoted friends. I have felt that no pen but his own could do full justice to such a character as that of John N. Edwards. To us who were for so many years his daily companions; who have experienced the loyalty of his friendship, the ineffable charm of his personality, and the masterful force of his genius, the loss is a bitter one, and words die upon the lips as we look into this open grave. Thousands and tens of thousands share the bereavement who also shared his loving kindness and charity—his daily practice of the sentiment:

> 'In men whom men condemn as ill,
> I find so much of goodness still;
> In men whom men pronounce divine,
> I see so much of sin and blot,
> I hesitate to draw a line,
> Between the two where God has not."

The life which closed with the death of John Edwards grows no less beautiful and admirable as we realize that he has gone from us. He has left imperishable mementoes through which he will live wherever human hearts beat to generous emotions. But far the most cherished

recollections will be those of his personal friends, those who knew how genuine were his qualities, how warm and tender and true he was back of the genius which flashed through his pages.

These lines from *Pope* might serve as a fitting epitaph:—

> "—Friend to truth, of soul sincere,
> In action faithful, and in honor clear;
> Who broke no promise, served no private end,
> Who gained no title, and who lost no friend."

KANSAS CITY, June 8, 1889.

WRITINGS OF JOHN N. EDWARDS.

"POOR CARLOTTA."

[From the Kansas City *Times*, May 29, 1870.]

DISPATCHES from Europe say that the malady is at its worst, and that the young widow of Maximilian is near her death hour. Ah! when the grim king does come, he will bring to her a blessing and a benediction. The beautiful brown eyes have been lusterless these many months; the tresses of her sunny hair have long ago been scorched with fever and pain; the beautiful and brave young Spartan, rich in energy, in love, in passionate devotion, knows no more the roses and lawns of Miramar; the Mediterranean brings no more from over perilous seas the silken pennon of her fair-haired royal sailor lover. It is quiet about Lacken, where the Empress lays a-dying; but Time will never see such another woman die until the whole world dies.

It is not much to die in one's own bed, peaceful of conscience and weary of child-bearing. The naked age is crowded thick with little loves, and rose-water lines, and the pink and the white of the bridal toilettes. Here is a queen now in extremity, who reigned in the tropics, and whose fate has over it the lurid grandeur of a volcano. A sweet Catholic school-girl she was when the Austrian came a-wooing, with a ship of the line for chariot. She played musical instruments; she had painted rare pictures of Helen, and Omphale in the arms of Hercules, and Jeanne d'Arc with the yellow hair, and the pensive Roland—her of the Norman face—over whose black doom there still flits a ruddy fervor, streaks of bright Southern tint, not wholly swallowed up of death. Yes! it was a love-match, rare in king-craft and court cunning. Old Leopold's daughter married with the flags of three nations waving over her, amid the roar of artillery and the broadsides of battle-ships. The sea gave its sapphire bloom and the skies their benison. Afar off French eagles were seen, alas! to shadow all the life of the bride with the blood of the husband. The nineteenth century witnessed the heroic epic which darkened to such a tragedy. She came to Mexico, bringing in her gentle hands two milk-white doves, as it were, Charity and Religion.

Pure as all women; stainless as an angel-guarded child; proud as Edith of the swan's neck; beautiful; a queen of all hearts where honor dwelt; mistress of the realms of music; rare in the embroidery she wove; having time for literature and letters; sensuous only in the melody of her voice; never a mother—it was as though God had sent an angel of light to redeem a barbaric race and sanctify a degraded people. How she tried and how she suffered, let the fever which is burning her up alive give answer. It is not often that the world looks upon such a death-bed. Yet in the rosy and radiant toils of the honeymoon, a bride came to govern an empire where

armies did her bidding, and French Marshals, scarred at Inkermann and Solferino, kissed with loyal lips her jeweled hand and murmured through their gray moustaches words of soldierly truth and valor. She sate herself down in the palace of the Montezumas and looked out amid the old elms where Cortez's swart cavaliers had made love in the moonlight, their blades not dry with blood of the morning's battle; upon Chepultepec, that had seen the cold glitter of American steel and the gleam of defiant battle flags; upon the Alemada where Alvarado took the Indian maiden to kiss, who drove the steel straight for his heart, and missed, and found a surer lodgment in her own.

All these were bridal gifts to the Austrian's bride—the brown-eyed, beautiful Carlota. Noble white vision in a land of red harlots, with soft, pitying, queenly face; hair flowing down to the girdle, and as true a heart as ever beat in woman's bosom. As a Grecian statue, serenely complete, she shines out in that black wreck of things a star.

It came suddenly, that death of her lover and her husband. It dared not draw near when the French eagles flew, but afterward what a fate for one so royal and so brave. God shielded the tried heart from the blow of his last words, for they were so tender as to carry a sorrow they could not heal. "Poor Carlota!" Youth, health, reason, crown, throne, empire, armies, husband, all gone. Why should the fates be so pitiless and so unsparing?

Somewhere in eternity within some golden palace walls, where old imperial banners float, and Launcelots keep guard, and Arthurs reign, and all the patriot heroes dwell, her Maximilian is waiting for his bride. Long ago that spotless soul has been there. Let death come quickly and take the body, and end its misery and subdue its pain. All that is immortal of Carlota is with her husband. The tragedy is nearly over. In an age of iron and steam and armies and a world at peace, it remained for a woman to teach nations how an empress loves and dies. Who shall dare to say hereafter there is nothing in blood or birth? What gentle sister, in the struggle and turmoil of life, will look away from that death-bed in Lacken Castle, and not bless God for being a woman and of the sex of her who is dying for her king and her empire? Sleep! the angels have no need of sleep. Nothing suffices love. Having happiness, one wishes for Paradise; having Paradise, one wishes for Heaven. There is a starry transfiguration mingled with her crucifixion. The crown is almost hers, and in the beautiful garden of souls she will find once more the monarch of her youth.

A STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND.

[Kansas City *Times*, April 26, 1872.]

It seems so strange that the hands of poetry should be laid upon perishable things. Heir of immortality itself, its offspring also should be immortal, having no stain of earth, no link that rusts, no flower that fades, no stream that runs dry, no passion that consumes, no sun that is obscured, no morning without its dawn, and no sky without its rainbow and its twilight. The picture that it calls into life, the book that it makes beautiful, the idea that it etherializes, the field that it decorates, the warrior that it ennobles, the woman that it makes angelic—all, all should live only in the atmosphere that surrounded their creation, in the memories the poem made impervious to time or the rough current of real and practical

things. Fancy has its own imperial caste, and surrenders but too sorrowfully its precious and adored deceits. There are too many lattice bars against which its wings beat in vain, and too many false and luring lights in the windows of its hope's first affluence—in the color and charm of its day-dreams and its visions.

It can do no good—however sternly inexorable the logic of to-day may be—to make the Cleopatra of our youth forty-two and cross-eyed when Anthony lost Actuim for her own sweet sake. It can do no good to doubt the story of the asp, and deny the half-human, half-panther instinct which, cruel to the last, forgave not the losing of the battle, nor the deep sword-thrust that was sterner proof of Roman love than the starkest blow ever struck by legionary or Egyptian. Why deny that when the long, voluptuous dance was done—a dance dreamily danced in the odor of frankincense and the balm of myrrh—that the full, pouting lips of the beautiful Herodias made no pleading prayer for an august head laureled with God's benediction? It brings no peace to any dreamer's dream to know that the deft fingers which wove the web of long deceit and broken promise were gaunt and wrinkled, and that the good king, in the ceaseless clatter of Penelope's shrewish tongue, longed for the blue sweep of the seas running shoreward, for the wines of the nymphs—the Bacchanal court, and the sweet, long loves of the Queen Calypso.

And now the once fair "Maid of Athens" lies a-dying, old, withered, abandoned of the world and forgotten altogether. The wife of an English consul in Greece, Byron met her, loved her for a month and a day, sung of her, and sailed away. The song did not die—will not die. It was passionate and beautiful. Many remember it; many remember some voice that has lingered over it—some night when it dwelt in the memory as a star lives in the sky—some intonation that had a meaning as sweet as it was hidden.

"Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh! give me back my heart."

She was beautiful then. The black hair was long and lustrous; her eyes that unfathomable hue born of a moment's pleasure or passion; her form the lithe, superb motion Byron's heroines always had, her voice softly musical and tuned to the old Italian airs he loved so dearly. The fancy pleased him passing well, but no sin came of it all, and over against his name—when the inexorable angel has made up the records of the world—there will be written naught of a folly that could darken the frown even on the unforgiving face of his uncharitable and unsympathetic wife.

And to-day the Maid of Athens, forgotten of the world, lies old, withered, helpless, waiting for death in sight of the blue waves that went out with her life's first romance and her poet lover. It is well, perhaps, that time kneels at no shrine and passes no heads by untinged of gray and unshorn of laurels. He would linger, else, too long for hearts that are breaking and weariness that would be at rest. The grave alone is sacred ground. Its confines mark the limit of finite beauty and bloom, and no matter how sweet the song that pours its fragrance out, nor how adored the idol lifted up in the placid past of youth and joyous retrospect, it were better that time shrouded and shattered all, than, like the wisest and best of humanity, it knelt at the feet of some alluring fancy—worshiped beneath the rays of some imperial beauty that had even Byron for votary or voluptuary.

And death should come quickly to her whose face is a picture

yet in the pensive glow and glory of its Norman setting—come in with the tide bearing swift ships from her native England—bearing voices that sing the sweet songs of him who knew and loved the Maid of Athens a long half century ago.

PILOT, WHAT OF THE SHIP?

[Kansas City *Times*, April 26, 1872].

In the ceaseless drift and change of things, not many eyes have watched and not many hearts have listened for tidings from the good ship Polaris, going on grandly into the night of an unknown ocean. From out the gloom and the silence of the frozen wilderness no words have come back of good cheer or safety, and it may be that the hearts which beat bravest when the vessel sailed, and the voices that were blithest and gayest, will beat never more and sing never again till the waters of the world have passed away forever.

Yet the ocean loves its offspring—loves with a love beyond the land; those who tempt perilous things and live heroic lives, face to face with the fates of the storm and the harpies of the lee shore and the wreck. And who knows how much of this strange pity may go to color the web of Hall's deathless adventure, and weave into its warp and woof stray streaks of arctic sunshine, not wholly swallowed up of the midnight and the glacier.

It was summer when the Polaris sailed, the scent of many flowers in the land breeze and the voices of many birds in the trees. All nature held out pleading hands—a mute protest of odor, and bloom, and the singing of happy waters, and the glad and green-growing things on the upland and meadow. Autumn came, and winter, and now the spring again, with blessing of blossom and promise of fruit, and soon with the summer once more a year will have gone. One year, and not a word from this American vessel, with her American crew, bearing American hearts that have promised to find the Open Sea, or perish.

The nation has not forgotten them. There may be some, perhaps, too many, who have only a sneer for the brave endeavor, and only a faith in its folly and failure, but the great sympathetic undercurrent of the land is with the mariners, praying right on that the Northern Ocean may give up its secrets—that favoring winds may bear them back safely to their own again. How speeds the ship and how fares the crew, the waves have not told, nor any voice yet heard in the homes of the absent. What form death took in clambering over the bulwarks, if death came at all, and what rites were said in the face of the wondering midnight, not any messenger has yet returned bearing aught of record or tidings. Perhaps all is well. Terror and night and the unknown are all in league with the spirits who sentinel the Open Sea—grim watchers at the uttermost gates of the world—but even now the mists may have been rolled back from before the longing eyes, letting in visions of waves that sleep in a tranquil summer sunshine—visions of islands green with palms and fringed in scented and odorous things. Who knows? So Franklin believed and died. So Kane prophesied and passed away. And so Hall did write but one short year ago, when he gave his fate to the ocean and his family to science and his country.

QUANTRELL.

[Kansas City *Times*, May 12, 1872.]

As the glorification of living and dead guerrillas seems now to be the order of the day, a few words as to the character of this, the king of guerrillas, may not be amiss. Since Mosby's recent interview with General Grant, the Radical papers declare that his sins, though as scarlet, shall be made white as snow. No good reason, therefore, exists why the truth shall not be told of one who, brave and steadfast to the end, died as he had lived, a fearless Ishmaelite.

Richardson, whom McFarland killed, wrote once in a letter from Denver city to the New York *Tribune*, of Billy West, a noted border man, as "the swarthy Adonis of the Plains." Carrying forward the simile, Quantrell might be likened unto a blonde Apollo of the prairies. His eyes were very blue, soft and winning. Peculiar they were in this, that they never were in rest. Looking at the face, one might say there is the face of a student. It was calm, serene, going oftener to pallor than to laughter. It may be that he liked to hear the birds sing, for hours and hours he would linger in the woods alone. His hands were small and perfectly molded. Who could tell in looking at them that they were the most deadly hands with a revolver in all the border. Perhaps no man ever had more complete mastery over a horse than Quantrell, and whether at a furious gallop or under the simple swing of the route step, he could lean from the saddle and snatch a pebble from the ground.

Anderson was a tiger let loose; Quantrell was a tiger too, that had the innocence of a lamb. Nature loves to group the grotesque. Hence all the smiles his features had on when his pitiless lips pronounced the death sentence. Todd mingled no melody with his murders; Quantrell was heard to sing little snatches of song as the gray smoke rolled away from his pistol. Mosby delighted in surprises and disguises; Quantrell published his name broadcast when the mood was on him, and blazed it along the route of his travels as if it were a cloud to cover him. He was unlike them all, just as he was greater than them all.

It is instructive sometimes to study the pictures the war painted. No nation furnishes a counterpart for guerrillas such as ours, except Spain. France had a few, but women tempted them and they were trapped and slain. These Missourians loved women, but the love lasted not beyond the bivouac. In the morning each heart was all iron. What instructs one in the contemplation of such characters, is their intense individuality. Horrified at their ferocity, one yet delights to analyze their organization. If there is a race born without fear, Quantrell belonged to it. He loved life, and yet he did not value it. Perhaps this is why it was so hard to lose it. In his war-life, which was one long, long, merciless crusade, he exhibited all the qualities of cunning, skill, nerve, daring, physical endurance, remorseless cruelty, abounding humor, insatiable revenge, a courage that was sometimes cautious to excess and sometimes desperate to temerity. In the midst of a band who knew no law but the revolver, his slightest wish was anticipated and obeyed. Hence his power to command was unquestioned. Recognizing no flag but the black flag, he sat as quietly down in the midst of a hostile country as the foes who were on his track; and having shaken hands with death, he thought no more of the word surrender. If he believed in God, he denied the special providences of heaven, and stabled

mer plants. It was a terrible warfare, this of his in poverty and gloom. He stood upon the streets with a pencil for a pistol—this freebooter of the alleys, crying out to the proud and the rich: Stand and deliver. Want assailed him, and the law, and the bravoes of that society, whom he hated and defied. But the Scotch blood and bitterness were there, and he fought like a wolf at bay. His pen was dipped in poison. Scandal, stripped to the waist, made an elaborate toilet before all New York in waiting, and fast men and women clapped their hands and applauded. Amid it all, however, he had a wife who was beautiful and whom he idolized. Strange union, this man and that woman—one hating the *chiffonieres* and the offal of his hateful life, and the other turning to him as an angel of goodness, when the deep loathing and disgust was uppermost, and tying a rose-bud in his button-hole.

He struggled also for notoriety, and gained it—such notoriety as Lafitte and Murrell had. His paper was read by all, sought for by all, bought by all, and then the tide turned. One day he came forth a new man, faultlesslydressed, having gloves upon his hands, and boots upon his feet. He lifted an elegant beaver to the world, and bowed to it as one who meant to treat the world civilly. This soldier of fortune had become to be a Marshal of the Empire; this Dugald Dalghetty was no longer a Free Lance, but a Baron with armorial crest and quarterings. The two lives kept pace together—the newspaper's life and the editor's life. Where he poisoned before, he stimulated; where he pulled down before, he built up; where he lacerated before, he soothed and gratified; and where he administered vitriol before, he gave opiates and rosewater. The shadow of the *Herald* fell upon a continent, and men rested under it and found it grateful. The immense enterprise and brain-power of the man were turned into legitmate channels. Never sincere, however, never reliable, never a partisan in politics, those whom he supported longest and truest felt that behind the mask there was a grim, sardonic smile which tolerated them while it despised them. Not all the old clansman's blood was entirely eradicated. The love of the sudden and the grotesque would ever and anon break out, and for a grand sensation men knew he would sacrifice a President or immolate a senator. And he did, roaming over the political field as an incarnate executioner, cutting off heads that were sometimes the wisest and the most august. In a revolution, he would have been Camille Desmoulins; in the Chamber, Barriere; at the barricades, St. Just, who turned pale and wept, giving as a reason: "I am too young and too poor to die."

The country grew, and grew, and changed until the country of Bennett's youth and Bennett's maturity were as two countries, the years a rolling stream between. But he filled the new country with his fame as he had the old. The *Herald's* empire remained without a rival, and to-day, while he lies a-dying or dead, he knows, if that curious, gnarled, rugged nature knows aught of earth, that behind him as a monument is left the greatest newspaper the new world has ever known or seen. His ways to make it such were his own ways, dark and crooked though they were at times, yet he had that greatest of all merit—success—the only standard by which a soldier of fortune can be judged this side the court where human reason and human intellect are no longer lamps to light and guide us in the paths of duty.

FENIMORE COOPER.

[Kansas City *Times*, October 16, 1878.]

In the Indian summer, that honeymoon of the year, one loves to recall the names of those who made nature a great white throne where men might kneel, or dream, or worship. It is good for all of us, no matter, when or how, to get away alone in the dim woods, and those authors are dearest to us who lead on to where the evening will fold its purple wings about the trees, or where, in the white hush of the morning, the kisses of the breeze will awaken the sleep of the flowers. Isolation comes often as an anodyne softer than night, or dreams in the night. The forest has a voice which, thrilling, articulate, mighty, speaks to the inmost soul of the glory of God and of the wonderful powers of His Omnipotence.

There is no tree which gathers to its grateful branches the dew and the sunshine; no unseen brook that babbles of the lowlands and the summer's sea; no trailing vine that lifts its soft lips up to the bearded lips of the oak; no swaying nest, vocal with life and love; no flower that feeds its bee; no spring that slakes some creature's thirst; no bird that sits and sings for joy; no glad or growing or happy thing in all the woods that has no voice to tell something good or true—of something to make life brighter and braver, and better for all of us.

Cooper is the novelist of the woods. The spirit of nature has entered into his genius and inspired it. As Byron loved the ocean; as Shelley the placid lakes, where the blue of the waves and the blue of the sky were deep together; as Poe the midnight and the waning moon, so Cooper loved the mighty woods, no matter whether spring had peopled all its waiting places with bud and blossom, or summer with wealth and teeming life, or autumn with crimson and gold, or winter with its vanguard of snow, which could be seen creeping stealthily through the pines, until the melodies of the streams were mute, and a glaze as of death had swept over all their dimples.

Cold actuality has discarded his Indian pictures, and bereft many a hamlet and stream of the delightful romance of his genius, but who wishes to analyze a novel? What difference does it make if the champagne which intoxicates is a mixture of prussic acid, Jersey cider, and beet leaves? None want to look beneath the sparkle and foam for the dark sediment that has headache in it, and heartache as well. Cooper fascinates. Through five books he carries a single character—that of Natty Bumppo—and the light that shines upon him is always the light which comes from some tree, some stream, some desolate trail, some hushed and thrilling ambushment, some river that runs to the sea, some little clearing where a cabin stands, the blue smoke going up to the blue skies as a prayer to the good God who guards alike the trapper in the wilderness and the king in the midst of his capital.

We do not believe that the fame of the great American novelist is dying out, no matter what some Eastern critics have lately said and written. Who is there to take his place? What hand anywhere yet lifted up can weave the web of romance as he has woven it about all the great lakes, and all the great tribes gone or decimated? It is true that the pathway of progress lies over the graves of the Indians, and that the vices of civilization have made the remnant of the race a cruel, beggarly, degraded few; but we seek only for our gratification among the ideal creations of his fancy, and not where the

squalid Diggers live on grasshoppers, and the vindictive Apaches murder all alike—the old and the young, the women and the children. It is nature we want as revealed by one who worshiped at her shrine, and who felt her beauty and her glory enter him as a divine love, purifying his imagination and giving to his prose the music and tremor of a hymn. God grant that the mantle of this great man, so long unknown, may yet find a resting-place upon some new American Cooper, as wonderful in his creations as the great original.

SCHUYLER COLFAX.

[Kansas City *Times*, February 18, 1873.]

There is a momentary pity in the hearts of most men for any animal hunted hard and brought at last to bay. No matter how trapped, or sought, or slain, some commiseration will mingle with the death struggle when the yearnings of the chase are over, and not a little of weariness and disgust because for the skill of the hunter there could only be the conquest that destroyed without restoring again. But if anywhere in all this broad land there is one who begrudged the Credit Mobilier its righteous and unmerciful work upon Schuyler Colfax, there is no record made by either press or pulpit.

An unctuous, smiling, psalm-singing, cold-water hypocrite, he must have knelt down when he took his bribe just to show God how fervent he was. He must have laughed, too, in the face of his soul and promised it a camp-meeting holiday, with a feast of hymns and a revel of prayer, wherein conscience, a beautiful angel no longer, transformed its body into railroad stock and its wings into coupons—a dividend for the harp within its hand and the crown upon its head.

The creature and the pet of the war, it swallowed him as a mighty whale a gigantic Jonah. Strange food for such a stomach. Strange taste for the appetite that had devoured cities sacked and pillaged, provinces laid waste, and living armies arrayed as growing corn, fresh with the beams of the morning of life and ripe for the scythe of the harvester Death. One day he was cast forth again, and the faithful places knew him a miracle by the white of his sanctified vest, the cut of his orthodox coat, the zeal of his loyal prayers, and the penetrating sweetness of a seraphic smile that made all the tough missionaries easier of digestion, and all the Christian Association stockholders in the radical party. Babies were named for him, and he kissed and blessed them, and dabbled among their diapers for votes. Temperance societies invoked his inspiration, and he drank their soda water and their chamomile tea. Sewing circles worshiped at his shrine, and offered up a sister a day as a sacrifice. Sunday-schools patented little pious proverbs and pinned them to the name of Colfax. Prayer-meetings wrestled with the Lord for Schuyler's promotion, and eliminated from their catechisms the story of Ananias and Sapphira.

For others there were glory, fame, records made noble in battle, manhood, triumphs, deeds done daringly for man and for humanity; but for Schuyler the sole irrevocable and eternal smile. He laughed in the faces of the corpses that the waves of the war threw out upon the ghastly beaches of society; at the feet that had waded in the valleys of the strife and came away crimson to the instep; at maimed and furloughed veterans, homeward bound and laureled; at fairs

and sanitary gatherings, and at all the crowds that met to tell of victorous fights by land or sea. One day the men who frowned and fought were mustered out, and Schuyler got well ahead in the jackal race that knew no goal but loyalty and plunder. But alas! alas! for Schuyler. Another day and a fisherman came who cast his net into the sacred places of the House and Senate and snared such lordly and loyal fish as Patterson and Dawes, Harlan and Kelley, Mr. Speaker Blaine and Mr. President Colfax. Even through the meshes of the trap there shone on the bland face of Schuyler the same old smile. They dragged him forth in the light of the Credit Mobilier conflagration, so that the world might see what manner of a fish he was. There was the same immaculate vest, the same coat, and brass buttons, and cold-water countenance, and beaming and benignant face. Brother Newman recognized him and blessed him. The Young Men's Christian Association of Boston drew a draft in favor of his integrity and demanded that the Great God should cash it; South Bend thrilled through all the limestone veins of its temperance societies and drowned its virtuous grief in soothing ginger-pop. Too late! Not Lazarus at the rich man's gate was ever more an object of contempt—ever a more polluted, tainted and accursed thing. To bribery there had been added perjury, to hypocriscy the crime of detection. Even the smile that had cheated the devil through all the years of hatred and persecution and annual baby-shows, and Good Templar funeral services, fled from the mouth that had sworn to a lie, and hovered like a dove, it is supposed, until taken into a laminated steel-spring hoop-skirt factory at South Bend, Indiana. Men who hold bribes in cosmopolitan hands can wash them and get well again; but for the Puritan who all his life fingered only the prayers of the Pharisee, there is only leprosy and death. He could not rend his garments and be forgiven if he would. For the lion, snared or shot, there is human pity and regret,; for the soft-pawed, slinking jackal, only the bayings of the watch-dogs and the broom-sticks of the washerwomen. Away with the corpse to the Potter's Field. Is there any need of epitaph? No. Yet, lest loyalty should seek some nobler grave to find its perjured priest, a monument uplifted there might bear for record the simple words—URIAH HEEP.

BON VOYAGE, MISS NELLIE.

[St. Louis *Evening Dispatch*, May 22, 1874.]

The young, innocent thing just married to a stranger and borne to a stranger's home, will carry with her the blessings and good wishes of the American people. No matter the pomp of the ceremony, the preciousness of the bridal gifts, the magnificent display that waited upon the marriage of the president's daughter, there was something supremely sad in that almost regal heart plighting, where the fairer and the weaker was so soon to say good-bye, and so soon to sail away from parents and kindred and native land, the passionate yearning for which is never known until forsaken. In the spring time affluence of her first love, and bravely loyal and womanly patient, she will bear herself proudly up and sing and sigh not through the beautiful English summer weather; but when it is autumn on all the woods, and the night comes, and the talk of home and friends beyond the sea, tears will gather in the calm brown eyes, and pensive longings that whisper and cling about the heart until, as a bird set free, the sweet young bride, so homesick and so hungry for

the land of her birth, will return again for a mother's tender kiss and a father's gentle greeting.

Not as the daughter of a president, nor yet as one born to the memories of a name and fame great in the somber glories of a civil war, do the Americans send benisons and blessings after the sweet young bride. For her womanhood alone do they honor her, and for the rare fragrance of a sinless and stainless life. A Christian mother reared her a Christian child, and she carries to the old world from the new a character made strong with the precepts of duty and a proud consciousness that the true domain where she can rule by right divine is home—the subjects whose loyalty is most important, the children that God will give her—the works most necessary for her to study, their little hearts—and the treasure best worth seeking, her husband's love.

LITTLE NELSON W. DALBY.

[Sedalia *Democrat.*]

Sang a poet once:

"God's lightning spares the laureled head."

But why not that other one, laureled with six summers of curls and six summers of sunshine? Don't you see he was taken the day before the May day, when all the birds could have sung for him, and all the buds burst into bloom for him, and all the grasses grow so green for him, and all the odorous, blossomy, glorious weather put surely for him the red in his cheeks and the south wind in his hair? You see he was also so young. Every little garment he left contained a legacy of grief. He did not walk without taking the hand of his mother or father. He never knew a night outside the parent nest. He clung so. If he had only been a soldier and fallen in battle, his face to the foe and the flag of his faith above him; if he had only been a man, scarred by life's combat and scorched by life's fever; if he could only have worn harness and put a war plume in his helmet's crest; but you see he was only a little blue-eyed, fair-faced, timid, shrinking boy, laying his head in his mother's lap when he wanted to sleep, and saying his prayers by his mother's knee when he wanted to be put to bed.

Peace after such a sacrifice! Never any more this side the river called the River of Death. There is the little grave, lying out in the dawn and the dew, awaiting the resurrection. There are the garments he wore. There are broken toys,

> "And pieces of rings,
> And fragements of songs which nobody sings,
> A lute unswept, and a harp without strings,
> And part of an infant's prayer."

There are words before the cooing had given place to the lisping, and the lisping had lapsed into the thrill and the vibration of the yet ntutored voice. There is the vacant chair. There is above these id over and beyond all these, the cry of the finite soul trying to ierce the infinite: What of the future, oh! merciful God, is it nnihilation—is it the dark?

What can be said to make the utter agony an hour less in pain? Nothing. There is no need to try. Even love is stronger than time, than change of scene, than efforts at forgetfulness, and here was adoration. My boy! my boy! not my angel, that is the cry from every human lip that ever cursed the daylight because death

had made it hideous, or clung to an idol's lips, in one passionate caress, lips pale, and pinched, and wan, and drawn forever. "The Lord gives and the Lord takes away." Hush! put nothing upon the Lord that makes Him merciless, or monstrous, or the slayer of the lambs in his own sheep-fold. The lord loves little children. He had once a son, whose death, though in the full prime of his heavenly manhood, shook the earth as though hell had risen upon it and mastered it, and every accursed murderer upon it was to be given back unto the night and chaos. The boy's fate came out of the unknown swiftly, and that was all. It is best to believe this, for woe be to the land when its mothers—groping in the dark for their children, blind, gasping, crying aloud for help, come face to face with a creed which tells them that God took them away.

As little Nelson Dalby was in the flesh—tender, confiding, beautiful—so let him be remembered by his parents and adored until the unfathomed gives back its dead to those who seek them there, or utter and eternal night its surcease of sorrow and forgetfulness. Keep everything his little hands ever touched, and everything that ever—as toy or trinket—made his wondering eyes to shine, or the red in his cheeks to deepen like a scarlet japonica bud. Never mind the future. On this earth are the thorns, the parched highway, the covering up of those faces which give to the heart a horrible drought. Make of his memory a shrine and worship there as flesh worships flesh which is its own. Grief has its luxury. Something that is exquisite may be even given to despair. The darling is gone and he is not gone. Imagination perpetually renews his walk, his talk, his infinite confidences and his good-night kiss that will be forever and forever a benediction.

HENRY CLAY DEAN.

[Kansas City *Times*, February 13, 1887.]

This many-sided intellectual giant—and we refer solely to his intellect and his heart in any analysis that may be made of his character—has suddenly passed away. He was a strange man in many respects, yet one of the most genial and lovable men, when once thoroughly understood and appreciated, ever known in Missouri. Beneath an exterior which could not always be easily penetrated, he carried the conscience of a Christian and the heart of a child. If the expression may be permitted he had two natures, that of the warrior and that of the priest. The hand that smote upon occasion so relentlessly and so remorselessly was no less prompt to soothe, to heal and to make whole again. A tale of sorrow moved him to instant response. Those who had no friends always found him a friend in need. His good deeds were innumerable, and his charities, for his means were larger by far than any one supposed; but he neither boasted of the first nor claimed for the last any sort of recognition or approbation.

Intellectually he was rarely gifted. He was preacher, lawyer, politician, public speaker, lecturer, farmer and author. Many qualities went to make up his power before a crowd. He was mighty in invective, but it was the invective which came at an adversary with a club. Perhaps no man ever used to more advantage the rare exquisite gift of irony, and he did with it what few writers or speakers of this country have ever yet succeeded in doing—he joined with it an indescribable pathos. Hence his power before a jury when his intellectual and his moral nature was aroused. At other times

he dealt only in a ponderous kind of logic and built up his speeches as some mighty triphammer might forge an iron mainmast for a man-of-war. His weakness in politics appeared to lie in his want of flexibility and plan of battle. He lacked in the capacity of massing his forces and seizing instantly upon all the strong points of a disputed field. Too much precious time was often wasted upon skirmishes that his scouts might have looked after, or upon reconnoissances which his captains might have controlled. Gifted as he was, these gifts were not at all times homogeneous. With a mind as vivid as a dream, rapid in its encompassments as thought, of wonderful grasp, resource and fertility, it yet did not drive forward straight to the end, knowing neither variableness nor shadow of turning. A pleasant byway was lure enough to take him aside; a rare look put him to dreaming. There were too many unresponsive fibers in his individual make-up ever to permit him to become a successful politician. The harness of the caucus so galled his withers that he would frequently stop short in the middle of the road, refusing thereafter to pull a single pound for either love or money. Of the stronger and more potent elements of leadership he did not possess a single one. Not a few have been the magnificent structures he has erected, only to burn them down or blow them up in a moment of spleen, or disgust, or uncontrollable indignation. For a hot fight under a black flag, where for the wounded there was no surgeon and for the dead no sepulcher, he was incomparable. But if strategy were required solely, if the head alone and not the heart were to dominate the struggle, if only the cold logistics of mathematical maneuvering were to be permitted to the combatants, he was not the man to lead; but what if he could not lead in such a crisis? It is sometimes as vital to destroy as it is to build up.

He wrote one book—the "Crimes of the Civil War" which was fierce, fragmentary, and not unfrequently viciously savage. He wrote another—the "Criminals of the Civil War"—which was, if anything, fiercer and more savage than the other, but it has never been printed. The manuscript was burned at the time his house was, some several years ago, together with a library that was unequaled in Missouri, and which, with nigh on to 10,000 volumes, he had been a lifetime in collecting. His reading was vast, his information almost superhuman, and if such a thing could be possible, or even half-way possible, he had, as it were, the whole recorded history of the world stowed in his mind, and ready to be summoned for any purpose at his bidding. Some of his monologues were only surpassed by those of Napoleon at St. Helena. When the mood was on him he put spells upon people through the sheer force of an intellectual necromancy that forced them to listen even as the guest to the marriage feast was forced to listen by the ancient mariner.

He loved much to talk of the hereafter. He speculated much as to what was beyond the grave. He sought in many ways to penetrate the future, and to get but one bare glimpse of something real and tangible that told of another life. Upon this earth nothing was ever vouchsafed to him. Does he know it all now?

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[Kansas City *Times*, March 9, 1887.]

The blow has fallen at last, and the wizard of the pulpit of Plymouth church can no longer conjure a congregation which

adored him. That sleep came upon him which he had so often described, and when he awoke he had solved for himself the great problem of the hereafter. How he strove to do this while yet upon earth. How from under the dark shadow of restless intellectual doubts which come to all men who read and think, and reason, he, yearned for a faith that never wavered. How, when he imagined, in the fervor of an exalted vision, that he saw the porphyry domes, the jasper gates and the golden highways of the New Jerusalem, he looked again, but only on a mirage. How, step by step, he sought for the soul's immortality through every proof that God, or man, or science, or nature, or creed, or conscience, or revealment had furnished, he has best declared in a mountain of discourses as high as Plymouth's steeple.

Did he find before death came to him that perfect peace which can only come from a perfect knowledge? What matters it? He lived the life that was in him, and better than that no man can do who was ever yet born of woman.

With Beecher's final faith or belief, however, we have nothing to do. That was solely a matter between himself and his Creator. The reckoning already has been had, the score been paid, the recording angel's book closed for the present; and somewhere out in the wide, white hush of eternity is a freed spirit waiting for the resurrection.

As a preacher he is the most difficult man to analyze, in an intellectual way, in the United States. At times he had an almost indescribable pathos. Often his irony was superb, but it was the irony of a splendid spiritual digestion, and, therefore, as a balm it always carried with it a touch of amazing grace. Satire helped him upon occasion, but it was not the satire of the scorner and the hater —it was rather that of one who was fond of a laugh and fond of a story.

Born actor, his mobile face italicised, as it were, each emotion which he wished to make emphatic. Not unfrequently a quaint humor played along the edges of his sermons as a sunbeam along the edges of a storm cloud. Then the lightnings of some terrible denunciations would leap forth, and one saw only the darker and more somber aspect of the sky. In this he was dramatic, but what is intense realism at last if it is not vivid contrast, and the swift intermingling of sunshine and shadow? He surely loved nature as only a passionate lover could love her. He took into the pulpit images of fields where the green corn stood in serried ranks like lines of infantry formed for battle; of summer wheat fields, the south wind bending their bearded heads as though at the touch of its caressing fingers they had bowed as to a benediction; of twilight woods, where nest said good-bye to nest in the gloaming; of apple orchards white and pink with blossoms; of dewy lanes, where on either hand could be heard the weird laughter of the owls in the thickets; of bird and tree and bird and leaf and flower and all sorts of blessed things which filled the heart with reverence and made man in spite of himself lift up his thoughts from nature to nature's God.

In the stronger and terser sense of epigram Mr. Beecher was notably lacking. Weak also in picturesqueness—that sort of picturesqueness which can make one hear the flapping of invisible wings and the swish or the flow of imaginary waters—he yet had what answered almost the same purpose—a quick, entertaining and corruscating fancy. Imagination was also wanting—that sort of imagination which could make one see a sinner being held up over the very mouth of hell and make one smell his very hair scorching.

He could not soar. He never in all his long life, according to our estimate of him as a preacher, preached a really strong, terse, massive, logical sermon. He could take hold of the heart and do with it pretty much what he pleased, but he almost always left the head where he found it. He was utterly incapable of building a massive edifice of thought, perfect in every arch, beam, door, floor, window and rafter—story upon story and stone upon stone; but he could build a beautiful cottage, with lattice-work all about it, and put angels into it, and make honeysuckles form a bower for them in which to play their harps and wave their palms, and decorate it with all sorts of little nooks and crannies, and fill these with all sorts of quaint rugs and rare books and celestial brick-a-brac generally; but for a fortress that the very wiles of the devil himself could not prevail against through any force of sap, or siege, or stratagem, or cunning—well, some other hands than Mr. Beecher's would have to hew out the rock and rear the structure.

What, then, was his power over his congregation, over his audiences, and over all public bodies with whom he came in contact or before whom he delivered not only sermons but various other kinds of addresses? It was the powerful individuality of the man to begin with, buttressed upon an immense vitality, electricity and personal magnetism. Then he had pathos, knowledge, dramatic capacity in no small degree, all sorts of resources to be summoned at a moment's notice for his apt and *aproµos* illustrations, a forgiving charity for the errors and the frailties of poor human nature, an appositeness in putting things that, while it is not true eloquence, yet does much that real eloquence alone can do—more demagogy than appears at first sight, vividness, perspicacity, anecdote, every art of a finished actor, ease, grace, the poetry of motion, much elocution, and—above all, and beyond all for the purposes for which the gift was given—an almost supernatural acquaintance with human nature.

There will be innumerable obituary articles written on the death of this famous American pulpit preacher. He will be discussed from every conceivable standpoint. He has had his share of harsh criticism and indiscriminate laudation. He has gone through some fiery ordeals, and as he himself has sometimes said in moments of unutterable sadness, the way has seemed to be so dreary and dark, and life's burdens so heavy; but, whatever the final judgment may be that his countrymen shall pronounce upon him, both as a man and as a preacher, this should always precede the verdict:

> In men whom men condemn as ill
> I find so much of goodness still,
> In men whom men pronounce divine
> I find so much of sin and blot,
> I hesitate to draw the line,
> Where God has not.

GENERAL ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

[Kansas City *Times*, April 10, 1887.]

An equestrian statue, erected to the memory of General Albert Sidney Johnston, has just been unveiled in New Orleans with heartfelt and appropriate ceremonies. Randall Gibson, who commanded a Brigade under him at Shiloh, delivered the memorial address, and Jefferson Davis passed in review his life, his military services and his spotless character.

Albert Sidney Johnston was a man whose ability as a com-

mander the soldiers of the Civil War will always love to study. They never tire of asking, one of another, the following questions: If he had lived, would he have driven Grant into the river? If he had lived. would he not have been made commander-in-chief of all the Confederate forces? If he had lived, would he not have finished the battle of Shiloh during the first day's fighting? If he had lived, would he have fulfilled the promise of his earlier years, and would he finally have become the bulwark and the savior of the Southern Confederacy?

These be hard questions to answer. As the Confederacy was organized, it is doubtful if even a Napoleon Bonaparte could have saved it. The politicians got hold of it almost before it had put its armor on. Nothing would do them but a constitution, a congress, a president, a cabinet and a civil administration. Not a single leader in the South, bold or otherwise, arose in his place to demand a dictator. Secession was a mere juggler's term. Some coiner of phrases or quibbler over abstractions invented it. Revolution was the word—stark, inexorable, unmistakable revolution. For this anything else but a dictator was a criminal absurdity. With a president, there would always be an administration and an anti-administration party; with a congress, the outs would be eternally striving to circumvent the ins; with a constitution, the strict constructionists would do little else but fiddle and dance while Rome was burning; with a cabinet, red tape was bound to be a king. A general in the field, to get to his chief authority, would have to traverse as many avenues as there were rat-holes about a granary filled with corn. While armies were crying for arms, ammunition, food, clothing and medicine, cabinet officers would be indexing reports and pointing out how every requisition would have to go through the regular channels, you know.

Johnston fought but one battle before he was killed, that of Shiloh, and he did not fight that to a finish. Up to the momen when a minie-ball cut the femoral artery of his right leg he had everything his own way. His plans were working to perfection. The various subdivisions of his army had taken the ground pointed out to them, and when the designated hour came had entered promptly into the fight. It was not possible for any general to have held his forces better in hand. True, it had been his intention to begin the attack one day earlier than he actually did begin it. but he could not be everywhere at one and the same time, and so, at a most critical period, some of his subordinates failed him. But for this Buell could never have reached Pittsburg Landing in time to succor Grant, no matter whether Johnston had lived or died, nor whether Beauregard had or had not called a halt to rearrange his lines of battle.

That Johnston was a man of splendid administrative ability none have ever denied. That in a military point of view he showed skill of the very highest order in his operations in Kentucky, his Federal opponents have borne ample and generous testimony. He seems to have known war and to have had a better idea of the exigencies and the requirements of the struggle than any other commander who fought for the South. From his writings and from some sketches and memoranda of campaigns left behind him, there can be no mistake made about the grasp of his intellect, nor of the further fact that such was his prescience and his logical acumen from the standpoint simply of the soldier that he predicted future events with a vividness and directness that the aftertime was to prove more than prophetic.

As far as it was fought by Johnston, Shiloh was the most perfect battle of the war and the most glorious for the arms and the prowess of the Southern Confederacy. When he fell the contrast came in, and from this contrast much may be understood how immeasurably he towered above those who succeeded him in the command of the Army of the Tennessee.

KATKOFF.

[Kansas City *Times*, April 1, 1887.]

If the report is true that M. Katkoff, editor of the Moscow *Gazette*, has fallen into deep disgrace with the Czar, then indeed has one stormy petrel been brought to the ground with ruffled plumage or broken wing.

In his journalistic make-up he was part Tartar and part Greek, that is to say: He rode like a Cossack and glided like a snake. His newspaper wore always two masks. Behind the first one could invariably hear the rattling of chains and the swishing of the knout—that was for Russia. Behind the second one could always hear an air from an opera or the voice of a woman—that was for Europe. Remove both, and there was the elegant man of the world—smiling, plausible, soft of speech, a rose in his buttonhole and a love knot in his hair. It was as one going into a coffin to find a corpse and finding Adonis.

The Emperor Nicholas first discovered in the young Katkoff those elements of superb pliability and audacity which have made more tyrants and more revolutions than any other two elements which go to make up the sum of human character. Of course he had others, and shining ones, but these two constituted the pick-ax and spade with which he worked. The Emperor put him at Moscow, laying upon him only one injunction: "Be always a Muscovite," that is to say, stand always by the old Russian party as against the new.

And he has. Next to the Czar, himself, Katkoff had more to do with bringing on the Crimean War than any other man in Russia. He has said things which no other subject alive would ever have been permitted to say, and he has written and printed things which would have rewarded any other subject alive with Siberia. Whatever he has done, however, he has always wrote furiously, and ably as well, against Germany and Austria, and in favor of Russia's eternal advance, if it is only one foot a day, toward Constantinople. He has had a spy at every capital, and surprised, over and over again, the most important secrets of half the crowned heads in Europe. He was loved, petted, caressed and ennobled by the father of the present Czar, and for a time after Alexander II. met with so terrible a fate, Katkoff was in high favor with his successor. If he now indeed in disgrace it is a mystery, but then, so many mysteries exist in Russia. The night of its despotism is sometimes impenetrable.

[August 7, 1887.]

So Katkoff, the great Russian editor, is dead. When death ed his harness and flung it furiously aside in the lists l struggled month after month for the mastery, it the blow of a wooden sword-blade upon a

his own land and his own city his passing away was but little more accounted of than the folding of the hands in sleep.

When Mary died, the Mary whom the slanderous Froude called bloody, she said: "If you will examine my heart you will find the word Calais written thereon." And Nelson said: "For my epitaph put this—died from a want of frigates." And if Katkoff's heart could have been examined also that, too, might have had stamped upon it indelibly—Constantinople.

For fifty years his one long, fiery interminable text was Constantinople. We can never become powerful as a nation, he has thundered out ten thousand times through the columns of his newspaper, until we get to the sunshine and the sea. Do not call the Black Sea a sea. For half the year it is a lake, frozen as hard as the solid earth—aye, as the rock which is crowned with the cannon of Gibraltar. It is the Mediterranean which will forever go to make up the warp and the wool of Russia's destiny.

When Peter the Great was dying, sometimes delirous and sometimes in a stupor, he would have brief intervals when the clouds would roll away from that strangely perturbed brain of his, and the shadows recede far enough to give him a glimpse of the light that still abode upon all the world. Then he would cry out to those about him: "Never take your eyes from Constantinople. I command you upon your loyalty, your honor and your love for Russia, to never take your eyes from Constantinople."

Perhaps that word might also have been found written upon his heart, if, indeed, this savage Tartar—fisherman, shipbuilder, architect, assassin, pope, czar and epileptic—ever had a heart.

To that dying command of the wonderful barbarian Katkoff devoted his whole life. Since it was given, Russia has five separate and distinct times come within sight of the spires and the minarets of Constantinople, the domes of its mosques and the monuments to its heroes; but banded Europe, England at the head. threw itself in front of the conquering columns, and stayed the hand that had almost closed about the prize.

Baffled, and made aged in his prime at each successive defeat, Katkoff would begin anew the preaching of another crusade. He must have been a statesman, because he was patient and knew how to wait. He must have been a politician, because the people's pulse to him was always as a barometer. He must have been a leader, because after he knelt at the feet of the iron-hearted Nicholas for a blessing, a pale-faced, stoop-shouldered, shrinking, scarcely articulate man, fresh from the academy, when he arose he was a giant. He must have been a poet as Beranger was, because in the white heat and torment of some of the fiercest charges at Plevna, the grenadiers of the guard went on singing one of his battle hymns set to music.

Furthermore, and for the benefit of those superlatively superb patriots of our own Civil War who seem to have forgotten everything else connected with it except a doctor's certificate of disability and a pension, Katkoff was one of the most devoted friends and eloquent advocates the cause of the Union had. It was owing largely to his counsels that the Russian fleet broke out of the Black Sea and anchored in American waters, pending the settlement of the Mason-Slidell-Trent affair, when England showed so much passion and Mr. Seward so much common sense.

The Moscow *Gazette*, Katkoff's newspaper, must have been a power in Russia. It was the idol of the old Muscovite party, which leaped full-statured and full-armored from the loins of Ivan the

Terrible. This party never stirred, nor lifted a hand, nor gave forth responses to a single appeal until Katkoff passed along its lines and fired them, as a torch passing along will fire a line of ready gaslights. We know of no newspaper which ever before had so much power and audacity, nor have we ever read of one. Perhaps none could exist outside of such a despotism as Russia's. When the savage hour was on Nicholas, none could get to him quicker than Katkoff, nor soothe him more completely. More than to any other man, save Alexander II., did the serfs owe their emancipation. As he hated black slavery, so he hated white, and so his voice was lifted up against the forms of it in his own country. We say the forms of it because the substance remains. There are still the dungeons, the knout and Siberia.

France also has lost a devoted friend. Ever since the Crimean war he has demanded an alliance offensive and defensive with France, offering Egypt to France if France would help Russia to Constantinople. There can be little doubt that Russian counsels were back of Boulanger, and Russian army corps in readiness for materialization. Katkoff could not know that he was leaning on a reed, and that fine clothes and gold lace and a cocked hat and heroic words could never make a general.

Perhaps the great editor died too soon. He might have lived to see the next European conflagration, to help on which and to lead up to which he has brought more tar, pitch and turpentine than any other one hundred men in all Europe.

A FISH STORY.

[Kansas City *Times*, March 17, 1887.]

There are just nine hundred and ninety-nine chances out of one thousand that nobody attempted to kill the Czar last Sunday; that nobody held a dynamite bomb in his hand; that the whole story is bald and barren and bogus; that whatever there is to it at all was born of an Oriental imagination, qualified by that all-pervading blood mania which belongs to the absolute right of Russian despotism.

Look for but just a moment how absurd and ridiculous the cable dispatches are. It was semi-officially stated that an attempt might be made on the life of the Czar. That several persons were arrested near the palace with dynamite bombs in their hands. That no actual attempt was made to kill him. That a bomb attached to a cord was thrown in his direction, the intention being to tighten a string which was fastened to its mechanism, but before the said string could be tightened the would-be assassin, laboring under the disadvantages of holding a very loose string in his hand, was seized. That the bomb, still with this very loose string, was shaped like a book. That one of the students arrested in connection with the plot also had a bomb shaped like a book. That a woman with a bomb in her muff, probably not shaped like a book, was also arrested. That on Monday every suspicious person who had been arrested had been released except one.

That this one was of short stature, and would not talk, and that the Czar himself, when he came fully to understand what an escape he had made, cried bitterly—he the great big six-foot booby, a monarch, and a lineal descendent of Peter the Great and Ivan the Terrible. What slush, what jargon and what absurdity! That the Czar has many a subject who would like to kill him—thousand upon thousands of them—no well-informed student of history doubts for

a moment; but death has never yet been known to make itself ridiculous. Men, with dynamite bombs in their hands do not go galivanting about the streets of St. Petersburg. It has never yet been recorded that women carried them about in muffs. Of course it is clearly understood that in many of the sad, subtle, and more merciless tragedies of the past, wherever the weaving was the darkest or the most somber, its warp and its woof could be traced clearly to a woman's hand; but then they always sang a song or two like Circe before they slaughtered. Was not Delilah's lad a pillow for Sampson, and her dusky hair above him like a canopy, before his own long locks were shred away, and he was turned over, helpless and blinded, to his enemies?

Finally, our faith is abiding that if the Czar comes no nearer to death than he was last Sunday, England will yet hear the Russian drums

Beat at the gates of Candahar.

PROHIBITION.

[Kansas City *Times*, February 13, 1887].

In voting to indefinitely postpone all prohibition legislation—call it by the name of submission, if you please, that sleek, sly, slinking wolf, with the soft wool of the best of the flock yet thick in its teeth—the Missouri senate has done well. It took by the throat the most vicious and disastrous species of legislation ever introduced into a Democratic general assembly, and strangled it with as little compunction of conscience as if it had been a snake. In politics, as in inundations, what a blessed thing it is sometimes to have a breakwater. The high, full, serene courage of conviction is rare in the land, and is, perhaps, growing rarer. Demagogy—that accursed ulcer which has eaten the life out of more republics than Leonidas had Greeks to defend the pass of Thermopylæ—has assailed Missouri fiercely of late, and swept over too many of its fair and fertile political places. To every ism which came along too many sturdy old Democrats knelt and sought to turn away its wrath as if it had been a murdering giant. To a man upon his knees every attacking enemy is a giant. What was greatly needed in the present prohibition crisis was simple to make the Democrats get up from an attitude which was cowardly, cringing and degrading. They knew that submission meant prohibition, and that prohibition would make out of the people of the State a people of liars, sneaks and hypocrites. They knew also further that prohibition did not prohibit.

They knew also still further that if prohibition prevailed in Missouri—even though qualified, as in Kansas, by the obsequious probate judge and the all-accommodating and all-embracing drug store—the State would be torn from its Democratic moorings and given over rudderless and dismasted, to the pirates of the greedy and remorseless opposition. They saw women—whose babies at home were crying for the milk of maternal breasts, and whose dirty and unkept bodies pleaded for the work of maternal hands—haunting the lobbies of the Legislature, glib with their little hoard of Mayflower maxims, preaching down Missouri laws and habits and customs, and smiling the sweet, elephantine smile of the frowzy female reformer every time some old one-gallus Democrat would become thoroughly impregnated with the new religion, and yell for more prohibition straw about the mourner's bench as though he were in a Sam Jones' circus, with the sisters all a shouting, and

the new recruits beating their breasts and tearing their hair, as though the "hell serpents" had them already, even as they had old Parson Bullen when Sut Lovingood poked the lizards up the two legs of his breeches. They read a little pamphlet—scattered thicker than the vine leaves were ever scattered by the nymphs of Bacchus, when naked to the knees they trampled the grapes of the God-given vintage—a pamphlet wherein was retailed all the partisan slanders upon "poor old Missouri," and wherein also might be found the false and somewhat startling assertion that whatever of wealth, civilization and development might be contained in the full flow of a flood tide of emigration was all passing by "drunken and whisky Missouri" and finding a sure and contended lodgment in sober, pious and prohibition Iowa and Kansas.

Too many Democrats, we say, saw all these things, and heard all these things, and read all these things, and yet they never whimpered; the unfortunates, they did worse; they indorsed everything said to the detriment of Missouri, because they trailed at the bedraggled skirts of the women who had the slanders printed, and rocked and crooned over the cradle in a lullaby voice that might have made a panther dumb, wherein was jabbering that bastard and misbegotten infant called submission. But the Democratic Senate came to the rescue and tumbled about the ears of its builders and into a vast mass of rubbish all the sham, pretense, lying-in-wait, deceit, falsehood, and hypocrisy of a dozen accumulated years of snuffle and cant and wheeze. It only needed some such stroke as this—bold, umistakable and patriotic—to bring the timid and the wavering Democrats everywhere to their senses, to make them grope again through the darkness of their temporary betrayal until they find the old landmarks of the party, to go again to the teachings of the fathers as to an altar, there to confess their sins, abjure the disreputable political associates of the new faith and plead to the august shade of him who wrote our Magna Charta for the peace that can only come from a perfect absolution.

As for the *Times*, it stands to-day where it has alwaysstood, and where it stood in its declaration of principles years ago—utterly opposed to every form and species of prohibition. High license and local option is its platform at the present, just as it has been from the beginning. It believes in temperance as much as it believes in the laws which govern, regulate and protect human society. It believes that temperance should begin at the fireside; that parents should teach it to their children; that the preachers of the gospel should embody it in their sermons, and insist upon it in all their devout and holy ministrations; that local enactments should become its intelligent ally; that the saloon should not be driven from the street to the private residence; that alcohol drinking may be regulated, but never extirpated; that civilization brings with it certain evils or vices which have to be dealt with in a spirit of tolerant, not of violent, firmness or aggression, and that where history, illustration, comparison and example all teach us that prohibition does not prohibit, it would be a species of folly but little better than a crime to attempt its introduction into a State, the large majority of whose people hate the very sources from which it sprang, and who are not yet prepared to swap the principles of a lifetime for smuggled beer and drug-store whisky.

[May 16, 1887.]

A valued correspondent writes to know what the chances are *for the prohibitionists* to carry Texas, and to ask if the support ten-

dered to them by Senator Reagan will not help them in a greater degree than could othewise have been expected.

The prohibitionists never had any chances in Texas to begin with, and it is altogether useless to speculate upon them now. Never having existed, there is nothing to discuss. Texas is a peculiar State in many ways. It has three zones, three climates, three territorial empires, and three world staples—sugar, cotton and cattle.

One would scarcely suppose so, but Texas is also an exceedingly cosmopolitan State ; made so by its very immensity. Tolerance is indigenous there because of that exalted idea of personal or individual freedom which finds its highest type and its most exalted expression in range, latitude, boundlessness. Liberty exists there because of its immense cattle ranches and grazing grounds.

To find prohibition in its perfect form and essence one must go where population is concentrated. Where the mases are dense enough to hunt for a master, as all dense masses do. Where demagogues swarm, forage and litter. Where familiarity breeds contempt and contempt expresses itself in upheaval. Where anything that is stable is hateful, and where the thing called progress is interpreted to mean nobody's rights but your own. Where civilization can neither advance nor retreat, and where, for the want of some sort of exercise to prevent social putridity, it is often found available to resort to proscriptive politics. Prohibition thrives in Maine because its administrative life is dank, stagnant, finished , in Iowa, because its life is that of Plymouth rock—harsh, sterile, proselyting, greedy for strife ; in Kansas, because its life is of the Mayflower—canting, morose, insincere and brutal ; if each could not war on whisky it would be on something else. The race to which either belongs in all the world's history has been a race of bigotry, psalm-singing and spoils.

Prohibition in Texas would be the same as aloes in sugar or cologne in a pig pen—an absurd anachronism. When a man in Texas goes to fooling with his neighbor's landmark, they put him to death. In Iowa they make him either a judge or a preacher. When a man in Texas begins to prescribe certain fixed metes and bounds wherein his neighbor shall walk and conduct himself, he is either lassoed or scalped. In Kansas, after running away with somebody else's wife, he would be sent to congress. Hence, our valued correspondent can readily see what sort of a show the average prohibitionist would have in Texas.

And Senator Reagan? And Senator Reagan's influence? Neither the man nor his influence, in the sense that he could make one hair of the prohibition head in Texas either white or black, is worth the price of a mustang pony. He is a good soul enough, but he labors under one disadvantage—that of not knowing that he does not amount to anything. He is one of Texas' fossils left over from the Southern Confederacy. Should he get drowned in the Brazos, his contiguous water course, his neighbors as a mass would look up stream for his body. As a pre-Adamite he will do just about as well as the Alamo, with this difference in favor of the Alamo—it has a substantial fence around it. To size up Reagan in the light of his own self-appreciation and then fence him round would require a county. Hence they just let him run at large, a powerful squealer, but quite harmless.

ON DEMOCRACY.

[Kansas City *Times*, January 24, 1887.]

TO BE KILLED AGAIN.

Prophets of evil are abroad in the land:

> First a speck and then a vulture,
> Till the air is dark with pinions.

Everywhere in the darkness there can be heard the flapping of invisible wings and the whetting of insatiable beaks. It is the Democratic party which is to be slaughtered again and picked to the bones. And by whom? By what process? Through what sort of revolutionary uprising or upheaval?

The new labor party, already as good as formed, is to be the butcher, a white apron above its paunch and its feet to the knees dabbled in great pools of blood. The republican orators have decreed it. The Republican newspapers have proclaimed it. All that servile crowd of camp followers, who find private benefit in public disorders and who prefer the favor of a master to the inexorable equality of the law, are praying for it hourly. Blaine has declared it with something of the apocalyptic vision the pirate had when he saw in his dreams a Spanish galleon beating up from the Indies with a clear king's ransom in silver and gold.

Well, the old thing called the Democratic party has been considerably bruised and battered up in its day and generation. It has been proscribed, bedeviled, shot at, carpet-bagged, pro-consuled, hunted up one side of the country and down another; but when they came with a coffin to carry away the corpse the corpse was not forthcoming. All of its long and memorable life it has been always just on the eve of destruction. Federalism was to put it to death. Federalism was buried in the grave of the elder Adams.

The Whig party—its pure, its true and its strongest opponent—came next to die with its mighty leader, Clay. Knownothingism came next, fighting under the black banner of religious intolerance, but Virginia, putting into the hands of Henry A. Wise her spotless Democratic banner, slew the monster at the very gates of liberty.

Then the war came, and the very blackness of darkness swept over the fortunes of the Democracy. Out of the white heat and torment of that war the Republican party seized upon the North in the name of patriotism, and held it for the spoils of a savage partisan vengeance. The South had never a limb that did not wear a shackle For twenty-four long, weary, hungry, disconsolate years the Democratic party dragged its crippled body up to the defense of the Constitution, only to be beaten back or beaten down by the Republican organization, rioting in the excess of colossal strength, drilled like a regiment and despotic like an army. True, within the period named Mr. Tilden was elected president, but the victory was a hateful one, because it was torn from the hands of those who had won it without an effort at defense or even a suggestion of protest or resistance. Four years later Garfield—buttressed upon the money power, and the whole tremendous influence of the Federal patronage machine—defeated Hancock, and made the night darker and darker for the Democracy. It rallied, however. Patched as best it could its tattered old garments. Dressed as best it could its battered old ranks. Gathered as best it could about its ragged old banner, and rushed once more to the

asasult upon Radicalism as though Jefferson had written its platform and Jackson were leading its columns to the fight. This time the hero was destimed to enjoy the victory and the martyr to wear the crown. Not a hand was lifted to stay the inauguration of Cleveland. After renewing its youth the party was back again in the house of its father—serene, unconquerable, and healed of all of its grievous and manifold wounds, even as Lazarus was healed in the bosom of Abraham.

While attempting to prove the indestructibility of the Democratic party from the brief history we have given of the organizations it has successfully encountered, the sacrifices it has made and the sufferings it has heroically endured, we have said nothing of the no less formidable enemies it has had to grapple with in many of the States. Whatever sprang up in the shape of an ism, a craze, or a local uprising, there was the Democratic party, square in the breach, fighting the one long, eternal fight for the repose and the integrity of the national organization. It might be greenbackism, or tadpoleism, or prohibition, or whatever other name these *emeutes* went by, the party set its face against them like a flint, and sooner or later carted them all away to the potter's field, many a time without even a shroud or a coffin. And now the cry is that organized labor is to kill the Democratic party. What for, in the name of common sense and the simplest instincts of common self-protection? If the Democratic party from the very first hour of its creation up to the present hour has not been the friend of the laboring man, then kill it. If it has not, both in and out of Congress, fought every kind and species of monopoly, kill it. If it has not stood as a wall against every land grant, grab or steal, and every extravagant appropriation, kill it. If it has not been a constitutional party in every bone and fiber, seeking to preserve home rule and States' rights in their very essence and purity, without which no republic can be long free, kill it. If, in short, it has not been the steadfast and unselfish friend of the oppressed, no matter by whom, or how, or in what fashion, kill it. But if, after having been all these things, there is a single honest workingman to-day in the country who would vote to destroy the Democratic party, that same workingman would murder his father. Parricide is parricide, whether political or social, and a party of parricides is as impossible in America as that an immaculate soul, washed white in the blood of the Lamb, should not enter heaven.

NOT MEN ENTIRELY.

[Kansas City *Times*, March 8, 1887.]

In adversity the attitude of the Democratic party was superb. In six desperate presidential campaigns did it drag its battered and crippled old limbs up to an assault upon the Republican party—that splendidly organized party born of the Civil War, the spoiled child of pillage and the sword, intrenched in the treasury, claiming to own the nation by the divine right of Appomattox Court House, hobnobbing with God Almighty in its platforms, and calling Him boss, with the reconstruction ægis over it as a yellow flag over a hospital—six times, we say, did the Democracy rush to the fight, successful only in its last encounter with the giant of Radicalism. It was a gaunt and grizzled old thing, this Democratic party. It had hungered and thirsted for a long time. It had laid out of nights, and slept in corn shocks, and gone barefooted many times, and had cockleburrs in its hair, and needed quinine powerful bad for its "ager shake," and

spoke a strange gibberish about the Constitution, and wanted to know where its little Meenie, called States' rights, was; but, God bless it! it was the same old glorious Rip at heart who had gone up into the mountain, singing like a school boy and jocund like a reveler.

And now what? Nothing, except that it has got fat again. In renewing its youth it has become somewhat obstreperous. The old house appears to be a little bit circumscribed. The old political family Bible appears to have been revised. Some of its chapters appear to have been interpolated with chapters on prohibition. The niche where once stood the radiant figure of the Constitution is filled with a gutta percha thing, chiseled by the hands of congressional jobbers, and made to cover every appropriation from a silk milch cow up to an ironclad which can not go to sea. As for States' rights, an overflowing public treasury put its velvet paw upon it, and ever since the contact it has purred at the feet of power as the little white mice purred and purred in the velvety hands of Count Fosco. Many saints have been persecuted and many martyrs stoned. In short, the Democratic party appears to be in a transition period—appears to be about changing front in presence of the enemy—something which Hannibal never attempted and which Bonaparte dared not do but thrice in his lifetime.

This condition of things, however, is not calculated to encourage the opposition so much as to make its own old guard lukewarm or indifferent. The old Democratic party regarded the individual as the unit of society, upon the integrity of which society depended wholly. The personal liberty of the citizen. Jefferson and his associates drove the Federal party out of power on this issue, which was fundamental in the struggle which gave us our free government, and which produced the Constitution. As was the citizen so was the State. The State began at the family. Children were taught at the fireside to love it, to fight for it, to obeys its laws, to revere its institutions and to preserve for it every right guaranteed by the constitution. Hence the doctrine of States' rights, which once made the Democracy so dear to the people. Which gave to it its magnificent staying qualities, which enabled it to be grand in victory and august in defeat, and which, as contradistinguished from Federalism or centralization, made it essentially the party of the poor man and the pride of every true lover of liberty in the whole land.

If it would still retain its hold upon the country it must come back to first principles. It must show that it is fit to reign by stamping upon its administration the features of the great organic law under which it was created. To do this it must be economical in the handling of public money. It must get rid of the idea, as soon as possible, that this is a paternal government, and that whenever there is either a flood, a drouth, a murrain among cattle, a splenetic fever, or a fever of any sort, the only cure is to open the treasury doors.

It must extirpate mugwumpery in its own ranks by putting a Simon-pure Democrat in every Federal office in the United States. It must go oftener to the shrine of Andrew Jackson and less to the living presence of those independent fellows who strive a lifetime to take the backbone out of American politics and invent new names for party fealty, truth and devotion.

There is yet plenty of time to do all these things, but they must be done thoroughly and in perfect order. The place to begin is in the next Congress. The Democrats have a majority in the House, and upon the work of this majority much will depend that is not now believed in or even imagined.

EVERY TUB ON ITS OWN BOTTOM.

[Kansas City *Times*, July 17, 1887.]

It makes not one particle of difference whether the labor party does or does not put a presidential ticket in the field. We take it for granted that it will. Or the Henry George party. We take it for granted that it will. Or the prohibition party. We take it for granted that it will; but it does make a wonderful sight of difference what the Democratic party proposes to do in the premises.

Let these various organizations do as they please. This is a free country, and the greater the multiplicity of parties, we suppose, the greater the magnitude of personal or political liberty. Parties are everything in a republic. In France there are some twenty odd, probably.

However, all this, the Democratic party has only itself to depend upon primarily for success in 1888. Some great overmastering principle must be enunciated by it, and so emphasized as to carry conviction home with it and make it also fragrant and alluring with the truth. Nothing that is fast-and-loose, hot-or-cold, may-be-so-yes or may-be-so-no can live an hour in the winds and the storms of the next campaign. Questions have arisen which have got to be answered, and the Democratic party must give its answer in such a way as will make the dust of old Andrew Jackson quicken and stir in its last resting place. Platforms generally are milk and cider. They mean broadcloth or blue jeans. Big sunflowers or scarlet japonica buds. Something that is soft, pliant and easy to handle. Something that suggests:

> "Let me tangle my hand in your hair, Jeanette;
> It is soft as the floss of the silk, my pet."

But in the next national Democratic platform there must be two or three planks which need to be all iron. No metaphor. No lullaby rhetoric, singing a soft, low song at the cradle of interpretation. No apple plucked and pitched into the committee on resolutions by Henry Watterson to be pared by Mr. Randall until it might be a peach, or a quince, or an ivory billiard ball. Our country at last has come face to face with the necessity of few words and many deeds. The prayers now put up must be like Sir Richard Waller's riding down to Naseby: "O, Lord! Thou knowest how busy I must be this day. If I forget Thee, do Thou not forget me. March on, boys."

It is not necessary for the Democratic party to do aught else except to deal frankly and justly with the people. In many directions they seem somewhat bewildered. Beset by a multitude of recruiting officers for all sorts of organization, they simply need to be made able to lay hands upon Democracy. Therefore its organization must be perfect; its discipline of the old days; its platform the law and the gospel; its declarations patriotic but adamant, and its every movement that of something which is being led and guided by the Constitution.

Three times in the history of this republic has the Democratic party prevented a change in its present form of government. As for labor it has given it everything it now possesses in the way of hearty recognition, liberal laws and strong safeguards to prevent the least encroachment. Since it was created it has been especially the party of the poor man and the stranger. It has nothing to fear from honest labor, although there may be fifty so-called labor tickets in the

Democratic party in Missouri was sick—sick enough to call in a doctor. Its malady came from a tampering with too many poisons. It had wandered far afield from the spot where stood many of its ancient landmarks. It had stopped too long to dally with Circe, and all too long to make love to the Sirens. Wolf tracks might be seen all about its premises. Many of its gods were mere pinchbeck or putty. Its leadership went by the name of nincompoopery or no good. It was everything for men and nothing for principle. The old guard was forced in many instances to give place to conscripts. About many of the camp fires there was either dearth, desolation or absolute night. Some of its martyrs were stoned, some of its saints were crucified, and some of its heroes were put to death.

Change appeared to have laid its polluting hands upon everything that should have been held sacred and inviolable. Men who had never been Democrats aspired to gushing and garrulous supremacy in the way of organization Political tramps—pointing to a certain glib unction of speech as *prima facie* evidence of their right to fill pulpits and pose as meek and lowly preachers of the gospel of Christ—got thick among the chinaware and the crockeryware of the Democracy, and did more devilment in one year than so many bulls of Bashan could have done in ten. Emotional women —sometimes unfrocked and always unsexed—got among the one suspendered, and so ogled and ogled and so manipulated and manipulated them, that in three days they brought each to the verge of insanity, so making him scowl at his wife, his companion for forty years, the blameless mother of six grown up children, with a hideous expression of carving-knives and strychnine. Laws, that the people had been living under peacefully and prosperously for forty years, were changed with the rapidity of the figures in a kaleidoscope. Each session of the Legislature exuded from its lowest depths, which is demagogy, cartload upon cartload of ointments, unguents and healing things, so that the plan of salvation might be done away with, and the great *marquee* of the millennium pitched upon the blue grass about the capitol buildings. The courts also took a hand from the lowest to the highest, and as a result of all these came gloom, disgust, sullenness, an indifference almost suicidal, an apathy which froze like a Dakotian blizzard as it fell, a great pulling apart from a lack of cohesiveness, a great falling away because of a scowling demoralization black as a night with a tempest in it—and, finally, an almost overwhelming defeat at the polls.

We name no names and we make neither a crimination nor a recrimination. We have simply pointed out the wounds upon the body of the Democratic party—yet all unhealed and bleeding—and cry aloud for that blessed balm we know to be still somewhere abiding in this our political Gilead.

And now what about a remedy for it all—a remedy for organization at its ebb, discipline shattered, querulousness and fault-finding everywhere, four congressmen lost, a bare working majority in the Lower House of the Legislature, and some splendid Democratic parties torn from their hitherto steadfast moorings and given over, rudderless and dismasted to the wreckers and spoilers of the great political deep?

A very plain remedy is nigh at hand—come back to first principles. The present general assembly of Missouri, Democratic in both branches, can do this vitally necessary and inestimable work. *Resolutions are* all very well in their way, but, like fine words, they *butter no parsnips.* Such meetings as the one just held in St. Louis,

if they do no good can at least do no harm. The masses, however, want acts not words. If the present general assembly will show to the State that it is a dignified, economical, practical body, opposed to every form and feature of experiment in legislation; proscriptive in no single degree and in no single given direction; willing to live and let live; that it means to purge its lobbies free from the hateful yet ruinous presence of a swarm of gad-fly cranks of all sexes, nationalities and political predilections; if it will quit meddling with old landmarks and cease to follow the teachings and advice of those who are never happy unless they are living in political chaos, and never well-fed, clothed or housed unless there is political dynamite and upheaval on every hand—if, in short, it will teach by example that the Democratic party of Missouri is what it once was—the protector of the poor man, the friend of the laboring man, a foe to proscription in all its Protean shapes, a zealous guard over the people's money, free from all manner of envies, jealousies and spites, a true lover of the Constitution, a stalwart champion of home rule and States' rights, despising buncombe, and setting its face as a flint against every quack doctor of a demagogue peddling all sorts of vile legislative nostrums and specifics, the Democracy will rally to it *en masse*, reform its ranks, and go forward into the next fight with all of its old-time resolution and audacity. But there must be no backing and filling. The hour has struck when a new day is to be ushered in of either men or mice.

M. TAINE ON NAPOLEON.

[Kansas City *Times*, April 17, 1887.]

M. Taine, having in his own estimation, pilloried Victor Hugo, for all the future, has been writing a series of articles on the life and character of Napoleon Bonaparte.

M. Taine is a French literary charlatan, who carries the commune into literature and strives to pull down as many great names as possible, the better to propitiate the red Republicans of the faubourgs. It is not the first time in history that a rat has been known to attack an elephant—not the first time in history that little six-by-nine lucifers have risen in revolt against the living God and been kicked into perdition for their audacity.

Indeed, among a certain class of authors the writing of sacrilegious things is looked upon as the frank license of superior skill, and the formulating of blasphemous speeches the strongest sort of evidence that behind the sacrilege and behind the blasphemy there is a genius that might illuminate and entrance the world.

To this class belongs Henri Taine. It is positively painful to see him drag his crooked and crippled limbs up to the assault upon the mighty Corsican. Why so feeble an assailant should choose for his pattering and inconsequential blows so huge a colossus is only to be accounted for upon the supposition that notoriety, even though it be of the infamous sort, is better than no notoriety at all. Possessed perfectly of this spirit was Eratostratus, the Ephesian, who burnt the famous temple of Diana, and Randolph, who pulled the nose of Andrew Jackson.

Red republicanism never had a master in Europe until Napoleon came. He organized it, drilled it, armed it, equipped it, and then served it out as food for gunpowder. Jacobin bones were left on every battle-field from *Moscow* to Waterloo. He found the crown of *Louis XVI. rolling in a gutter* of blood, and he picked it up, cleaned

it, and put it upon his head. To keep it there he had to make war. All the kings in Europe coalesced to kill him, and to save his own life he became a king himself. That necessitated army after army, and who so well qualified to fight as those old Septembrizers, those old Dantonian butchers of the Abbaye, those old cut-throats of the Cordelier club who apostrophized the guillotine as a beautiful woman, and wrote sonnets to its knife as to a coquettish maiden.

Napoleon knew the whole savage lot better than any other man in all France, and he managed, first and last, to get the great bulk of them killed. Their lineal descendants to day are such rabid Republicans as Taine, Madame De Remusat, Jung, and a whole host of other third-rate scribblers, who imagine that they can put out the light of the sun by lighting two-penny tallow candles.

And how do they seek to blacken the fame of the great Napoleon? How does this despoiler of the dead, Taine, seek to do it? By adverse criticisms of his genius as a soldier? No. By logical discussions of his capacity as a commander-in-chief? No. By showing wherein he failed as a ruler, a lawgiver, an emperor, the conqueror of Europe? No. By comparing him unfavorably to Cæsar, Hannibal, Marlborough, Frederick the Great? No, but by dwelling upon the venial sins and shortcomings of his personal character. He delights to tell how Napoleon gave way at times to paroxysms of ungovernable temper. How he swore at his secretaries, pinched the ears of his aids de-camp, roared out at Josephine, abused his marshals, broke furniture, threw his clothes in the fire, insulted ambassadors, kept five or six mistresses, would not brook contradiction, did not know what patience was, cared nothing for music, could not spell, did not know French, never read a book, abominated plays, persecuted Madame De Stael, put on theatrical airs, was the terror of courtiers, and the overbearing despot whom all about him feared.

And is this not a wonderful way to sum up the life and character of Napoleon Bonaparte? To gossip about him in the style of an old woman; to tell of the little faults and foibles of poor human nature; to become his valet in order to see him at his toilet, in his bath, when he is relaxed, when he has nothing else to do except to make himself disagreeable; to leave out the Italian campaign, the Austrian campaign, the Prussian campaign; to say nothing of the Alps—where the eagles of the mountains and the eagles of the standards touched wing and wing and soared together; nothing of Montenotte; of Lodi, of Arcola, of Marengo, of Austerlitz, Wagram and Jena, of Eylau, Friedland and Borodino; nothing of the raft upon the Niemen, the peace of Tilsit, and three monarchs at his feet pleading for the bare right to reign. And yet M. Taine calls all this interminable stuff of his about Bonaparte's boots, temper, toilettes, idiosyncracies of various kinds, and what not, an accurate and critical summing up of the life and character of the greatest soldier, the greatest lawgiver, the greatest administrator and the greatest ruler in all ways to make a nation powerful that the world ever produced

The desire of the red Republicans to bring imperialism into disrepute may be all very legitimate and desirable, but why send a rat to attack an elephant? Were there not others of the earth altogether earthly to be carped at and picked to pieces? It takes a god to destroy a demi-god. No pigmy of a man, much less such a man as Henri Taine, chained Prometheus to the rock and summoned the vultures from the sky to prey upon his vitals. For work like that the forger of the thunderbolts had to apply his hands. The garru-

lous Frenchman has simply lighted his two-penny candles in front of that tomb under the dome of the Invalides, and proposes to put out the sun of Austerlitz.

THE STATUE TO CALHOUN.

[Kansas City *Times*, April 27, 1887.]

South Carolina did well yesterday when she unveiled the statue which had been erected to the memory of her foremost citizen, John C. Calhoun. That he was the strongest man the South ever produced in many intellectual ways, no Northern man doubts; that he was the strongest man the nation ever produced in many intellectual ways, the North will never admit. As parties exist at present; as long as sectional lines remain as rigidly drawn as they are to-day; while the memories and the events of the Civil War still go to make up the standard whereby public men are tried, analyzed, and given a place in contemporaneous history, Calhoun, colossus though he was, can never leave his mighty impress upon much beyond the confines of his own immediate section. The day will come, however, when he will be dealt with as an American in the broadest and fullest acceptation of the term. Not as a South Carolinian alone, not as a Southern man alone, not solely as a States' rights man, but as a citizen of the entire republic, born to its institutions, the eloquent advocate of its safest policies, the fearless exponent of its best thoughts, the most inspired expounder of its wise institutions, and the most prophetic statesman a nation ever had to warn it of its perils, and point out to it the dangers that might be averted if it were true to its own interests and to the civilization which called it into being.

The orator of the occasion was well chosen. The Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar, both by education and sympathetic political training, was thoroughly equipped for the work he was expected to accomplish. Without feeling it or knowing it, perhaps, the great South Carolinian had been his model in more ways than one. It was in these qualities alone, more than in any other, the orator says, was to be found the cause of his unparalleled hold upon the love, reverence and trust of his people. "His," he says, "was the greatness of a soul, which, fired with a love of virtue, consecrated itself to truth and duty, and with unfaltering confidence in God, was ever ready to be immolated in the cause of right and country."

In an article of this sort, or even in an article of any kind in this day and generation, it would be time thrown away and effort wasted to attempt a criticism upon the intellectual side of Calhoun's character. As well discuss light, or heat, or germination, or the sun's rays, or the ebb and the flow of the ocean. As the advocate and the champion of States' rights, both in their essence and their purity, he never had an equal. None who ever lived in this country approximated him in luminous power and unanswerable logic. He was never ornate. He stood in speaking as some vitalized figure carved from marble. The stream of his discourse flowed from him as some calm, clear, yet resistless river. Many replies were made to his arguments in favor of this States' rights interpretation of the Constitution, but answers never. On one memorable occasion Mr. Webster is reported as saying, in connection with a speech Calhoun had just made in defense of State sovereignty: "It may be replied to, but it can never be answered. Sir, it is unanswerable."

Secretary Lamar's address is quite full and satisfactory. He does not present Calhoun in any new light, but it brings him out

again into the full view of the public. His is a character to be studied from every standpoint, especially from every public and political standpoint. The present generation do not inform themselves as thoroughly as they should of the lives and characters of the great ones gone, more particularly the great ones who founded the republic. They know Clay, Calhoun and Webster more by the constant repetition of their names than by any careful examination or summing up of the life or works of either. We do not say that the American intellect has deteriorated since the men of the Revolution lived or their immediate descendants, but we do say that the age of statesmen appears to have passed. The men charged now to conduct public affairs are generally weak, very much swayed by personal likes and dislikes and full of deceit, subterfuge and trickery. The great need to-day in the councils of the country is an unselfish courage. Patriotism without courage is as mere sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. Indeed, patriotism is but another name for the very highest sort of courage—the courage of conviction, devotion and truth.

One thing more. Many believe that the results of the war put to death forever the doctrine of States' rights. There never was a greater mistake if liberty itself is to live and the present form of government endure as the Constitution established it. Calhoun's spirit and teachings are yet to save the nation from the unutterable despotism of centralization.

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

[Kansas City *Times*, May 14, 1887.]

If it be true that the hand of death is even now being heavily laid upon Charles Stewart Parnell, the great Irish leader, the century will not have furnished, when the end is finally reached, a more pitiful and deplorable giving up of life.

It is the surroundings which will constitute the tragedy. He is carrying his country's banner. He is just in the prime of his physical manhood, if that is to be measured by years, and just in the perfect possession of every intellectual faculty. More united than they have ever been, even under O'Connell, the Irish people are at his back. He has already put forth so many admirable qualities of leadership. He has been so patient in adversity, so calm in defeat, so wise in counsel, so brave in actual combat that to lose him now would be for Ireland, in this mighty duel to the death for liberty, like losing her sword arm at the shoulder.

A volume might be written upon the part that sudden or inopportune death has played in the history of nations. When at Lussac bridge the lance head of a Breton squire sped truer to the heart of John Chandos than all the steel of the chivalry of France had done on the fifty foughten fields, was it any wonder that the Black Prince, worn by disease and bent under his harness, exclaimed wearily when the news was brought to him, "God help us then! We have lost everything on the thither side of the seas" Or if Montcalm had lived, what might finally have been the fate of Canada? If Cæsar had been spared, while he might not have cared to save the republic, would he not have made Nero and Caligula impossible? What might not have happened also to Catholic Europe if that old war wolf from the north, Gustavus Adolphus, had not fallen at Lutzen, ankle-deep in blood, five balls in his body and a saber stroke which crushed his skull? Who can doubt for a moment that all the misery, pillage and degradation which the South endured through eight

years of Grantism and reconstruction would not have been saved her if the miserable assassin had stayed his hand and permitted Abraham Lincoln to live and carry out his policy?

We do not say that the Irish struggle would not go on even though Parnell should die suddenly from the grievous sickness which is now said to have fallen upon him; but we do say that his loss at such a time would be almost irreparable.

He knows his people, and he knows them at that better by all odds than any among his following. In his hands he holds the threads of every combination. A large proportion of the machinery of campaigning, both offensive and defensive, is the result of his own individual and indomitable work. Gladstone leans upon him in perfect confidence and trusts him implicitly. His influence over his co-workers and associates is remarkable in a cause that has so few of the elements of physical success as compared with its adversaries. At a word he could make war or peace, bring about an uprising or precipitate a revolution. Nor can too much stress be laid upon this powerful gift or factorship in his character as a leader. The hour may come when it will be folly any longer to either speak, plead, or negotiate. The hand that sometimes refuses the sword must forever renounce the scepter. There are also times when a great cause, no matter how holy or just, must either fight or abdicate. Then we firmly believe Parnell will fight.

THE BATTLE OF THE FLAGS.

[Kansas City, *Times* July 3, 1887.]

General Sheridan from one standpoint and ex-President Jefferson Davis from another, have just written each a practical and sensible communication on the subject of the Confederate flags captured in battle, or supposed to have been so captured. Sheridan writes as a soldier; Davis as a statesman, with some of the touches of the amazing grace of politics thrown in. Each represents the extreme of two civilizations, but the place of their meeting is the common ground of common sense and practical humanity.

It is well for these distinguished gentlemen to have their say, the first with a sort of fe-fo-fum of the ride to Winchester, and the second with a sort of funereal sighing for a

> "Touch of the vanished hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still;"

but the fighting men of the line, whom history never mentions and never thinks of, have their own ideas and opinions also as to this entire flag humbuggery, no matter where the flags now are or when and where they were first captured. As far as the great mass of the Confederate private soldiers are concerned they do not care two straws whether these so-called captured flags are to-day in some spread-eagle Federal museum in Washington City, in Nova Scotia, in Booroo-Booroo Gha or in Afghanistan. The cause for which they once floated in the hot, lit foreground of many a terrible and pitiless battle, after having appealed to the sword perished by the sword. That was the end. The last lion of the Confederacy, borne backward in his leap at Gettysburg, died at Appomattox Court House. That again, we say, was the end. There was no more cause. No more struggle, no more government, no more armed resistance—no more anything for the South except misery,

poverty, graveyards everywhere, *crepe* everywhere, mourning everywhere, and finally the beak of the reconstruction vulture where once had been the musket of the brave invader.

Besides, there is a wonderful amount of gush and tomfoolery about this flag business for other causes and reasons. Take the whole mass and mess and muck of them—beginning at the palmetto flag of South Carolina, with a coiled rattlesnake at the root of the tree, and leading on up through device after device and experiment after experiment, until the regulation stars and bars were reached—and what is left at last but something that can be found on every field where one of those parti-colored and variegated banners was unfurled—the deathless valor of the Confederate soldier. That is all that the survivors care anything about. Many a time they fought splendidly without any flag at all. It was the cause they were after. Their uniform was supposed to be gray in color, but who can erect a standard whereby rags and tatters shall be contrasted. Who shall prescribe the hue of seams and darns and patches?

Another thing: How many of these so called captured flags were ever really captured in actual battle? Some, we know, fell into Federal hands through capitulation. Some came to them through the pre-emption of discovery. Hidden away securely, as was supposed, by detachments on a raid or outlying scouting parties, they were either given up by faithless guardians or unearthed by the enemy himself. Some were mere buckram flags, parodies upon the originals, pieced together by frolicsome school girls and stuck up on poles by the roadside in sheer womanly bravado. Some were furiously and gloriously taken at the point of the bayonet; but, however, any or all of them were taken, the fact is eternal that those who now have them are welcome to them forever and ever.

Neither do the surviving Confederate soldiers care two straws for the political aspect of the flag question. The American people make up a composite race—one part being demagogues and the other part toadies, the demagogues, however, standing vastly in the ascendency. The Republican demagogues have been and are yet making much of an uproar over President Cleveland's first action in the matter of the captured flags. They would march *en masse* to Washington to prevent their return. They would rise *en masse* to tear from his office any executive officer who would dare to attempt such a thing. They would do a great many other terrible things, among the balance to re-enact the role of the ass under the lion's skin; but high above all this rant, and roar, and fustian, there can simply be seen another edition of the bloody shirt. True, this loyal old bugaboo is a little bit different in its cut, and a little bit shrimper in its gather and pucker, but how Sherman's grand old gal, Eliza Pinkston, would delight to see it wave as of old, and how John Sherman himself will wave it for her delectation in the spirit land, and for his own advancement in the land of the demagogues and the toadies. One thing as well as another serves for a bloody shirt, and why not the return of the flags captured or supposed to be captured from the Confederate forces?

GENERAL GORDON.

[Kansas City *Times*, July 17, 1887.]

General Gordon has been found again in Equatorial Africa, this *time far up in the* Gondokoro country and the big lakes.

What is he doing there? What has he been doing since his miraculous escape from Khartoum?

Nothing. He never escaped. He has never been seen after the gates of his defenses were sold by the miserable Egyptians to the Arab followers of the still more miserable Mahdi.

Most probably he died under a hundred spear thrusts. It is generally understood that his head was cut off. He may also have been flayed. This sort of mutilation is very common in the East, and Gordon was superstitiously regarded as some monster of a different race, who would arise again if he were not dismembered.

The Gondokoro story is an old one. There never was a day during the siege when Gordon could not have escaped from his environments at Khartoum. The soldiers could have gone with ease—the citizens would have been sacrificed. He preferred that they should all die together. If ever there was a Christian soldier in the fullest and freest acceptation of the term, Gordon was one.

The average Christian soldier, however, was most generally a sneak. Behind the mask of meekness and lowliness he had the ambition of a king eagle. Look at Cromwell. He used to pray as many as eleven times a day. In battle he was known to dismount his own cavalry regiment—the Ironsides—and put up a fervent appeal for victory, all of which did not prevent him from cutting off the head of one king, and becoming one of the sternests despots of Europe. Then there was old Monk, who came along behind Cromwell. He piddled and prayed all the way up to London, playing fast-and-loose with Parliament, higgling with the Presbyterians, hot and cold by turns to the Episcopalians, and finally went over to Charles II. for so much cash in hand and an earldom.

But Gordon was a Christian general in this, that he frankly declared what he believed, what his convictions were, what motives controlled him, and for all of these he fought, prayed, and died. Of all other English generals, we recall only the name of Havelock.

Gordon was sent especially to bring out of the Soudan the Egyptian garrisons. It was as a giant going into the night to drag forth its specters. It was literally the unknown he was about to ride into, and he had for arms only a small walking cane and a well-worn Bible. Poor missionary! so trustful and yet so doomed.

His government abandoned him early. Red tape tied him tighter than the bonds of Paul at the first onset. Not a single soldier was ever given him. He asked for bare two hundred British at Wady-Halfy. Refused. For bare 5,000 Turks for the whole territory. Refused. For Nubar Pasha as assistant. Refused. For a garrison at Berber. Refused. For money to organize the natives. Refused. Sir Evelyn Baring, a water-gruel diplomat sent out to Cairo to see what was needed, never saw Egypt in his life before, and only then from within sight of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, dealt with this Samson as with a baby. He set him upon a high chair, tucked a napkin under his chin, and bade him live on Nile water.

Poor soul! He still watched on, hoped on, prayed on, starved on, fought on. He saw garrison after garrison surrender, and chief after chief fall away from him. None of his race were by him or about him. His army was made up of everything which would run, sell, desert, betray, steal, rob—do every detestable deed known to man—but it would never fight. No wonder this last despairing cry came from him in his pitiful helplessness—"O! for but one more touch of elbows with the men who stood with me in the Crimea." He was thinking then of the old Black Watch, the famous 92d High-

landers—his regiment—and he was hearing again the pealing of the slogan, and the bagpipes playing as of old, and loud, and shrill, and high—

All the Blue Bonnets are over the border.

Surely, surely, then, his youth must all have come back to him.

And all his childhood found him on the hills.

There came a day, however, when he was not to see the sun set any more. First, the flour gave out, then the meal. There were no medicines. There never had been any since Hicks Pasha went out on his last march to deification or death, and found a butchery There had been no meat for months. Cats and dogs and whatever else crept or crawled had long ago been devoured. Grass was gnawed on the streets as the wild King Nebuchadnezzar gnawed it while God's curse of madness abode upon his head.

Finally, Sir Evelyn Baring's bill-of-fare had become alone possible: Eat Nile water. All day one day they ate it, and that night six of Gordon's pashas opened six gates to the enemy. The Nile water was evidently a ration not fit for a soldier. There is not much more to say, only when any liar puts in motion a report that Chinese Gordon is hiding in the wilds of Equatorial Africa, such liar should be instantly destroyed.

No more precious and peerless valor has any man shown through all the ages. He went, beautiful in the warrior joy of free and accepted death, and took from fate's outstretched hand the martyr's crown — only such crown as is fit for heroes. He made no moan. A simple, faithful, stainless knight, death smote him in the harness and he died by the standard.

VICTOR HUGO.

[Kansas City *Times*, July 21, 1887.]

In various ways, and by many tangled and broken lanes and avenues, efforts are being made in France to belittle Victor Hugo, and raise up over against him the younger Dumas, Octave Feuillet, Emile Zola, and a dozen or so other young gentlemen of the pen, sown to be a field of wheat, but sprouted as rye, grew as rye, and continued to be rye until the hogs were turned in upon it, showing by their greediness that it was not alone rye, but a very fine quality of rye at that.

We will admit that these gentlemen may have been sown as wheat—sound, prolific, unmistakable wheat—but the wheat was bogus, and the outgrowth something else except the original seed.

We think that we can understand the present attitude of most of the French writers of Paris toward Victor Hugo. He soared too high when he soared, and when he alighted it was upon a crag inaccessible. Mediocrity loves company. Birds that twitter, and sing, and peck here and there about the eaves and gables of houses, have no use for eyries. The sun blears their eye-sight. Collapsed pinions are so many barometers of altitude. Their lungs give away above a tree-top. If their precious little bills are not eternally stuffed with *bon-bons* and sugar plums, they become inarticulate. Every throat is dumb until it has been food-expanded.

Another thing: These so-called rivals of Hugo were manufacturers; Hugo was creator. By manufacturers we mean in literature *the faculty to saw*, plane, smooth, adjust, emasculate, make the

proprieties trim, dove-tail, glue together, make pagodas, have artificial lakes, get big gold fish, some water lilies, a water dragon or two, and an ape. By creators we mean a stroke of the pen and a passion. Another stroke, and humanity down in the lists like a giant struggling to do some good. Another stroke, and a star in the east, and the camel drivers down on their knees, terrified but not knowing that a Christ has been born. Another stroke, and lo! Jean Valjean! Another stroke, and lo! Napolean Bonaparte. This is what it means to be a creator.

Take the younger Dumas as an example. It is true that he labors under the immense disadvantage of being the son of his father, who was a splendid giant, and who peopled the heavens with constellations like Athos and Aramis and Porthos and D'Artagnan—but take him as the rival of Hugo, self-appointed and, perhaps, self-exalted. If in literature you gave him a *sobriquet*, it would be the "Anatomist." He analyzes a cough, but he evokes no idea of consumption. He dissects a suicide, but he leaves behind the philosophical belief that some sort of expiation was needed for a life already too much advanced. He deals with love, and it is pull Dick, pull Devil, as to which of the lovers care the least for each other. He stands by the deathbed, and he scoffs at the priests. He arms himself for war, and he jeers at the young conscript who cries because he has just left his sweetheart or his mother. He makes a patriotic address, and he brings in atheism. He makes an address upon literature, and between two weak and hesitating fingers he snuffs out the candle called Victor Hugo.

Snuffs it out! Hold on a little bit. That can't be done. Men afloat—that is to say, rushing from pillar to post, here to-day and gone to-morrow, living by travel, and a great deal of it—like light things. A straw pile, only so it is afire, breaks the monotony of a day's ride. A blockade of any sort is a benediction, because a blockade signifies force, power, obstruction, something that must be inquired into, something that can be inquired about. But when anchored men say, Who is this young Alexander Dumas? I have read him some, but he don't touch me, somehow. He discourses much. He appears to be particularly sententious in some places, and particularly prolix in others, but in putting everything together, I find that if you take away the chaff you break up the harvest.

Break up the harvest! Lord bless you, there was never anything planted to make a harvest. Dumas *fils* was and is a manufacturer. Hugo was the creator. Dumas was satisfied with giving to his finest character a cough—not necessarily fatal, but rather weak, suffocating and appealing. He was further satisfied with making his poor victim die at the right time for himself, at the wrong time for science and for human sympathy, ready with a thousand hands to apply a remedy.

Hugo comes upon the stage like Danton used to, not knowing what he wanted until he got a smell of blood. You hear him first like a bugle, faint, not exactly timid, but far away. Nobody pays any attention. "Bug Jargal" dies with the publisher. "Notre Dame" poises a little bit, touches here and there, wavers to and fro, perishes by the wayside.

"Les Miserables!" Hush! Did you hear that trumpet? The nation took time to listen. Presently it came trooping. All chords were touched, all nerves responded, all devotions leaped active and alive, all humanity stirred in its sleep, all splendid manhood put its hand upon its sword.

And the "Dame with Camelias" of the younger Dumas, who

has just delivered an address before the French academy—think of that—who has just delivered it against Victor Hugo and his writings.

And now for a simile: They stood Enjoras up against a dead wall. A dead wall in French and Spanish executions is a wall too high for the most nervous conscript to fire over, or for the most hard shooting musket to penetrate. They stood Enjoras up against one in the house where he was captured. He had curly, auburn hair. The blood in his cheeks came and went as the web and the woof of the Lady of Shalott. Perhaps he had not slept for sixty hours. He had seen death all day and offered to shake hands with him, but death denied the contact. Finally they stood him up. After it was all over, and nothing was left but the midnight and the corpses, one old grenadier said: "It seemed to me that I was shooting at a flower."

What is the appearance the situation presents when not grenadiers, but conscripts and militia stand Victor Hugo up against a dead wall and shoot at him? A flower? Never. Some king eagle is a good name, after he has towered above Gillatt, who went down to his death and his glory for a woman who had rather tie a pinchbeck curate's white cravat than take the paladin, Breton though he might have been, who had just conquered the devil fish and the Douvers.

We make mention of these things solely to show what a war is being waged upon Hugo. It is ridiculous, but it is practical. Hugo's day is near at hand. These other people? Ah! nothing. They have no days.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

[Kansas City *Times*, July 23, 1887.]

And now the rumor comes that Henry M. Stanley, the noted African explorer is dead—killed by a native in some sort of combat or other. It may not be true, and he may still be alive; but the probabilities are against him. He was on the same old mission. Out goes an explorer into the unknown. He gets lost, or hemmed in, or captured. "The far cry comes up from Macedonia" for help. A rescue is planned. Some other explorer, equally as devoted, starts to accomplish it. And a third one to find the second, and may be a fourth one to find the third, until—as was the case with Dr. Livingstone—as many as seven rescuing parties went to hunt first and last for him, and would have been hunting yet probably if Stanley himself had not come upon him accidentally. This expedition Stanley is now on, if he is living, is an expedition to rescue Emin Bey, one of the last beleagured foreign officers left over from the Soudan folly. Of course men can do as they please.

Personal bravery is something that always has been and always will be admired. Whoever risks his life for the faith that is in him is a hero. It is something after all to see a person in the full possession of a splendid manhood take every desperate chance that can be encountered simply to solve the source of a river. Especially when that river, to say nothing of its source, can never be anything else while the world stands except a breeder of fevers that kill in an hour, the haunt of savage wild beasts and still more savage natives. The weight of all the testimony ever compiled is to the effect that the white man can not live, work, and thrive in equatorial Africa. Stanley did better than the great bulk of his race. He tells us why: "In four years in the jungles," he says, "I did

not drink altogether four teaspoonfuls of either whisky or brandy." He studiously kept out of the night air. He never slept upon the bare ground. He always ate sparingly, and used very little meat. And even with it all he further says: "A white man who goes into the far tropics without a plentiful supply of opium, quinine, and calomel had far better go without a compass, some good fire-arms, and plenty of gun-powder. In the first place, you would never get out; in the last place, you would have thirty chances out of one hundred."

Now, here is the testimony of a man who was not yet thirty when he went first to hunt for Livingstone. Who was an athlete. Whose liver worked like a piece of prize machinery. Who eschewed alcohol in every shape. Whose head was as clear as a winter's night. Whose digestion was perfect, and yet who tells those who are to come after him that if they ever want to get back they must bring plenty of calomel, quinine and opium. Can it ever be forgotten how Dr. Livingstone, the presence of death in his very tent, groped about on his hands and knees till he found his medicine chest and ate calomel by the handful?

And for what is all this done? For science, some say. For geography, say others. For adventure, exploration, curiosity, because it is desirable, say others still. For a little gold dust. Two or three gorillas that never materialize and a few hundred pounds of ivory. Very well. It is a splendid field to roam about in, get lost in, get the jungle fever in; but one must have things pretty well closed up behind him at home. When he starts it will be well for his peace of mind if he has no further retrospects. Stanley was a gallant and daring American. What a pity if he too, should perish on the threshold.

DEATH FROM STARVATION.

[Kansas City *Times*, July 24, 1887.]

A great discussion is now going on between some English and French journals as to how starvation kills, what are the accompanying symptoms of starvation, and what the appearance of the body after it has been starved to death. The text for said discussion was the finding some weeks ago of a castaway boat in the Indian Ocean, wherein were seven dead sailors, said to have all died from starvation. The dead men were Frenchmen.

The principal point in dispute seems to be what material changes take place in the reasoning faculties of the brain. To what extent, in other words, is the moral nature of man involved as evidenced by many horrible acts of cannibalism?

Death by starvation has been simply regarded as a wasting of the body, a horrible agony, an increasing weakness, a lethargic state of the brain, coma, stupefaction, death. While all this is going on in a physical sense, however, what about the intellectual faculty and its power of distinguishing right from wrong? Is this, too, not undergoing the process of wasting and death? Is this not, too, losing complete control over all those superb moral qualities which make so many Christian heroes and martyrs in the world? Is not the residue simply what the

> Angels—uprising, unveiling, affirm,
> That the play is the Tragedy Man,
> And its hero the Conqueror Worm.

The most deep rooted and powerful feeling of human nature—

the love of a mother for her offspring—is perverted in cases of starvation. During the siege of Jerusalem by Titus, Josephus tells us that mothers ate their babies in great numbers and greedily. A similar case is mentioned in Second Kings, sixth chapter and twenty-ninth verse. It occurred during the famine in Samaria. In such cases, if the intellectual faculty was not entirely gone who doubts for a moment that the mothers would have perished with their children?

No end of books have been written on the subject of starvation, some taking one ground and some another; some contending that the brain dies first, and some that it is the last to die. In the case of these seven dead sailors, although there was much distortion on some of the faces, no attempt had been made at cannibalism. From this the French medical journals argue that the brain dies last, and that the moral faculties are the last to leave the human tenement.

What are the symptoms of death from want of food, and how long can man subsist without solid or liquid nourishment? Chossat the great French pathologist, says from eight to eleven days, and after forty per cent. of the weight of the body is consumed. Now, as this means the waste of more of certain tissues than others, it may be interesting to mention those that suffer most. The fat wastes 93 per cent. of its weight; the blood, 75; the spleen, 71; the liver, 52; the heart, 44; the bowels, 42, and the muscles, 42. On the other hand, the following parts waste much less: The bones, 16 per cent.; the eyes, 10; the skin, 33; the lungs, 22, and the nervous system only 2 per cent.—another argument in favor of the proposition that the brain dies last. But the point most worthy of attention among these figures is the point that there must be almost consumption of fat before death takes place—in fact, death by starvation is really death by cold. As soon as the fat of the body goes—and fat is the principle that keeps up heat—death takes place. The temperature of the body diminishes but little until the fat is consumed, and then it falls rapidly.

The last symptoms of starvation from want of food have been given in ten thousand books, and they are generally the same whether in the polar regions or the tropics. They are: Severe pain at the pit of the stomach, which is relieved on pressure. After a day or two this pain subsides, to be followed by a feeling of weakness or sinking in the same region. Then an insatiable thirst supervenes, which, if water be withheld, thenceforth becomes the most distressing symptom. The countenance becomes pale and cadaverous. The eyes acquire a peculiarly wild and glittering stare. Then a general emaciation. Then the body exhales a peculiar fœtor and the skin is covered with a dirty, brownish-looking and offensive secretion. The bodily strength rapidly declines, the sufferer totters in walking. His voice grows weak, and he is incapable of the least exertion. At last the mental powers fail. First stupidity, then imbecility, and at the end a raving delirium.

Chossat, above quoted, sneers at the idea that intellectual loss must precede cannibalism. He declares that man is a carnivorous animal, and that he approaches the hog nearest in all of his instincts and appetites. Hence, when he gets desperately hungry, he will eat his fellows like a sow will eat up an entire litter of pigs.

However, the discussion goes on, and we are only interested in it to the extent of finding out by any research or resource of science, when the man who feeds upon his fellow is a physical or a moral monster, or both. This is the pith and point of the present discussion.

IN A FOREIGN LAND.

[Kansas City *Times*, August 31, 1887.]

The death of Mrs. Hubbard, the wife of the Hon. Richard H. Hubbard, American minister to Japan, was singularly touching and pitiful. She was sick a long time. She saw the inexorable reaper afar off. As he came nearer and nearer she dreamed oftener and oftener of her home by the setting sun. Just before she went out into the night she wearily asked: "Are we not almost there?"

Where? At her Texas home of course, for none can know except the exile in person how that name home lingers the last upon the lips just before they become inarticulate forever. Her loved ones were behind her, sleeping the sleep that wakes not till the blowing of the trumpet. She might perhaps have been a girl again. There again she saw the same low, large moon lifting a realm of romance out of the sea, and there again she saw the darkness and the twilight, as twin ghosts, creeping in from the outermost gloamings and obscuring all the land together. Outside a mocking bird was singing as though its voice had a soul and that soul had already caught a glimpse of heaven. It could not be true that the wan, wasted face was never again to feel the breezes of her own native land, nor the fading vision ever again to see the green of the prairie and the blue of the sky grow glad together. Had she not been on a long journey? Was she not so tired—so tired? Would she not rest? Had she not wistfully asked: "Are we not almost there?"

What voices she must have heard before she got to the river. What faces must have stood out of the mists of her younger days and smiled upon her as she set her tender feet upon the ragged rocks of the road which led down to the Jordan. What shadows came forth on either hand and gathered close about her for recognition, as some gay, or blooming, or happy, or blessed, or beautiful thing her girlhood had known and her memory had treasured, until smitten in a foreign land she was forced to go the dark way all alone.

"Are we not almost there?" Yes, entirely there now, but not in the home where she had left her idols and where, through its open windows, she could see the monuments above her head. It was another home, one not made with hands. Perhaps it was beautiful. Perhaps it was satisfying and comforting. Perhaps the new life brought a new delight in the smiting of the palms and the playing of the harp-players; but where was her Texas home, the one she longed to reach? Where the mocking bird in the bushes? Where the lazy cattle grazing, knee deep all day in the sunshine and the grasses? Where the stile at the gate? Where the familiarity that, even in the blackness of darkness, could lay a hand on fifty familiar objects? Where the "lute unswept and the pieces of rings?" Where "the fragments of songs that nobody sings?"

One knows nothing whatever about all these things. It is not given to finite minds to tell what is over beyond the wonderful river, but this abides: When the sun has risen for the last time in life, when the tide is just about to turn, when there have been years of exile, and it may be years also of bitterness, isolation and despair, one great yearning rises above and masters every other emotion—the yearning just to get home, the yearning which prompted the old, immemorial question: "Are we not almost there?"

ALWAYS A WOMAN.

[Kansas City *Times*, November 22, 1887.]

It was a woman, and a beautiful one at that, in that terrible eastern story who, when the night deepened, stole away from the side of her drugged and drunken husband, a lord of armies and kingdoms, and crowns and crept to the hovel and the arms of a beastly ragpicker, where her food was to be garbage and her caresses blows.

It was to Lacenaire, the Paris butcher, who killed people like fatted hogs and sold their flesh in delightful sausages, that a grand dame cried out, supposed to be a duchess: "They will cut off your head. Very well. You shall have as many masses as a king. Not for your soul's sake, however, but your sausages."

Evidently this magnificent animal had been eating some of the pork.

When Charlotte Corday forced a passage into the bathroom of that wild beast Marat, and plunged a dagger into his breast, it was a woman who flew upon her like a tigress, knocked her down, leaped upon her ferociously, tore out her hair, lacerated her face, and strove to bite out her flesh by mouthfuls. "When she was removed," says Camille Desmoulins, who reported the trial, "the face of Marat's mistress was as bloody as if she had that moment been eating raw flesh just cut from a recently slaughtered ox." "And the prisoner?" inquired the judge. "Even in her blood she was beautiful. I did not see her torn and disfigured face, however; I only saw her soul."

Poor, grandly-gifted, intrepid, unfortunate journalist! There came a day when even your colossus Danton could not save you, and when this one little speech alone—though only a sudden outburst of pity, or tenderness, or romance—would weigh more in the scales of the Terror, which was to try you than did the gigantic, two-handed sword of the barbarian Brennus weigh in the scales when Rome was buying back her very life with jewels and precious and golden things enough to freight a vessel.

But to meaner and viler things: When the anarchists had done their devil's work in Chicago, and when a suddenly awakened and infuriated country was demanding that those who preached dynamite should fare equally with those who acted dynamite, the hunt was up for a scrofulous, pestiferous fellow who needed mercury badly in some one of its preparations or other, called Johann Most. Where was he? In what hiding place was stowed away the carcass of this slinking cur of revolution, barking furiously before danger began to show itself, and then—through alleys and places where offal is deposited—hurrying away to a congenial kennel.

One day they found him, and where do you think? Under a woman's bed. And there sat the woman in front of his place of concealment, rocking as blandly as the May winds rock the apple blossoms and singing low to herself, no doubt, as her scullion hero crouched under the bed, some song of the grand old days when lance-shaft was splintered to gauntlet-grasp and sword blade was shivered at the hilt—something which, when looking out upon the wild sea of fight would call aloud to tell of one peerless leader coming down to guide its vanguard:

I know the purple vestment;
I know the crest of flame;
So ever rides Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.

One respects and glorifies the heroic Highland maiden who — when the bloodhounds of Claverhouse were hot on the flying footsteps of her youthful lover — gave him shelter under her hoops. The moss troopers came; entered in; ransacked that house from cornerstone to rafter; broke into closets; thrust broadswords through bedticks; sounded the wainscoting; knocked in the heads of hogsheads, and rummaged every box and barrel capacious enough to hide a man; but no fugitive. There sat the maiden, serene and smiling, never stirring a fold of her dress, or lifting so much as a finger from her lap. Finally the fellows of the broadswords, and they were slashing fellows, too, bade her a rough goodbye as they rode away. Then out popped her lover, radiant. Then he wanted to take her in his arms and caress her. Then she broke down, burst into a flood of tears, and cried passionately: "Go away! Go away! Go instantly! I hate you!" But she didn't, bless her pure, virginal, heroic soul "for," as old David Ramsay says, a quaint old story-teller of the olden time, "they were married after the evil days, and Claverhouse sent a young peacock of an aide to dance at the wedding." But under a bed with a woman on guard! Under a bed and he a man of war! Under a bed and he the fierce evangel of a new crusade — of bomb-shells, gunpowder, fulminates that tear mountains to pieces, oaths taken at midnight at a coffin for a court, pass-words, grips, signs, signals, gabble, gush, rant, cant scoundrelism, and boom! boom! boom! — Lord of Israel! what sort of a woman was that who stood guard over that sort of a lover?

But a little more of Mr. Most. After a speech in New York the other day, notorious for its blasphemy, ferocity, and evil counsel, the law laid hold of him and brought him to its bar. Bail, of course, but who do you think was his bondsman? It was not a man at all, but only another woman, said to be rich, said to have a home, husband, children, property, the good things of life, and to be a devout believer in every infernal doctrine put forth by the most advanced anarchist.

A little before this, yet another woman, well known in New York took upon herself the task of erecting a monument to the hanged scoundrels, who appeared to have made rampant all the crankism latent in the country. She swears to rest neither day or night until she has raised money enough to carry out her purpose. "And it shall be as high as Washington's, too," she said, defiantly, to a reporter, "if we choose to make it so."

We frankly confess that we do not understand anything about the whole business. Of course, in the bosom of every woman ever yet born into the world there is something of the nature of the tigress, and in all the black and the dark things of a man's life, those threads which are blackest and go mainly to make up the warp and the woof, are always woven by a woman's hand; but the tigress, is a cleanly animal. Gordon Cumming says that she bathes three times a day in her native jungles, that she will not touch the meat she has not slain, and that for her offspring she is the bravest wild beast known to the earth. And yet what could this bondswoman for Most do for her offspring if anarchy could barely once hold the city of New York for twenty-four hours.

Whence comes, however, to sum it all up, this morbid, monstrous, unaccountable female craving for making heroes, angels, and models out of all *sorts, kinds*, and conditions of murderers—men who *have butchered in cold blood*. Who have not killed in open combat, *body to body and pistol* to pistol, but have ambushed their vic-

tims and slaughtered them before they could turn about. Ogre murderers, pitted and pustuled, as though yet in their veins and mixed with their blood there still flowed the incarnate spirit of small-pox. Beetle-browed murderers, their ancestry still traceable to some traveling showman's escaped chimpanzee. Pert young murderers of the long hair order, beginning with a stolen horse and ending by killing a man in his sleep for money. Romantic murderers, who poison friends, pack their bodies in trunks and then go off in a blaze of glory, leaving behind them a track that might be followed in a coach and four. Mysterious murderers—regular dons of fellows—low-voiced, soft of speech, perfumed, affecting jewelry, dirt under their finger nails, and kept by a woman.

But whatever the kind of murderer, he gets fresh fruits, flowers, visits when admissable, sly little missives, fondling when possible, books marked at any passage that is amorous, all too often means to escape, money, delicate things, *bon-bons*, adulation, flattery, hero worship, sympathy, pity, and tears.

But bring to the attention of one of these murderer worshipers some member of his victim's family who needed help, and she would draw back her dainty garments as though they might be touched by the finger of a leper, and throw a kiss to her beloved as she flounced away from the cell.

But, after all, nature takes care of such creatures as these called women? Those who finally do not die through pads, stays, corsets, and bustles, die in the midst of an apothecary shop.

MORE LITERARY MUTILATION.

[Kansas City *Times*, Dec. 12, 1887.]

Sir Richard Burton is probably the ablest, the most gifted, and the most thoroughly equipped and accomplished Oriental scholar any English-speaking country ever produced. His knowledge of the Arabic language is almost perfect, as also his knowledge of Eastern customs and manners, Eastern traditions, superstitions, and folk lore, and especially Eastern literature, which he delights to revel in and to inhale whatever there was about it of perfume, languor, dalliance, and love. Well, he once upon a time made a literal translation of the "Arabian Nights," accompanied by a mass of invaluable notes, which threw a flood of light upon points that had hitherto been obscure—so obscure, indeed, as to be a sealed book to everybody.

Only 1000 copies of the translation were printed, and these instantly found their way into the hands of such scholars in England, France, and Germany as could the more quickly lay hold upon them.

So far so good, but now comes Lady Burton, with her edition of her husband's great work. It has been pruned, trimmed, dovetailed, pared down, peruked, periwigged, pomatumed, essenced, and perfumed.

Out of some 3,000 pages of the famed original, she makes the modest statement that she has only found it necessary to cut out, carve, mutilate, make patchwork of, make crazy-quilts of, some four or five hundred! As for the notes and the explanations of the first edition, which made it so extremely valuable in more ways than one, *what about them?* Have they, too, been sprinkled with rosewater, *and submitted to the inspection of some sacerdotal mummy who, wearied out long ago* with parish tittle-tattle, gossip and scandal, has

withdrawn to his own hide-bound sarcophagus, hating and condemning everything which comes to him from the outside world, telling of a civilization which he could never understand because of its frankincense, its myrrh, its odors, and its Odalisques, and because in snuffle, and groan, and drone, and monotone, it is not up to the standard of the "Pilgrim's Progress," or "Baxter's Saints' Rest."

And Lady Burton's self-confidence over what she has done in the way of mutilation, and her self-assurance that she has done it so well, are all the more amusing and refreshing because of the fact, as she states herself, that Justin Huntley McCarthy, M. P., assisted her much in the little matter of expurgation.

And was it not a little matter? Only some four or five hundred pages out of 3,000. Only! Why, there is nothing in this world that could furnish a counterpart for such vandalism, unless one could find a sculptor greater than any known to ancient or modern times, who, after carving out a magnificent statue of Apollo, needing only life to be a god, proposed to put it in some great gallery of art for the world to see. Before doing this, however, he would cut away a leg, saw off an arm, put out one eye, pinch a piece off the nose, and then cry aloud to everybody: "Come up and see the work of your Phidias, greater than whom no sculptor was ever born upon the earth."

But why go on? Juggled with and cheated in all sorts of ways —in his adulterated flour, sugar, coffee, pepper, yeast powder, wine, whisky, beer, brandy, in the most of what he eats and what he drinks, why should this easy-going, rollicking, broad-shouldered, good-natured beast of all burdens, called the American, draw the line at his literature? Skimmed milk is skimmed milk, no matter whether in the greasy pot of a swill-fed dairy, or within the guilt and gold of Lady Burton's dishwater edition of her husband's "Arabian Nights."

One thing more: before the work is printed, we respectfully suggest that it be dedicated to Anthony Comstock.

CHRISTMAS REJOICINGS.

[Kansas City *Times*, December 27, 1887.]

It is well to make Christmas the one precious holiday of the nation; to fill it full of mirth and good cheer; to rest from labor and have a reckoning with time; to open the heart and the purse to every cry of sorrow and every tale of distress; to remember that midnight sky across which a star flashed that had never yet been seen on shore or sea; to ask why in that lowly manger a babe was found, above its head an aureole, and in its eyes the light of a mighty revelation; to recall how from all the long, cold, cruel, terrible night of paganism there came forth a far voice in the wilderness echoing the tidings of a New Jerusalem; think over all that Christianity has done for the world and it may yet do if infidelity does not defile it, politics debauch it, agnosticism corrupt it, materialism obscure it, pernicious pulpit-teachings emasculate it, and brutal sectarianism finally eat it up alive.

That the birth of Christ, the deliverer of the human race, and the mysterious link connecting the transcendent and incomprehensive attributes of the deity with human sympathies and affections, should be considered the most glorious event that ever happened and the *most worthy of being* reverently and joyously commemorated, *is a proposition* which must commend itself to the heart and

reason of every one of His followers who aspires to walk in His footsteps and share in the ineffable benefits His death has secured to mankind.

And was not the birth of our Saviour the most glorious event that ever happened in all history? The world was rotten at every pore and vein and organ and artery of its body. Born in the reign of Tiberius Cæsar, that monster of everything beastly in lust and horrible in cruelty. Rome—then almost the mistress of everything known of either land or water—was given up wholly to war, murder, pillage, rape, gladiatorial butcheries, and excesses of other kinds so monstrous and so unnatural that historians have not yet agreed as to their origin, whether, in fact, they were borrowed from the Greeks, the Babylonians, the Assyrians, or from a race in further Egypt, long antedating the loves, the crimes, the sins and the follies of Cleopatra. Look where one would, chastity was the exception and not the rule. Woman was literally a beast of burden in most of the nations, and was bought and sold as a ewe or a heifer upon the hoof. Polygamy abounded. Slavery in the most intolerable form ever known to man universally existed, the master having the absolute power of life and death over his slave. War was little less than absolute extermination. Conquest meant either depopulation, extinction, or absorption. Some of the massacres surpassed in extent and atrocity everything ever yet recounted of Timour Lenk or Zingis Khan. Out of this sort of a civilization there comes forth a Nero, a Phalaris, a Caligula, a Domitian, a Heliogabalus, a Marius, and a Sylla—human butchers all, possessed of a thirst for blood that never knew an hour of appeasement until the assassin's hand smote some, and death in the fullness of their years smote the balance.

Paganism was the only religion—if such indeed it can be called—and it taught nothing but a gross and licentious materialism. To live was simply to enjoy. Possession was the only thing needful to struggle for—the possession of palaces, slaves, kingdoms, jewels, concubines, fine linen, spices, wines, wild beasts, shows, monster circuses, triumphal processions, luxury, trophies, monuments, temples, and legions that roamed at will, butchering as they roamed, through Europe, Asia, and Africa. Might was right, and the sword the only arbiter. Mankind appeared to have but one mission, that of making war, in which the strong laid hold of the weak, and either slew them, exiled them, or made them helpless and pitiful slaves.

It was then that the Judean shepherds, watching their flocks by night, saw a great, strange light in the sky, and it was then, in a trough of a stable in Bethlehem, the founder of a new faith, a new belief, and a new religion, first showed himself in human form to a world which was to put Him to death because, in full accord with His heavenly mission, He wished to redeem and save it. And how feeble and helpless the struggle first appeared. On every hand was menace, wrath, unbelief, and despotic power. The Roman tyranny was harsh beyond measure, soulless, and omnipotent. How long would paganism tolerate the preaching of doctrines which were eventually to shatter its idols, purify its temples, and convert its worshipers. And yet how touching, tender, and appealing were the doctrines thus preached. Woman was enfranchised and made fit to become the helpmate and companion of man—to adorn his household, rear their offspring, teach purity and virtue, thereby *making the family* homogeneous, and thereby making as adamant *the foundations* upon which to erect the two precious and priceless *fabrics of society* and the state. When polygamy died something

like human freedom began to take vigorous and healthy root in the earth. The Sermon on the Mount penetrated and illuminated the surrounding darkness, as Sinai must have blazed forth as some huge mountain on fire when Moses went up to have laid upon him the command of the Lord. As balm softer than any in Gilead, how the inculcations to be charitable to one another, and good to one another, and just and forbearing to one another, must have fallen upon the ear of the miserable and persecuted in every land—the captive in his dungeon, the slave in his fetters, the emperor with his purple about him, and the beggar in his rags and his ulcers, even as another Lazarus.

And then the promises of a haven of rest in the end. Here at last was something tangible. Here at last was something which stopped death's power to make the grave the end of all—which robbed the grave of its power to any longer to make of its coffin and its winding sheet utter and absolute oblivion. Here at last was something beyond the Jordan. When the road had been rough, and weary, and desolate. When old age had come on apace, and all the air was full of farewells for the dying. When the morning was never so bright any more on the hill-tops, nor the twilight ever so weird and strange any more in the valleys. When youth had seen all the fires of its aspirations and ambitions go out one by one on desolate hearthstones. When fancy could no longer fly and imagination no longer take wings and soar, as a bird that soars and sings. When illusions had simply become spectres to torment or affright. When the light had so soon, so soon died out of the loved faces of the early doomed and dead. When there were voices in the air that nobody could hear, and sounds in the darkness that nobody could interpret. When the tottering gait had well nigh reached the limit of its strength, and the tremulous hand the fullness of their tension. When life was felt to be flaring in all the veins as a taper about to be spent, and something like the presence of the Invisible Angel was left to be at the door—here then at last was the blessed promise of the resurrection.

Is it any wonder, therefore, that the Christian world hallows the birthday of such a Redeemer—of such a God showering upon it such a multitude of inestimable blessings? The whole plan of salvation—fraught as it is with so many glorious promises and pledges—is one of the simplest, purest, and most easily adopted of all the other aggregated mass of teachings and revealments the ingenuity of man or the inspiration of so-called potentates, prophets, or powers, ever intellectually encompassed. It appeals to everything that is pure, truthful, clean, upright, and unselfish in humanity.

It asks for nothing that is not good to grant either as the individual, the citizen, the ruler, the conqueror, or as a simple unit in the vast volumes of the population which people the earth. Millions have embraced it and die as only those can died who are filled with a perfect peace. To the poor and afflicted it has brought such consolations as made grievous burdens less difficult to be borne, and physical pain or mental agony less agonizing in its tortures and afflictions. It has made nations merciful and the strong more tolerant and helpful of the weak. It has resisted a legion of assaults, and seen a legion of its assailants cast down, broken, overwhelmed, or disgraced. Blessed, therefore, is the land which still hallows, reveres, and celebrates its Christmas. There is not another day so momentous in all ancient or modern chronology.

POOR VALENTINE BAKER.

[Kansas City *Times*, January 6, 1888.]

It is all very well now to sing pæons over the grave where General Valentine Baker has been buried. He recks not now of any war-trumpet that may be busy with his name or fame. The poet may sing of his sorrowful and tempestuous life, and the novelist may make of him a hero to adorn many a tale and romance; but he is past all heeding now—he has crossed over the river to rest, it may be, with many another soldier under the shade of the trees.

General Valentine Baker, not long dead of a sudden heart trouble, was born in 1831. Joining the British Army in 1848, he served with brilliant courage and enterprise in Kaffir land, in India, and in the Crimea. His regiment then was the Twelfth Lancers. Afterward, when only 28 years of age, he was made colonel of the Tenth Hussars, one of the crack English cavalry regiments, and one which had seen service in the four quarters of the globe. The Prince of Wales was his steadfast friend—aye, more than friend, for they were roystering companions together. When the Prince made his somewhat celebrated visit to this country, the daring colonel of the Tenth Hussars was in his train, a confidential adviser and a constant attendant. It was remarked that the two men seemed inseperable.

Fate was weaving a web for the future, however, and poor Baker with his eyes wide open went straight to his destiny.

One summer night—flushed somewhat with the wine of the mess table and the wine of the glorious weather—he was riding up from the camp at Aldershot to London. In the same railroad apartment with him was a lady whom he did not know, whom he had probably never seen, and who was disposed to be friendly, at least, if not a little free. Some courtly conversation was held between the two, and Baker saw or imagined he saw an opportunity for an intrigue. Perhaps he pushed his suit. No doubt he would not take the first no for an answer. It may be that with the glamor over him he came too near for a man who came to be denied; but, whatever he did, when the train reached London the woman called a police officer, told her story, and Baker was required to answer at a court of justice the next morning.

He made no defense publicly. He simply said to the magistrate, "I have sinned, perhaps, and I will suffer. Let the law be satisfied." He was imprisoned for a brief period, but the Queen, when his sentence had been served out, took his regiment away from him, drove him from the army, and so branded him that he was octracised by society in all its mean, petty, abject and malignant ways, until Valentine Baker sought service with the Turk. The Russo-Turkish War of 1877-8 was just on the eve of outbreak, and the Sultan made him a major general and assigned him to the command of the *gendarmerie* or what would be called in this country home-guards. This he perfectly drilled and disciplined, and afterwards—when the war was becoming every day more bloody and desperate—he was given a division of regulars and sent rapidly to the front. At the Balkans he fought splendidly, was decorated by the Sultan, and undoubtedly saved the army of Suleiman Pasha, then in full retreat for Adrianople.

Over and over again appeals were made to Queen Victoria to reinstate him in the British army, but they might just as well have been made to a stone. The Prince of Wales never forsook him, and

made two touching personal requests of his mother in regard to him, but her obdurate heart never melted for a moment. Until his dying day the sentence of the court-martial stood over against his name unexpunged.

Once he told the true story of his railroad adventure, but not for the purpose of softening the Queen or begetting sympathy. His first advances, he said, were unobjectionable. The woman appeared rather to return his expressed admiration, and to be not averse to a little coquetry. Desiring to make the flirtation a little more emphatic on his part, she stopped him curtly, and that was the end. Afterward he spoke no word to her that was not perfectly proper and respectful. The entire British army believed him, as did as well almost the entire British public, outside of the army.

By and by there were troubles in Egypt, and thither went Baker, the soldier instinct still powerful upon him, and a great yearning still in all his being to fight for his country, even though he fought under a foreign flag.

At Tel-a-Kebir, Baker was among the first to storm the works of Arabi Pasha. Afterward Osman Digna grew bold, grew rampant, grew defiant, and Baker marched to encounter him with a small Egyptian force of ragamuffins. British soldiers were denied him, but he went forward without them. At El Teb the Arabs delivered one volley and charged home. The Egyptians did not even wait to receive the onset. They fled ignominiously, and the flight was a massacre. In the rear, and almost alone, Baker made heroic efforts to rally his men, but if he had been a desert sand dune talking to the wind he could have made no less impression. Finally he was shot in the leg. There were scars of a half dozen worse wounds on his body, and he paid no attention to this. When near to succor, and almost within shoulder touch of the British lines, an iron ball tore through his left jaw, destroyed the sight of one eye, knocked him from his horse, and knocked him insensible. In another moment he would have been speared to death, but of a sudden a defiant bugle note rang out loud and shrill and challenging, and, if he then could have looked up and looked forward, he might have seen his own idolized regiment, the Tenth hussars, rushing down to the rescue,

If he had lived until the Prince came regularly to the throne he would have been restored instantly to his own again; but, poor fellow, fate would not even let him do that. He died at Ismalia, far from his own sea girt land, and almost before he could say farewell to those about him or leave a single little message for the loved ones that were not by.

We were aware of the claims now being made that, if he had lived a little longer, the Queen, taking advantage of her jubilee year, would have restored him to the ranks of the British army—in fact, making such restoration a crowning act of mercy and grace. If she ever entertained an intention so righteous as this, red tape prevented its fulfillment. How pitiful sound the remarks made about him by a distinguished general officer, who was also his intimate friend: "It is sad to think of the poor fellow lying upon his sick bed, heartbroken with the many disappointments he had experienced. All his hope had centered on the jubilee year, yet it seemed drawn to a close without the Queen having shown any sign of relenting. It is then easy to understand how, in Baker's weakened condition, desire to live may have died out, for he knew nothing of the pleasant surprise in store for him. Could he but have realized the certainty of his restoration, the poor fellow would probably have been

living still. The Queen's pardon came too late, and all that his sorrowing friends can now do is to join in raising a tribute to the memory of one who was a far better man than many whom the world delights to honor."

It certainly can not be denied that after life's fitful fever he will sleep well.

ROSCOE CONKLING.

[Kansas City *Times*, April 18, 1888.]

"A great man has fallen this day in Israel."

At the grave's side no one should write of him except as a typical American citizen. If there had been anything of dross, death's crucible left only the gold in its value and purity. On the shroud there was no place for hands that might have smutched it with partisanship; in the coffin there was no place for the cold formula of political creeds—no place for the cold presentment of any Nemesis born of the fierce struggles and passions common to all men who follow a flag and fight its party's battles.

Conkling was a proud man—proud of his clean hands, his clean public record, his clean professional life, his clean personal character. He lived in an atmosphere where scandal never came. Under the terrible stress and strain of fifteen years of war and reconstruction, with his armor scarcely ever off, and his naked blade scarcely ever at rest in its scabbard, he fought a savage fight, but always in the open. Others tortured; he desired to draw the line at the not unreasonable utilization of the North's unmistakable victory over the South. Jobbers swarmed about him; he barred the treasury doors the best he could through all those terrible days of rapine, confiscation, and the gathering together of the birds of prey. Others, sodden with the thrift which follows the fawning of demagogues, cringed constantly at the feet of Lincoln and Grant; Conkling stood splendidly erect as some huge column supporting an edifice wherein Solomon might have greeted and reveled with the Queen of Sheba.

And how he hated a little, a mean, a sneaking, or a contemptible thing. The man's whole nature seems to have had wings especially granted to soar above the partisan hogs in their sties; the partisan bullocks horning one another off from the troughs of public plunder. No margins tempted him; no ring allurements, seductive at every step with valuable spoils, ever attracted his attention; no lobbyist ever dared to approach him with a special plea; across the black page of the De Golyer contracts, and the infamous pay-roll of the Credit Mobilier thieves, no mortal eye ever saw written thereon the white name of Roscoe Conkling. Can the same be said for the apostolic sniveler who tried to humble him, to break that proud spirit, to shear the locks from that stalwart Samson, to chain him to the chariot wheels of a detested secretary of state, to insult him in the house of his friends, to crack a master's whip and bid him surrender, to banish from all part or lot in a Republican administration this heroic Warwick, only knowing how to spend millions for defense but not a cent for tribute?

Conscious of the perfect rectitude of a life so far spent in the service of his friends and his party, not capable of becoming a dwarf, that he might escape the volleys of that pigmy brood which had come into ephemeral life through the last bloody-shirt foment of reconstruction politics, and unable to consort with the man-buyers

of the Pension Bureau and the two-dollar inundators of Indiana, with Star-route Dorsey opening the sluices and the dykes, he put away politics and went proudly out into the ranks of the honest working people, where he knew the air to be pure, and where he was positive that he could still maintain his consoling self-respect and his spotless honor.

And now he is dead in his prime. Possessed of an intellect equal to that of any of the great ones gone. Quiet, studious, and devoted to his profession. Not, perhaps, what in these days might be called a popular leader—because his standard was too high and his will too unbending—he would have been wise in counsel, masterful in a cabinet, and superb in the field. Intolerance of shams made him appear at times lordly, supercilious, and dictatorial; but behind the semblance was the substance, and in extremity everything else was unreckoned of except the iron. There was much in common between himself and General Grant, and this fact will go far to explain their unselfish and unbroken friendship. Grant never whined; neither did Conkling. Grant was firm, resolute and indomitable; so was Conkling. Very late in his second term Grant had at last discovered the snares and the pitfalls prepared for him by his toadies and his flatterers; Conkling long before had foreseen their danger and hastened to his chief with heartfelt and valuable warnings. Grant confided in many, Conkling in few; but the middle ground upon which they both met and fraternized was the loyal respect one had for the other. This, being always the bond of communion, no matter the separate road each took in response to its bidding, each always reached it simultaneously. Hence, amid the wreck of all things dear to Grant's ambition at Chicago, Conkling went down with the colors.

He died too soon. There would have been a mighty work for him to have done in the near future. To many thinking men the nation is on the eve of a crisis. There are elements this day at work which are yet to make patriotism once more as precious as when our forefathers pledged to freedom whatever they had of life, of property, and of sacred honor. There will come by and by questions to be settled—some of them pressing, some undeniable, some perhaps perilous—which will need for their grappling some such intellect as Conkling's—clear, incisive, luminous; imbued somewhat with omniscience; not afraid of the knife, still less of the caustic; seeing the entire Union, unobscured as to the paltry efficacy of partisan panaceas, serene even with the ship in the breakers, pontifical like a priest's, aggressive like a soldier's—where is there such an one left for such emergencies in New York, where indeed in the United States?

There be makeshifts in abundance—doughty political physicians who treat symptoms but never the disease itself. The land is full of inanities that gambol on the political green as lambs do in blue-grass pastures, when April is in the air, and the south wind tells what it yet intends to do for the buds and blossoms. There are quacks, and formulas, and nostrums by the shipload. There are babblers of finance, and men in buckram to organize and utilize labor movements. There are multitudinous makers of trusts, eating up the substance of the people, and feeding competition on husks and shavings; but where are the giants to keep the faith and keep this blessed land from mortal injury? One has just fallen prostrate as some great oak falls, never to rise again.

Not one of these does the *Constitution* touch, nor lift up, nor put in a frame, nor hang lovingly in its sanctum. This should not be. Scant praise at best has Southern literature or Southern writers ever received from any source, but mainly because neither had an audience. Their territory now, however, is widening and becoming more populous. It is not right just at this peculiar juncture to make any invidious distinctions. The *Constitution's* field is almost too limited to breathe in, much less to do a good day's plowing. Its Pantheon is wofully lacking in gods. It is a temple with only three shrines, while all the outside and abounding space is as desolate as a forest without leaves. Perhaps it will fill it later.

As for the Southern women who have written poetry, we have nothing to say, unless it would be to ask the question: Did a woman ever write poetry? If one ever did it has surely not been Miss Rives in her "Herod and Mariamne."

AS TO KING DAVID.

[Kansas City *Times*, September 16, 1888.]

Mr. Ernest Renan, who was once a priest, and who even now professes to live in the odor of sanctity, is again busily engaged in taking venerable and respected tradition to pieces. Having already finished with Christ and His Apostles—having already dealt as he was best able with the New Testament, he has now turned him to the Old—and it is King David who comes first under fire.

Renan has a peculiar intellectual development, even for a Frenchman. No writers of this or any other century ever equaled the French for lucidity of statement; the vivid power of illustration; a satire that is perfectly exquisite; delightful badinage; an irony which never purposely corrodes, but if purposely then only upon occasion; swift movement; the commingling of tragedy and comedy; an inherent dramatic encompassment that is never at a loss for similes or situations—while to marshal all these as is desirable, using either of itself or the whole together as a mass, there is the *scaccato* or epigrammatic style which to all others is so incomparable. None can write biography like the French. As for memoirs, these in their hands are unapproachable.

Renan has every one of these valuable gifts at his disposal—always valuable to an author—and he has more. He has the education of a Jesuit. This means about fifteen years of hard, uninterrupted study before it is supposed that a man knows anything. He is the fluent master of ten languages, among the ten being Persian, Turkish, the Hebrew, and the Arabic. Probably at least three of these he learned in order all the more readily to get at the Bible and attempt to destroy many of its idols yet dear to the human heart.

Before he began his "Life of Christ" he spent three years in Egypt and Palestine. The Sultan then owned the two countries, and hence his knowledge of the Turkish and Arabic must have stood him in most excellent stead. His sister accompanied him, an enthusiast like himself, as he was then. They went anywhere and everywhere. They appeared to have no idea of fear. When night came they pitched their tents. The Arabs did not seem to understand them; the Bedouins forgot to even ask them for backsheesh.

The sister never returned. She died under a date palm in the desert, tenderly nursed, it is true, having skillful physicans at her side, and plenty of female attendants. But the priest, where was *he? Her brother?—no,* her God.

Time went on, and Renan got further and further away from the sweet recollections of his college days, from the tender influences of a gentle and benignant life, from the restraints of an intellectual discipline that he so much needed as a safeguard against spiritual shipwreck, from well ordered fields wherein nothing grew that was noxious or told of harm, from old friends and old associations, and the end then came speedily. The ardent young believer was a hardened skeptic. He had grown gray in unbelief in a night. Endowed as he was intellectually, what a spectacle and what a ruin! Using the gifts which Providence had so lavishly bestowed upon him to enlighten and succor mankind, he squandered them in terrible attacks upon the very foundation of society itself.

And they were terrible, these attacks of his. The "Life of Christ" is one of the most insidious, dangerous, yet attractive books in any language. The danger lies in its distillation. Its poison tastes like honey. On the edge of every pitfall there is a fringe of roses. This fringe is also a screen. One reaches out for a rose and instead finds engulfment. The full flow and flood of the tide of the narrative is poetry set to music. As the children followed the flute of the Pied Piper of Hamelin into the heart of the mountain, never to be seen of mortal again, so young men follow the words and the thoughts of this wizard of the pen, and the result in all too many cases is the hardening of the heart and the stiffening of the neck.

His "Lives of the Apostles" is not so sweet to the taste nor so delightful to the palate. It jars often. It is at times harsh, rasping, bitter. Not content with killing his victim he often chooses to skin him. As he gets older of course this spirit will grow upon him. He will not seek to seduce so much from this on as to demolish. Scantier and scantier will become the wine he offers from his own clear champagne country, and plentier and plentier the acrid brew and the brew which burns like acid.

One can easily see this sort of feeling deepening over and about Renan in his recent comments upon David. In three numbers of a leading Paris review he has dealt with this King of Israel. He describes him as a black-hearted hypocrite. A selfish egotist, incapable of a sentiment of sympathy or a disinterested idea. A coward in war, who wept over Absalom and then broke bread with his murderer. He declares that he kept a harem, and that, although he did dabble to some extent in poetry, he never wrote the Psalms. He contrasts him with Saul, making of one a hero and a warrior of great renown—of the other a sneak and a trickster. David's deed of putting Uriah in front of the battle to be killed as he was, in order to take to wife his beautiful widow Bathsheba, is made into a ferocious picture which probably no other hand could paint except the hand of such a monster.

But the question arises, and it is a very natural one. What has brought about this exhumation of David? And what will happen to Solomon when Renan gets to him, who was the son of that very Bathsheba the savage Frenchman has just taken as a text to crucify her imperial ravisher? One can see no earthly good to arise from it all. If Renan writes just to see how powerfully he can write, then it must be admitted that he does it to perfection, although his inspiration now appears to be of the devil.

DR. JOSEPH M. WOOD.

[Kansas City *Times*, September 20, 1888.]

One of the lights of the medical world—clear, luminous, a great beacon set as it were upon a high hill—has suddenly gone out forever. How death must have rejoiced when it laid him low. No more mortal enemy of the inexorable destroyer ever lived in the land. For more than fifty years man and boy he grappled with it, rescued its victims, drove it from bedsides almost ready for the shroud, fought it hand to hand across a coverlet, routed it from households where every room was an intrenchment, smote it until even its terrors were put to flight, snapped the shaft of its immemorial spear in sheer derision, taunted it with its impotency, and finally became such an implacable foe that it seemed to avoid him as if he were superhuman.

And now to think that in this last encounter, he who had saved so many could not save himself. But then this splendid defender of his race had grown gray in the war harness. An active battle well on to fifty years long had left him worn, and old, and less able to withstand the final onset. He had the frame of a giant—yes, but he had also done the work of a giant. He had the strength of any four ordinary men—yes, but he put it forth so lavishly in supplying the demands of his profession that when he needed a reserve for himself that reserve had been exhausted. He had the buoyant life and vitality of some great conquerer—yes, even as Cortez, but he poured them all out for others, never caring seemingly to know if a day would not come when a little, at least, of this vast wealth should have been laid away for the final grapple.

And yet how could he see or know or care about any of these things—how could he take note to day what might happen or be required for to-morrow? He lived for others. He was one of the most generous, unselfish and lovable of men. A tale of want, or sorrow, or suffering made him as a little child, he, this giant of a surgeon, whose very operating knife had about it something almost of inspiration. The record of his good deeds could only have been written by the recording angel. And they have been so written, never fear. And many a page they took, shining all over and through as though the pinions of the heavenly dove had been folded there to make them blessed and resplendent.

Why, this man would often wait for the darkness to cover him before he departed on his missions of mercy. He wrought out the miracles both of his heart and his intellect by stealth.

To surprise him in any act of charity was to put him to flight. If any one ever spoke of it in his presence he would go away pained. That hand which was all iron, when the steel was in it, was always open when it became necessary to succor as well as to save. No matter what the nature of the succor was—whether money, medicines, food, raiment, care, watchfulness, professional attendance, hired nurses—he never hesitated a single moment to open his purse or bestow his precious attainments upon the needy and the afflicted. Even if his own life had ever depended upon an accurate summing up of all these abounding charities, to save it he could not have made a report of even a fractional part. Verily, with him the hand that did not give never knew in a single instance what the hand which did give was doing.

Once, when cholera was sweeping from the east to the west, and *over the plains, and across* the Rocky Mountains, ravaging remorse-

lessly where it touched, Dr. Wood was coming from St. Louis to Liberty Landing on a crowded emigrant steamer. The steerage swarmed with poor folks, men, women and children. Piercing as the neigh of a frightened horse the cry arose that the White Specter —which leaves the faces of all those whom it has undone so pinched and pallid and wan—was aboard the boat, doing the same old inevitable work that it had been doing from its home on the Ganges to the Pacific Ocean.

Dr. Wood was just then in the very strength and flower of his young manhood. Life was so fair, so fair before him. Perfect physical health and perfect physical manhood made all nature delicious, and all the world adorable. Every road which ran to the future had upon it growing grasses and blooming flowers, and singing birds in all the branches of the trees. Death was below him in its most appalling character.

He went below. For nearly a week so far from going to bed he never even took off his clothes. He did the work of a dozen men. His frame, which up to that time had been colossal, now suddenly came to be iron. His nature took upon itself attributes even unknown to their possessor. He was physician, nurse, undertaker, consoler, confessor, musician—but, whatever he was, he staid.

We said musician—yes, musician. Well knowing the power of imagination over the human mind in all epidemics, even in those not so virulent as a cholera epidemic, Dr. Wood took his medicine case in one hand and his fiddle in the other. He was an excellent performer then. After seeing and prescribing for all of his patients he would play them a lively tune—something that would make self quit preying upon self, something that would make the heart beat faster, and the icy circulation strive just one more time to get at all the extremities.

What a spectacle! Here was death, intrenched in the reeking atmosphere of a steerageway, defied with the rollicking tunes of a master fiddler. It was Mirabeau's death song materialized on a western river: "Crown me with flowers, intoxicate me with perfumes and let me die to the sounds of delicious music."

But they did not die, many of them. Considering the unfavorable nature of the surroundings and the malignant type of the disease, many were saved. And what was Dr. Wood's reward? The prayers and the blessings of these poor survivors which followed him for years after in the shape of letters and little tokens in the way of remembrance and affection. Through rigid quarantine and perpetual fumigation the cholera was kept from the cabin passengers. And it was well. Dr. Wood's mission was in the steerage and there he meant to stay even though he were stricken down in mid-battle. God, however, spared him to finish his life, and to build some priceless monuments of science and skill to adorn his noble profession.

Dr. Wood, in its very essence and purity, was a medical philosopher. He went up from cause to effect with the rapid stride of the born commander. Said Bichat, that wonderful Frenchman, who died too young for the sake of humanity: "The discovery of the cause is the discovery of the remedy." To this end Dr. Wood marched with a set will that never relaxed or yielded. His glance was instantaneous. He seemed to fathom disease through the application of a sixth sense which might well be named intuition. His *diagnosis* was as unerring as the tide's ebb and flow. His resources *in any desperate crisis* were as manifold as they were instantly *evoked. No extremity*, however desperate, ever confused his

searching glance or ruffled the calm serenity of the great physician. Hence, when many of his brother practitioners, had patients supposed to be nearing the inevitable hour, Dr. Wood was most generally called in for consultation. So frequently was this done that the practice passed into a proverb. A lady one day made it vivid by an epigram. Awakening from a deep sleep she saw Dr. Wood standing by her bedside, and exclaimed: "What, then, is it so bad as this? I see that Dr. Wood is here."

So remarkable had his fame become for snatching people from the very jaws of death, and so widely known had this reputation been made, both in medicine and surgery, that he was sent for at various times to New York, Baltimore, Washington City, upon several occasions to Philadelphia, often to St. Louis, and to as many as two hundred places in the State of Missouri. These demands were constantly made upon him until he gradually withdrew from his more arduous labors to devote more time to his own personal and devoted friends.

Dr. Wood had a face like the face of that famous English surgeon, Sir Astley Cooper. Genius beamed from every line of it—from every form, fashion, contour and feature. In repose it was sometimes sad, yet always august. But when that peculiar smile of his broke over it, then it shone as the east shines when low down on its uttermost verge the shadows begin to lift a little and the dawn to stir therein, peering over the edge and waiting to bless the world. It had often and often been remarked for its fascination and from the way it made his face transfigured. Seen in the sick chamber, it brought hope, faith, help, consolation. Seen in social life it attracted all who wanted solace, confidence and unrestrained communion.

And now it will never more be seen again anywhere this side of the Wonderful River. He had lived his life as some huge old oak which the wind for years could not prevail against, the lightnings shiver, nor the storms uproot. But, stricken at last by time, which strikes all earthly things to dust, it falls a forest monarch, never to be upreared again in all the ages.

So fell our giant, who was yet full of all gentleness, and tenderness, and charity, and good deeds, and a stainless manhood, and a fame that will endure while intellect does homage to intellect, and genius has a shrine where all its devotees can kneel and worship. A life so grandly and so unselfishly lived sinks from the sight of those who yet remain with the halo of noble deeds about it, and leaves behind the example of its own magnanimous dedication to duty and to humanity.

But beyond? What of that? Ah—

> "Who shall murmur or misdoubt
> When God's great sunshine finds us out?"

WAR QUAKER FASHION.

[Kansas City *Times*, September 21, 1888.]

The telegraph tells us that the Third German Army Corps, led by the Emperor, was repulsed after a hot battle in an attack upon Berlin, which was defended by the guards.

How many were killed? None. How many were wounded? None. Then it was a Quaker battle? Not absolutely necessary—it was only a part of the autumn manœuvrers.

By the way, does this mimic sort of warfare amount to anything?

It can have no possible feature in common with war in its sure enough form and fashion. Sham war goes by certain fixed rules arranged over a map at night to be carried out in the morning. This brigade is to do so and so, as will this division, as will this corps. The attack is planned as would be a pleasure trip, the defense also. Nothing is left to skill, to superior generalship, to the sudden massing of strong columns upon weak ones, to the swift concentration of a more powerful artillery; while last, but by no means least, nothing is left to that intangible yet all powerful thing called by the ancients fate and by the moderns fortune. Charles V. perfectly understood it when the great Conde baffled him at Metz: "I am too old," he said. "Fortune needs to be wooed by younger lovers."

On the other hand, actual war calls every resource of the commander into instant action, and demands that he shall be capable on the moment to seize upon and make favorable every circumstance as it arises. It is imperatively necessary that the army which attacks shall be governed largely by the movements of the army which resists. A plan of battle is all well enough, but it must be a plan that will stretch for leagues, contract for leagues, change its entire sum and substance or be of such a nature as to be abandoned altogether when it is no longer fit to be relied upon in the face of its surroundings. In other words, it is one thing to plan and another thing to execute. Actual war gives scope to all that is daring, wary, crafty, impassive and omniscient in man; mimic war puts him on an easy-going horse, and bids him ride leisurely down a certain road and halt at a certain stopping place for the night. Actual war means to get there first with the most men, and then go for everything in sight; mimic war means that if so and so happens, then so and so must be done. Here are your metes and bounds. Those whom you have to encounter have also their metes and bounds. On each side they are inexorable. Do what you are told and attend to your own business.

Therefore we ask again, Do these mimic manœuvrers ever amount to anything? "I never manœuvrer," said Grant. "Wherever I find General Lee I shall attack him." All of which did not prevent him from grinding to powder by sheer attrition. "The company is the unit," said Napoleon. "It is my captains who have won all my victories. Drill for me your companies perfectly and I will do all the balance." The Roman legions gave all their spare time to rigid drill and discipline. Marlborough made his soldiers well nigh invincible by launching them against the enemy. The suggestion merely of a mimic manœuvrer to old Frederick the Great would have brought a blow from his walking stick. Wellington in all his life never perhaps dreamed of one. Hannibal rested when he did not fight. Alexander feasted when he was not marching.

Who knows, however, but what the times have changed greatly? It may be that the German Emperor knows his business much better than any one else can in the American republic, whose standing army could be comfortably camped in a twenty-acre field. Any way Berlin is safe, and that is something to be thankful for.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

[Kansas City *Times*, September 22, 1888.]

There has been published for some time, in newspapers as well *as in magazines*, a wonderful story of a hidden treasure, said to have *been buried by an Indian* when Pizarro conquered Peru. Accord-

ing to reports, which break forth every now and then as though the subject were a new one, many a hunt has been made for it and many a hunter has given up the search, baffled and disappointed.

And no wonder, if they take the following as a lamp for their feet and a light for their eyes. It is from the *American Magazine*, and it reads:

"Everyone who has read Prescott's fascinating volumes knows what followed. With the aid of the Spaniards, Atahualpa conquered his brother. When he lay a prisoner in the hands of the guests he had treated so hospitably, he offered to fill his prison with gold if they would release him. They agreed, and his willing subjects brought the treasure, but the greedy Spaniards demanded more. Runners were hurried all over the country, and the simple, unselfish people surrendered all their wealth to save their king. But Pizarro became tired of waiting for the treasure, and the men in charge of it, upon hearing the news that Atahualpa had been strangled, buried the gold and silver in the L'anganati, where the Spaniards have been searching for it ever since."

"Everybody who has read Prescott's fascinating volumes knows" no such thing. Atahualpa never saw a Spaniard, and most probably never heard of one, until seven months, and most likely two years, after he had whipped his brother in two pitched battles, seized upon his capital and dispossessed him of his territory. It was the old story of a divided inheritance. Huayna Capac, by far the greatest Inca of all of a long line of Peruvian Incas, divided his kingdom, at his death, between his two sons, Huascar and Atahualpa. The first was mild, generous, lovable, merciful and just; the last was fierce, intractable and savage. He rose upon Huascar, conquered him, and dethroned him. Then came Pizarro, who lured Atahualpa into the city of Caxamalca. He came accompanied by an armed following of some six thousand. These were butchered to a man and the person of the Inca himself seized upon and held in close confinement. The declaration that he offered Pizarro as a ransom his prison full of gold is simply laughable. It was only one apartment which Atahualpa promised to fill, and this was seventeen feet broad by twenty-two feet long. The height was indicated by a line drawn nine feet from the floor. Nothing was to be melted down. The gold was to retain the original form of the articles into which it had first been manufactured.

The line had not been anywhere even nearly reached—and it is quite probable that it could never have been reached—when the Spanish soldiers began to clamor furiously for a division. Pizarro either could not or would not gainsay them. He ordered some very skillful goldsmith to reduce everything to ingots, or bars of a uniform standard, which were afterward nicely weighed under the superintendence of the royal inspectors. The total amount of gold was found to be about $15,500,000 of our money. One fifth of this was sent to the then emperor of Spain, Charles V., which he duly received and duly made returns for in the shape of very valuable land grants and most extraordinary privileges bestowed upon the conquerors. The balance of this gigantic amount of ransom money was next distributed, at a ratio fully agreed upon, among Pizarro's officers and men. Not a word is said anywhere about a single gold bar being buried by Indian or what not. The word L'langanati is never written on a single page of Prescott's history which deals with this dark, this thrilling, this almost miraculous episode in Peruvian *conquest, the* conquest itself being the greatest miracle of *them all.*

The final manner of the killing of Atahualpa has never been satisfactorily explained. Whether he was strangled, garroted, or burnt, is yet an open question for debate. He certainly lost his life. He had murdered his own brother, his rightful sovereign, and to the third generation he had destroyed every relation who was supposed to contain a drop of the blood of the mighty Inca, Huayna Capac. The surroundings of Pizarro were desperate. At the best he never had over 700 Spanish soldiers all told, and he was in the midst of a hostile population of seven or eight millions. It seems incredible, but it is true. Worse circumstanced, and more fearfully beset, his kinsman and townsman, Cortez, did the same with Gautemozin, the last Aztec monarch of Mexico.

The silly paragraph from the magazine above quoted would never have been referred to at all had it not been accompanied by the declaration that a company in New York was being formed for the purpose of hunting for the buried treasures of Atahualpa which, if buried at all, were buried nearly 350 years ago. Should it be formed and should any of its prospectors go pestering about the site of the ancient Caxamalca, the Peruvians themselves would laugh them out of South America.

By the way, this buried treasure business is no new will-o'-the-wisp—no new Jack-with-his-lantern. They are still hunting for the gold the pirate Kidd hid somewhere out of sight. Acre after acre bas been dug over or plowed over to find the treasures of Lafitte, although Lafitte had been amnestied long before he died peacefully in his bed, and had no need to bury any treasures. There are three islands in the Pacific Ocean, off the Mexican port of Tepic, called "The Three Marys," which have been regularly explored for half a century by hunters hunting for the gold that that cruel buccaneer Morgan must surely have buried somewhere on one of the three, according to tradition. But after all, perhaps, it is just as well as not to let these sort of cranks complacently alone. They are perfectly harmless and their credulity is one of the few imbecile phases of human nature which amuses the multitude.

WOLESLEY ON M'CLELLAN AND LEE.

[Kansas City *Times*, September 30, 1888.]

"And lastly, let me glance at General Lee. Lee's strategy when he fought in defense of the Southern capital, and threatened and finally struck at that of the United States, marks him as one of the greatest captains of this or any other age. No man has ever fought an uphill and a losing game with greater firmness, or ever displayed a higher order of true military genius than he did when in command of the Confederate Army. The knowledge of his profession displayed by General McClellan was considerable, and his strategic conceptions were admirable, but he lacked one attribute of a general, without which no man can ever succeed in war—he was never able to estimate with any accuracy the numbers opposed to him. It was the presence in Lee of that intuitive genius for war which McClellan lacked, which again and again gave him victory, even when he was altogether outmatched in numbers."—*Lord Wolesley in Fortnightly Review.*

Why single out McClellan for these kind of comparisons? Why make him alone, of all the Federal commanders, the one sole *standard by which shall* be tried the military successes and abilities *of Lee? Lord Wolseley* has not alone done this, although he has

done it often; but the Count of Paris, also, Colonel Chesney, Colonel Freemantle, Count Von Borcke and a multitude of American writers good, bad and indifferent. Why not occasionally range up alongside of him McDowell or Burnside or Hooker or Halleck or Pope or Mead or Grant? He fought all of these at some one time or another, and surely out of the vast array of writers that could be easily enumerated others besides McClellan might be contrasted with the great Virginian.

We have an abiding faith in the military genius of Lord Wolseley. It is fashionable, we know, to dismiss him with a sneer, and ridicule his capacity because he has only fought Zulus, negroes and Arabs. This is not all of the truth. He has fought Russians as well, the stubbornest race in all the history of war except the English, and a race that stands killing with something of the fatalism of the Turk, and much of the stoicism of the North American Indian.

General Jo Shelby once called upon Marshal Bazaine—that time he commanded the French in Mexico—on business for some of his old soldiers. They wanted to enlist under Bazaine, and Shelby went directly to the Marshal in their behalf. Business done, wine was brought. Over this the two men lingered longer than either thought. One episode of the conversation impressed Shelby much. Said Bazaine, in substance: "I should like more than you may imagine to meet this Grant of yours on the battlefield. He should pick fifty thousand Americans and I fifty thousand Frenchmen." Shelby answered with a smile, yet boldly: "In that event, Marshal, I fear much that you would be worsted."

Something of a desire similar to Bazaine's must be felt by a great many to see Lord Wolseley in command of a British army that was to play its part upon some great European battlefield. It is then that we firmly believe he would prove himself to be another Marlborough. We do not say Wellington because Wellington was a mere episode in the great French drama then drawing rapidly toward its close. He entered by a back door into Spain when Napoleon was dreaming of Moscow. He found a nation in arms to meet him, and greet him, and help him against the invader. And of what a race of people was this nation composed! The Romans, world conquerors, never conquered Spain. Two of the Scipios perished there. Julius Cæsar left the old Iberians unsubdued in their mountains. Hannibal barely escaped destruction there. The Saracens swept over the land like a tempest, and as suddenly subsided. The Moors staid longer, but were finally exterminated. And it was with the descendants of this invincible Spanish race that Napoleon was supposed to be fighting—lazily, languidly, and desultorily—when Wellington came. True, the demigod went in person once and ran everything into the ocean, British and all, but his heart was beyond the Niemen. He was pluming his eagles for that swoop upon Russia which was rewarded with St. Helena. We say Marlborough, therefore, and not Wellington. One thing Lord Wolseley appears never to have understood—nor any of the balance of the foreign authors for that matter—that McClellan fought Lee in the splendid youth, vigor and physical development of the Southern Confederacy. Every soldier following this flag was a volunteer. The pride of emulation between the States begot a spirit of heroic endeavor that in its intensity was truly Homeric. Men rushed to battle as to a marriage feast. They clamored for it, they adorned themselves for it, they suffered and endured *all things* joyously for it, and, when once being in, so *bore themselves that* the world wondered how regiments of almost

boys as it were could endure to be decimated, and yet close up, shout, and go forward.

To meet this army of Northern Virginia, McClellan organized the Army of the Potomac. That army saved the Union. There is not a Federal general living or dead who could have faced Lee when he faced him and held his own as he held it; bedeviled as he was by the idiots at Washington; hated and betrayed by Stanton; thwarted by an insane fear forever rampant of the capital being in danger; his most completely prepared and cherished movements constantly interfered with; bewildered by a mass of chaotic and driveling orders sufficient to swamp a man-of-war; caressed to-day and banished to-morrow—to stand up against all these things, we say, and a multitude more just as hurtful, weakening and tormenting—and fight Lee week after week, retreating, it may be, but forever fighting, and losing nothing but the ground which he had first taken himself, is to prove McClellan the real hero and commander on the side of the Federals.

And yet Grant gets all the glory. For a time—yes. During this generation and another?—perhaps. The history, however, of these events has yet all to be written. Eulogy is not history, nor laudation, nor special pleas, nor messes of political pottage, nor favoritism, spread-eagleism and Badeauism. History is a surgeon. It goes at a thing knife in hand. It lays bare veins, nerves, arteries, bones, muscles, all the organs, the whole physical structure of man. Its nomenclature is inexorable. It covers up nothing, suppresses nothing, has no shame, burns no incense, worships no idols. It is the angel by the gate with truth's flaming sword in its hand. Never more into the garden can there come again its prostitutes, its revelers and its defilers.

When Grant came he had the country by the tail. He had only to grunt and the earth shook with the tread of reinforcements. He had only to crook one finger and Stanton fell upon his knees. He had only to sulk one day in his tent and there was crape on the doors of the executive mansion. At the rate of six to one he ground Lee to powder. That proportion of sheep could have overcome a lion. But for the grinding, as we have said, Grant got all the glory. So be it. The truth, the purity, the integrity and the priceless ability of such a man as McClellan are wonderfully out of place in a republic. Republics honor and adore only those things which happen to be in at the death.

CLEVELAND RETIRES TO PRIVATE LIFE.

[Kansas City *Times*, February 18, 1889.]

Precisely two weeks before the completion of his fifty-second birthday President Cleveland will retire from the chief magistracy of the Nation. He is in the full prime of his manhood; in the full perfection of his life and strength. He was the youngest, save one, of all the presidents, when inaugurated, General Grant being his junior by but a single year. He is now several years younger than a majority of the presidents were when elected. The future ought to be, and no doubt is, very fair before him. He can with much calmness and self-possession look forward to a long period of activity and usefulness in his profession, and it is with no little pride and *satisfaction that his* countrymen may regard his decision to return *again to business.* It settles for the time, and perhaps for all time,

the question of pensioning the ex-presidents. It is a practical illustration, in fact, of Jeffersonian Democracy.

In more ways than one President Cleveland has shown himself to be a remarkable man. When he was elected to his present high office the Democratic party had been out of power for twenty-three years. Everywhere the declaration was made that the conservative forces of the country not only distrusted it but were afraid of it. Many believed in such talk, however much it was full of utter absurdity, and folded their arms in mute acceptance of an assertion which was composed equally of boast, greed and invidious lying. It remained for Cleveland to give all such specious claims their swift quietus, and he goes out of office as much respected and depended upon as any of his predecessors, no matter his name or at what period in the history of the republic he was president.

He came at a time when it was needful that a halt should be called. Monopoly—born of the Civil War and strengthened and fenced about by every sort of congressional enactment which could render it less and less amenable to assault—was in complete possession of the nation. A tariff—higher in its rates of protection and heavier in the weight of its burdens than any tariff the people had ever before known or thought possible—was simply devouring agriculture and all the productions of agriculture. Public extravagance had grown to be a public curse. It pervaded every branch of the civil service, and kept the national treasury, for at least nine months in the year, swept as clean and as bare as a threshing floor. It was the era of jobs, of rings, of all sorts of margins for enterprising boodlers, for irresponsible legislators, and for a partisan army of foragers who looked upon the General Government in the light of a great protector, who owed every one of them a living and a fat living at that. The only thing, therefore, to be considered was best how to get at it, how to make it as bountiful as possible and how to squeeze out of the Federal funds as many dollars as could possibly be laid hands upon or in some manner circumvented. Centralization was the rule, while to legislate the least in favor of the people was looked upon as time thrown away and energies wasted.

The question then was not so much as to whether a Democrat could or could not be elected president, but entirely as to the kind of a Democrat. No milk-sop, no easy-going politician content to let things as they were abide as they were; no ambitious aspirant who after he had once been chosen chief magistrate would make one entire administration so shape itself as to secure another; no trimmer, time-server, or a man afraid of responsibility. A sort of halting, hesitating, half smothered cry came up from the masses, "Give us iron!" and they got iron.

If the country had been raked fore and aft a sterner man than Cleveland could not have been found, nor one more stubborn, nor one more determined to do his duty despite all personal consequences. He instantly called a halt. He attacked monopoly in its very den, surrounded by the bones of its myriads of victims. He struck the shield of the high protective tariff with the iron point of his lance, which meant a combat to the death, and it had to muster its last man and its last dollar just to hold him at bay. He did not seek to know what enemies he was causing to rise up against him. He believed that he was right and he pressed forward to the attainment of his objects with whip and spur His own, simple, high-spirited and patriotic course felled sectionalism to the earth at *a single blow. If he did* not kill, he certainly put it beyond all

Adolphus. To the last class belong Harold, Alfred the Great, Henry of Navarre, Gordon, Lawrence, Havelock and William Wallace. Offered the garments of royalty, he pushed them aside, not as Cæsar did the crown to seize it later, but because his conscience was high and holy, and because he had fought for the real body of liberty in all of its truth, essence and substance, and not for its sham, its make-shift and its counterfeit presentiments.

In the light now of all the past—which still shines so vivid, so instructive, and so consoling—where was the American soldier who could have taken Washington's place and created the American republic? Greene, Gates, Charles Lee, Sullivan, Putnam, Hamilton, Burr, Schuyler, Arnold—admitting him true—or any of the balance of his more prominent subordinates? As well contend that all of his marshals combined could have made the only great Napoleon.

There is not a patriotic citizen to-day in the land but who should take upon himself a labor of love in teaching his children the grand patriotism and the spotless integrity of this superb character. He knew neither envy, detraction, littleness of soul, malice, jealousy, fault-finding, nor invidious favoritism. It was a character luminous with good deeds and with a devotion to country that some few in history may have equaled, but not one who has ever surpassed.

TIME MAKES ALL THINGS EVEN.

[Kansas City *Times*, October 8, 1889.]

The order had gone forth to destroy Robespierre. That monster who, when he came out of the charnal house went into the tomb, was come at last to the place where an eye had to be rendered up for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. Under the fire of those merciless accusations and arraignments which shriveled him up as some old parchment in flames, he turned green. It was a way he had. Where other men, so bestead, turned pale, this one turned green. He essayed to speak, stammered, halted over his words, was not articulate, and finally stood still, speechless, yet with his lips a working. Then Lasource thundered out: "The blood of Danton chokes thee, Robespierre!"

Through Blaine the blood of Conkling is about to choke Harrison. From the grave a skeleton hand has been stretched forth to press the crimson chalice to his lips and force its drinking to the uttermost drop. The letters of Dr. Watson, Conkling's life-time physician, and George C. Gorham, a well-known stalwart republican, have both been published. Each but voices the views and investigations of a multitude of Conkling republicans who write no letters and fall into the hands of no newspaper reporters. In New York the voters who go to make up this class are numerous, well organized and powerful. Call that dominating influence which permeates them and welds them together as a steel bar a sentiment, if you please, but beware of that sentiment, no matter whether in politics or what not, which makes brave men cry out and puts brave men to working. Right there desperation is born, and from that comes any act or deed within the encompassment of human intellect or human fixedness of purpose.

Conkling was the idol of his following. Such was his personality or individuality that those who served under his banner felt more for him than the ordinary respect felt by the private for his

chief—they loved him even as David loved Jonathan. His hopes were their hopes, his aims theirs, his ambition theirs, his wounds made their bodies bleed, the blows rained upon his devoted head brought them to their knees, and when in the last onset he went down before the blackest and basest desertion and betrayal ever known to American politics, they went down with him, all their bands playing and all their flags flying in the air.

Nor was it any wonder that such a man had lavished upon him so much of constancy and devotion. In politics he was never a trimmer, adapting means to ends and lying, not alone to impose upon mortal credulity, but even to fool God. He never went back from the front leaving his best to die there because *he* was a coward. He never apologized. The human mind is so constituted that the man who apologizes before he fights is already forsworn and pilloried. He never stole anything. At a period when Grant made legislators out of looters, governors out of jackboots and judges out of demijohns, Conkling held his nose with white, clean hand while the vultures of reconstruction were devouring the South. Roguery was culminating. Robeson and his pals had stolen a navy. One of the Shermans had been driven from the bench for bribery and peculation. A secretary of war, caught with every pocket bulged out with boodle, had built for him a bridge of gold to retreat beyond the reach of the penitentiary. A secretary of the interior, selling decisions in bales, broke down under the weight of accumulated spoils, and confessed to one-half in order to retain the other. Blaine stood before the nation branded and disgraced. Another speaker, Colfax, had been driven ignominiously from public life. The Star-route revealments had made the masses shudder. Defaulters in every department of the civil service piled up fortunes and decamped. Pillage was everywhere. It was no infamy to steal, and the bigger the pile the swifter the condonement. Would the storm ever abate, the waters ever subside, the light ever flash forth in the east, the crest of Ararat ever rear itself up through the infinite blackness of darkness to greet the sunrise and the morning?

Through it all, however, Conkling stood as some great pillar of Parian marble, without a fleck, a flaw, a spot, a stain, a fracture, or a soilment. No whisper even marred the faultless array of a splendid integrity. Proud, scorning the public thieves with all the scorn of his magnificent nature, heroic in the management of his party, stricken to the heart at the sight of so much fraud, violence, and venality, and yet unwilling to overthrow the edifice of his labor and his love while there was yet left a single chance to purify it, he made one more rally, his final one, and literally saved Garfield from the jaws of Democratic devourment in New York. And even while he saved him the teeth of those jaws came together with a rasp and grind that permitted no equilibrium to be restored to Saint Oleaginous until he reached the mayflower atmosphere of the Western Reserve.

And his reward? Blaine and Garfield formed a conspiracy to politically disgrace this chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche* of a Conkling—who would neither lie, cheat, take bribes, groan in the amen corner, wrestle with the sisters in prayer, nor write letters to De Golyer nor to Mulligan—and, well, the country knows the balance.

History repeats itself, and what Blaine was to Garfield so he is to be again to Harrison, should Harrison be elected. No wonder, then, *that there is a vengeful* yet righteous revolt along the entire *Conkling line. They* mean that the blood of their idol, Conkling,

shall choke Harrison, because in choking him they strangle also the hated Blaine.

JAMES N. BURNES.

[Kansas City *Times*, January 24-25, 1889.]

The sudden and fateful blow which yesterday struck down the Hon. James N. Burnes, of the Third Congressional District, in the midst of his labors and his usefulness struck also the unprotected bosom of Missouri.

In the high noon of a splendid intellect, still in the full flow and vigor of a perfect manhood, proud for his State, ambitious for his State, loving his State as though it were a prescient thing with whom he could confer, and upon whom he could rely for counsel, guidance and inspiration, he stood in the hall of the House of Representatives as her especial champion, guardian and friend.

And then to see him fall as he did with all of his war harness on—fall in mid career with his work yet scarcely begun, and the laurels bound thick about his brows as green as when they were gathered in the early morning of his first success, and as his most precious victories—ah! it was pitiful.

One had to know James N. Burnes long and well to sound to its uttermost depths the virile force and power of his many-sided character. It was not as a worldly moral or physical development that one could know it, as he stood out boldly in the open, fighting the battles of life with life's own weapons. Then and there he took such blows, full front, as time and situation dealt him, giving back stroke for stroke, yielding nothing to force, or blandishment, or seduction; but hewing a path straight forward to the goal, with head erect and soul undaunted. These were simply the periods when all the iron in his blood went to make his muscles tense, his will adamant, and the courage of his convictions as unswerving as the tides of the sea, which ebb and flow, and yet which go on and on forever.

No, it was not as the gladiator that one should have studied the man Burnes—stalwart, indomitable, crushing obstacles, striding over difficulties, scaling precipices high enough seemingly to shut out the sunlight from his most cherished hopes, and obscure as with the very blackness of darkness his most ardent aspirations. He was then all nerve, energy, unyielding effort, unflagging zeal and heroic endeavor. He was then grappling with destiny hand to hand and yoking fortune to his chariot wheels to minister unto his slightest wants and obey with alacrity his imperious bidding. Of course then the brow was corrugated, the light of battle still shone in his eyes, the dust of the conflict was still upon his garments, the heat of the strife was still rioting in his blood, and, until the victory was won, and from the stricken field he had gathered the spoils that belonged to him by right because of a mighty prowess and an almost savage resolution, something like a dark hour would seem to be upon this soul. He brooded then, and may have been a little bit taciturn and a little bit reserved.

But afterward when he unbent how gentle, and fascinating, and lovable he was. His face would then shine out as though for background an aureole was put to make it speaking with humanity, and radiant with tenderness and affection.

As a son he idolized his father and mother. As a husband he always bore himself as if he had never gone beyond the blissful probation of the ardent lover. As a parent he made constant companions of his children, entering into all of their little whims,

notions and adolescent ambitions, teaching them how to be frank of speech and generous of heart and nature. As a neighbor the latch-string of his door was always out, and none in distress who ever knocked there or entered there went away empty-handed. As a citizen his enterprise knew no limit, his liberality was without bounds, his resources multiplied themselves by the amount of opposition he had to encounter, while his faith in the people among whom he lived and wrought never wavered a moment. Whatever was apportioned for him to do was done as if as assistants he had both omnipotence and omniscience. As a public man he pointed to a stainless official record, and boasted with pardonable pride of duties faithfully and conspicuously done.

He was yet in the prime of life. In a single congressional session he took immediate rank with the ablest and the most experienced of his colleagues and associates. Samuel J. Randall put one day his hands upon his head to give him as it were an appreciative blessing, and when he arose he was a giant. None can say now to what position he might not have aspired, or to what height he might not have soared and reached if God had not called him hence for purposes unknown to poor finite minds which strive, and yearn, and reach out from under the shadow of a great bereavement to take once more the hand that was ever open to succor the helpless and ever closed to defend a friend.

And now he has gone out from the vision of all who knew him and loved him so. Yes, he has gone the dark way all alone. No comrade at his side; no voices of the olden time to make music for him; no paths that were once so familiar to him to walk therein; no trees that he once planted, and watered, and pruned to uprear themselves by the roadside to make him shade; no tender words to greet him as used to greet him in the old days when returning to his home; no sweet good-byes to bid him God speed as of old at the parting. The great unknown is over, and around, and about him,

Is it light there, and can he see far away to his front and yet within encompassment the Great White Throne, and the jasper gates and the golden streets of the New Jerusalem?

Surely, surely, if anybody can he can; if anybody ever did so see he has already seen, for did he not die like a soldier on duty? Ah! yes, he

"Died with his harness on—the broad-sword leaping—
The wild fight surging fast,
Love wounded, with each stroke, yet keeping,
His stout front to the last!
When others faint of heart, sank down despairing,
He cheered the battle on.
To his last life-drop still that gay smile wearing,
As if the day was won.
And was it not? Does truest, noblest glory,
In shallow triumph lie?
They longest, brightest live, in song and story,
Who die as martyrs die."

IN HIS PUBLIC CAPACITY.

We have already made the declaration that the character of the Hon. James N. Burnes had many sides, while to be thoroughly understood and appreciated it would have to be summed up from several standpoints—family, social, business, public and political. Having already discussed him as son, husband, father, neighbor, citizen and friend, it may not be amiss or inopportune now to look *into his public and political* life.

tained a story of quiet heroism that will be as deathless as immortality itself is deathless.

He stood at bay like a lion, says the report, and died fighting like a hero. On his body were seven wounds, his sword was broken and his revolver was empty. Now, all this is very little; it is also a great deal. Almost any sort of a war produces such heroes; the sort of a war England wages with barbarians quite a number. When a soldier comes face to face with his destiny he most generally dies, fighting hard like a wolf, set upon or encompassed. Any history of the Civil War in America is rich with such annals, and lurid also. It is something to die, no matter under what flag, or for what cause, or king, or creed, or country. It is perhaps, easier to die when one is unnoted, isolated, having no tongue behind to cry out over fate, nor any heart to make a moan.

But this was a Prince, who died from assegai wounds in Africa. Princes do not often so. Princes who are heirs to Austerlitz and Waterloo never but once in the world's life. He was but a boy. His mother had raised him—that is to say he had been made pious, timid, modest like a girl, and sensitive like a nun at an altar. One moment as he stood on the perilous edge of the fight it might have appeared as if Hoche had come back from La Vendee, or Dessoix from Marengo. In his death he vindicated his dynasty. He died not as Bonapartes have done, but as Bonapartes should have done. Before that body in its tropical battlefield the French republic has no need to keep itself uncovered. He stood for the saber, it is true, but the saber has ever been the standard of France. Gambetta preaches peace, but it is the peace of Samson ere the thick locks have grown long again, and the soft undoing wrought by Delilah has hardened into war lust. France will surely feel more of reverence for the Bonapartes when the tale is told of how this last one died in a stronger army, true to his name, true to the fame of the nation which had cast him out, and true to those mighty hopes which must have flitted before him darkly—those that one day would make him the ruler of an empire like his father's.

Ridicule is a merciless weapon with the French. It has dealt savagely with many high, holy, and august things. Its most exquisite torture is to be found in the newspapers. These never failed to show sticking out from under the long scarlet robe of the phantom which they called Louis Napoleon, the great muddy boots of the coup d' etat. These newspapers were also busy with this boy. He was simply like an old piece of parlor furniture belonging to the Empire. He was not in use any longer. He was obsolete—an anachronism.

But death sanctifies. Tender things will be said of this boy now in France, and much recalled of his heroic death, if the time ever shall come when any Bonaparte attempts to play over again the role of his ancestors.

BAZAINE.

[Kansas City *Times*, April 20, 1887.]

The attempt to assassinate Marshal Bazaine, once a prominent figure in French history, was a most causeless and cowardly attempt. The usual commentary goes with the announcement of the crime—the would-be assassin is believed to be insane.

Of course. Never a murderous devil yet failed to have put up *for him some sort of a* plea of this kind whenever he did a deed that

was particularly noticeable for its horrible details and its atrocious cruelty. Whoever is the least bit theatrical in the gratification of his blood-mania is crazy as a matter of course. The same villain must only be permitted to stab, shoot or poison in a calm, deliberate, methodical manner. If he does not speak, very well. If he does not change color in presence of the rigid corpse of his victim, still very well. If no look, or word, or action tells that somewhere about the murderer there is a soul, it is just splendid. There is no insanity about that man. He shall be hung because his equanimity is so superb and yet so diabolical. But if ever a murderer is known to mutter in his sleep, be seen much alone, be heard to make dire threats, act strangely upon public occasions, rave over little things, establish a reputation as a crank, or parade the streets with a brass band—why, he is insane, of course, and must not be punished though he slay a hecatomb.

Marshal Bazaine commanded at Metz during the Franco-Prussian War, and after the battle of Gravelotte, wherein all the advantages of the fight were all on his side, he surrendered this almost impregnable fortress, and with it an army of nearly 300,000 men. Such a surrender, when the number of soldiers surrendered is taken into consideration, never occurred before in history. It really seems impossible that such a surrender could have taken place without a desperate effort to break through, but it did take place, and when the war ended Bazaine was tried for treason, found guilty, sentenced to be shot, had his sentence commuted to imprisonment for life in the Chateau d'If by President Thiers, escaped from there one stormy night in an open boat at sea, and has since been a poor, isolated, proscribed political exile in Spain. And now the man who has just attempted to kill him, if, indeed, he has not succeeded, is already being hedged about from the garrote by being declared crazy.

Was Bazaine guilty of treason at Metz? Contemporaneous history is of the opinion that he was not. The French character is such that at every period of national disaster it furiously demands a scape-goat or a victim. This desperate lot fell upon Bazaine. At his trial he proved conclusively that the fortress he was ordered to defend was almost absolutely barren of provisions; that the heavy guns upon the fortifications were comparatively without ammunition; that his musket cartridges had been reduced to sixty rounds to the man; that he was encompassed about by 500,000 Germans; that his artillery was practically useless because of a scarcity of horses and grape and canister shot, and because he had positive orders from his master, the Emperor Napoleon, to make the best terms he could, but under no circumstances to compromise his army by a bloody but indecisive battle. Napoleon's object was plain. He never believed that the Germans would dethrone him, and he wanted Bazaine's army to re-establish himself upon the throne of France after he had made a definite treaty of peace with the German conquerors.

Bazaine was also with Maximilian in Mexico, and gave evidence there of much soldierly skill and rare adminstrative capacity. He had driven Juarez into Texas, held the more populous states under a complete system of military subjugation, garrisoned with picked troops the more important cities, and was just getting ready to consolidate the power thus obtained, and to issue a general amnesty, both civil and military, when the civil war in the United States came to an end. That also brought to an end the French occupation. With over a million of men in arms, the United States Government *turned instantly* to an emphatic reassertion of the Monroe

doctrine, and ordered Louis Napoleon to get out of Mexico as soon as possible. He got out, and rapidly.

Bazaine has been held responsible for the death of Maximilian, and a multitude of penny-a-liners have gone into elaborate details to show how he badgered, outraged, and finally betrayed to his undoing the hapless Austrian.

No baser lies were ever told to blacken the name and the fame of a splendid soldier. Marshal Bazaine strove the best he knew to induce Maximilian to abandon Mexico. He pointed out to him the impossibility of maintaining his position in a country that was against him *en masse*, and argued from a purely military standpoint that it would require an army of occupation of at least 300,000 soldiers to keep him on his throne, and he did not have 10,000 reliable troops. Maximilian refused to be guided by the marshal, and in so refusing he lost his life.

From a simple captain of a company in an infantry regiment of the line, Bazaine fought his way up to be a Marshal of France. But for Metz he would to-day have been an honored man in his own country, loved, respected and surrounded by every comfort in his old age. As it is, he may be dying from the blow of an assassin, poor, friendless an exile, and a so-called traitor. What a strange thing is fate.

THE NEY MYTH.

[Kansas City *Times*, May 15, 1887.]

This is a country where quite a number of men will not stay dead after they are dead. One can find scores of people who conscientiously believe that Wilkes Booth is still alive; nay more, who have educated themselves to the belief that they have seen him. It has not been so very long ago that quite a long and interesting story went the rounds of the newspapers to the effect that he was in command of a merchant vessel in the China seas, so changed by a life of exposure, toil, and hiding, as to be almost impossible of recognition even by his most intimate friends.

It would be difficult to enumerate the number of times that Quantrell has been seen and conversed with since he was killed in Kentucky.

But the other day Brigham Young was encountered in the mountains of Utah, in strict incognito, and waiting and watching against an hour in the near future when he should again take into his hands the management of the Mormon State, and shield and save his chosen people from destruction.

Once, according to well accepted romance or story, we had an unmistakable Bourbon prince among us, the Rev. Eleazer Williams, who was none other than the unfortunate son of Louis XVI. and his murdered queen, Marie Antoinette.

Now comes the rehabilitation of another myth, and the reclothing of it with flesh, blood, a local habitation, and a name. The local habitation is the little town of Piedmont, N. C., and the name none other than that of Michael Ney, Marshal of France, Duke of Elchingen, Prince of Moskwa, and that beloved comrade of the mighty Bonaparte, who, when even surrounded by half a million of heroes, called him alone the bravest of the brave.

The story, briefly summed up, is about this: Marshal Ney was not shot on December 7, 1815, as all history declares. Favored by his old comrades, who were detailed to see the execution carried out, *a condemned criminal* was put in his place, the forms of the killing *were duly gone through* with, the real Ney escaped to the United

States, taught school in North Carolina under the name of Peter S. Ney, lived there until about 1837 as schoolteacher, and finally died as a worn and broken old man in either 1838 or 1839.

These are the most essential points. To make P. S. Ney, the schoolmaster, become the real Michael Ney, Marshal of France, declared to have been stood up against a dead wall and shot about daylight of a raw, cold morning in December, 1815, much ingenious filling in is resorted to, and much plausible fabrication.

Unless history is a lie, this story, as now being so extensively told, has been too carefully arranged, overworked, and overdone. The North Carolina Ney was a man of fine education and knew law. Marshal Ney had scarcely any education at all, and perhaps in his whole life had never looked into a law book. The North Carolina Ney was very fond of strong drink, and upon many described occasions got uproariously drunk. Marshal Ney was noted for his abstemious habits, and especially for his dislike of the various forms of alcohol. Indeed, it was to this fact alone that he himself attributed his wonderful endurance throughout all the horrors of the Russian retreat, an endurance which Napoleon noted when he gave into his hands the keeping of the rear guard and the preservation of all that was finally preserved of the Grand Army.

The North Carolina Ney was always on guard lest his identity should be suspected. He would never speak of himself, never say whether he had been a soldier or not, never discuss Bonaparte except as a thousand of his enthusiastic pupils might have done, never wrote or received letters from France, and once, when addressed by a wandering Frenchman as "Marshal Ney," gave the poor unfortunate such a terrible look that he soon sneaked away from his presence and fled the neighborhood in mortal fear lest he be slaughtered.

Now, what, under such circumstances, might not the real Marshal Ney have done, admitting always for the sake of argument the proposition that he had escaped, through the connivance of his friends, the cowardly vengeance of the Bourbons. The very first moment he landed upon American soil he was as free as the wind. No living mortal would have dared to lay hands upon him for any political crime much less for the alleged crime of devotion to his emperor and to his beloved France. He had left behind him a wife whom he idolized, and children who were the joy of his life. Why should he not have written to them, had them to have joined him, found for them a happy home in a country where his last days might have been spent in tranquil peace and rest?

Had this course not been to him the most preferable one, what was to have prevented his own return to France after the expiration of a few years of exile? An amnesty had been granted by Louis XVIII., by Charles X., and by Louis Philippe. In the reign of either he might have gone back home with perfect safety, and he lived through the reign of two of these, and through many years of the reign of the other.

As to the question, however, of the real Ney's death at the hands of the Bourbons, perhaps that has never been doubted by any one except these North Carolina *quid nuncs* and sensation concoctors. Napoleon tells at St. Helena, both to Las Casas and O'Meara, all about Ney's death. Montholon, in his memoirs, does the same. Bourrienne is exceedingly full upon the subject. A strong effort was made to save him, but Fouche, that horrible butcher of the reign of terror—*that spy, thief*, traitor, coward, servile slave, and cringing *suppliant at the feet of* power—swore that Ney should be killed as a

man and the putting up of another, if this were only the rising or the falling of the political mercury in that most mercurial of all barometers, Paris, if this merely meant that the king is dead or that the king lives, if behind the face of the ever piquant and attractive farce there was not another face—eager, hungry and splashed somewhat with blood—why, what difference would it make who strutted his brief hour upon the stage, or whether the dances were such as the grisette might enjoy at her last sou, equally with the grand dame at her last lover?

But it was not the French citizen Boulanger, who was thus put upon, nor the French General Boulanger, nor the Secretary of War Boulanger, but it was Boulanger the idea, the prescience, the terrible embodiment of a maimed and mutilated nation's half-stifled cry for vengeance.

In the presence of those two cruel and yet bleeding wounds, Sedan and Gravelotte, it does seem that even a congress of Jacobins or dynamiters might have had some pity for France. That instead of the can-can in sight of these wounds the entire representative body should have arisen, uncovered and saluted. That instead of a whole forest full of chattering monkeys, there should have come out at least from some one single jungle a roar that told of a lion crouching. That instead of whole parliamentary rights wasted in shriek and grimace, and shrug and epilepsy, something should have been heard somewhere of the sounding of trumpets and the whistling of sword-blades. That instead of there being only heard in all the darkness the gutteral croakings and chokings of carrion birds, the putrid offal thick in their distended throats, there might have been heard the screams and the gatherings of the symbolic eagles, scenting from their eyries the blue grapes which grew by the Rhine, even as in the old days and from the towering Alps they scented the oil and the wine of another Paradise named Italy. Boulanger stood for the army—that poor army which has been so cheated, juggled with, preyed upon by jobber, ruinously led and stupidly fought since Solferino. At Spicheren the ball-cartridges were a size too large for the bore of the chassepots. At Metz it had neither shell nor cannister shot. Two days before Gravelotte its meat ration had failed. At Sedan it was shoeless, tunicless and well-nigh out of ammunition. In front of Paris, and yet in the heart of one of the richest and most fertile nations on earth, it went hungry for even bread. In the end it had to take from the bloody hands of its own ferocious and ravening wolves of countrymen what was left of desolate, blackened, mutilated Paris.

Boulanger took this army; bound up its wounds; recalled its history; made its standards once more adorable; gave it the *esprit de corps* it had not known since it had transfigured Europe at the double quickstep; dealt with it as some perfect machine which had a soul; taught it that patriotism was the holiest word ever created by God upon the lips of man; gave it the splendid resources which come from ample numbers, organization, enthusiasm, discipline, ambition, a battle cry that had vengeance in it, and then, as one huge, compact, colossal mass, he held it, waiting and obedient, for another march to the Rhine.

This, we say, is what Boulanger had done for the army, and because he had he was slaughtered by communists and dynamiters, joined to a lot of demagogues and politicians that have for fifteen years made France the wonder, the pity, and the scorn of Europe.

To get a good look at the crime and the cowardice of such an *act, take down simply* the map of Prussia after Jena Auerstadt and

Friedland. As a kingdom it was almost literally wiped out. The omnipotent hand of Napoleon, clothed with the thunderbolts, had suddenly been thrust forward through the gloom and the torment of battle, and with a sponge soaked in blood had obliterated the figures which stood for Prussia from the blackboard of continental Europe. The King had no capital. The beautiful Queen—beautiful as some celestial portrait cut from a picture-book the angels paint and keep in heaven—was dying of a broken heart. Prussia itself, and in every extremity, was stricken with a paralysis pitiful to even its French despoilers.

Two men came as the Lord's annointed, two men—Stein and Scharnhorst. They pieced here and they patched there. They darned this hole and they basted that one. It was Prussia always. Men, they whispered, for they did not dare to cry aloud, everything for Prussia. If you die, yes, many of you will, but you die for Prussia. You give up your silver, your jewelry, your fruits your fields, your homes, your live stock, your household goods—yes, yes, we know all this very well, but it is for Prussia. Your boy children never come back to you; no, but they went away for Prussia. You go hungry often, and your uniform is a mass of rags, and the blood from your naked feet has splotched the snow, but if only your cartridge-boxes are full for Prussia what matter the haversacks that are empty. Here's old Blucher. Here's old Marshal Vorwarts, who for twenty years was always drunk; who for twenty years was always in the saddle; who, when he wished to sleep well, took off one spur, and who, when he wished to sleep luxuriously, took off both.

And the result? Blucher got to Waterloo; Grouchy never got there at all.

But to reach Boulanger's case and see it in all of its concentrated idiocy and want of patriotism. It is only necessary to imagine Stein and Scharnhorst deposed by the very nation it was about to save, and to restore again, unmutilated and greater in power and territory than ever, to its old imperial rank among the monarchies of Europe. In France the demagogues and politicians, joined to the red caps and dynamite, would have torn those two army creators to pieces even before they had given a soul to the army which they had summoned from chaos to encounter one who might well have been looked upon as more than mortal.

Is it any wonder that France, in its last war with Germany, never won even a skirmish from Weissomburg to Paris? Is it any wonder, then, that it has never had among its commanders such a soldier as Von Moltke, nor among its politicians such a statesman as Bismarck? Von Moltke in Paris would have been exiled at thirty. Under that hydra-headed thing called the French Republic Bismarck would have either gone mad or died before his first protocol, with all that mighty intellect of his buried with him, as absolutely unknown to the world as the grave of Moses.

So France appears to Europe, and so she will always appear as long as Paris is Babylon, qualified by steam, electricity and daily newspapers There is no more iron in the blood of Paris. What the newspapers have spared in the way of reverence, religion and old-fashioned truth, manhood and virtue, the faubourgs have finished. Ferry is a fearful old mugwump, decayed at the top. It is doubtful if Grevy ever heard of Austerlitz, and De Freycenet is a second Jim Blaine, without half Blaine's ability.

The monkey part of the French character is in the saddle.

EDMUND O'DONOVAN.

[Kansas City *Times*, June 2, 1887.]

This is the name of an Irish journalist who made himself famous. A little thin shred of a life of him has just been published in England, not greater than seventy or eighty pages, perhaps, when it might well have gone to five hundred.

His father was a learned professor in the University of Dublin. Devoted to his work there, he permitted his eldest born, Edmund, to do pretty much as he pleased, and he pleased to become a surgeon. After a little practice in this line, it further pleased him to become a botanist and a geologist. Then he traveled. Then he began a life of adventure which, in many ways, was one of the most adventurous lives that ever had an abiding place in the realms of either truth, romance, or fiction.

Irishman born, bred and educated, he was one among the very first to espouse the Fenian cause, and give to it youth, energy, daring, enthusiasm and devotion. He mastered the military tactics of the text-books that he might become a drill sergeant. He was rarely gifted by Nature to be both orator and agitator, and he was both at a gallop. He enlisted recruits, organized them, drilled them when he could, in some barn, or some lonely hillside, in some isolated glen. When the drilling was done, the exhortations would begin, and these went home to the hearts of his young Irishmen ready to follow their young drill master to war or the scaffold.

James Stevens, the great head, front, and leader of the Fenian movement, was his life-long guide, counselor and friend. One day the British authorities laid hold upon Stevens and made him fast in the dungeon of a Dublin prison. They could not or did not keep him, for he soon broke out and fled to France. O'Donovan quickly followed after, joining him in Paris. Then with tongue, pen and purse he wrought splendidly for his chief, and for the cause of Ireland so dear to his heart.

The Franco-Prussian War came on, and gave him the opportunity so long beseeched for, the opportunity to make his first essay in arms. He joined a French regiment of the line as a private soldier, fought as became his race, was named a captain on the field of battle for heroic deeds, was shot down, captured, locked up in a German fortress, escaped through sheer pity if not a tenderer sentiment of the gaoler's daughter, and got safely home once more to Ireland.

The Carlists were next to break loose among the hills of Spain, and thither rushed O'Donovan as a correspondent for the London *News*. Somewhat of a guerrilla, much of a journalist and a passable artist, he fought, wrote and sketched until his reputation became European. Meanwhile he had learned to speak French, Spanish and German. Afterward he added to these Turkish, Russian and Arabic and two or three dialects for especial use among the Tekkes and Turcomans of Tartary. Admirable polyglot, was there ever known in all newspaper history before or since a journalist so thoroughly equipped for war by land or sea among the Arabs or the Cossacks, by the blue Bosphorus, or where, God willing, old Mazeppas steeds to-morrow

> "Shall graze at ease
> Beyond the swift Borysthenes?"

One day, while still fighting, and writing, and penciling among

the guerrillas of Don Carlos—the same Don Carlos, by the way, whose name of late has been so absurdly mixed up with some certain intrigues or conspiracies in Mexico—a dream, a vision, an inspiration came to him as he lay by a bivouac fire, the night wind keen like a knife and the canteen empty.

He would see what the Russians were doing in Central Asia; that is to say, he would go into the jaws of a lion, and, more probably into the jaws of death. Russia was gathering herself together there for a mighty spring upon Merv and the Hindoo Kush Mountains, the gates to Herat. This spring was afterward made just as O'Donovan said it would be, and how he said it would be, and when he said it would be. England then remembered the warning words of this prophetic Irishman, young as he was, and Fenian though he was, as looking westward from the walls of Candahar she could see the lances of the Cossacks, clear cut and uplifted, wrathful against the lurid sunset.

Every attempt made by an Englishman to get into the Russian possessions of Central Asia had theretofore failed. Most of the attempts were stopped at the frontier. If the frontier was barely got over by some one bolder than another, a cloud of cavalry instantly enveloped him, and he was given his choice to quit the country forever or die by the rope. It is not recorded that any of the adventurers came to an end so ignominious. All the Oases in and around Merv was an unknown land to England. All that was known by anybody about it was the knowledge that it was inhabited by Russian specters. They flitted hither and thither through the gloom, but what were they doing? O'Donovan took it upon himself to find out. He laid his plans fully before the London *News;* explained them in every detail and ramification. He was endorsed and they were endorsed, and he started.

'Twere long to tell of that wonderful adventure. Of the foes that he baffled; the streams that he swam, the disguises that he assumed, the ambushments that he escaped, the robbers that he outwitted, the Cossacks that he outrode, the chiefs that he bribed, the coolness that never weakened and the smiling audacity which abode to the end. He won, however, in the desperate race, and his book, "The New Oasis," was the result. It was printed by five nations, one among them being even Russia herself, and well all of them may have done so, for it contained more accurate and valuable information upon the Asiatic positions of Russia and Great Britain than has ever yet been put in print before or since the famous gallop. The pitcher, however, was about to go for the last time to the well. The night was beginning to fall and the darkness to gather. One of the purest and most dauntless spirits journalism ever gave to the newspaper world to ennoble it and crowd it thicker still with yet more unselfish and heroic deeds was about to take its flight forever.

The Soudan was all aflame. The Arab had turned savagely upon the Egyptian, and there was war between civilizations as old as Abraham. Of course O'Donovan could never stay his hand when all that was hoary and majestic in the history of the race might look down upon his marchings and his bivouacs, his battles by day and his reveries by night.

He almost flew to Cairo, and was hot and eager with impatience until he joined the army of Hicks Pasha on its last march to extermination. Not a man of it, something over eleven thousand, ever survived to tell the tale of the monstrous slaughter. Edmund O'Donovan *perished* with the rest. He had a presentiment that he *should never survive* the campaign, but in spite of it, if not because

of it, he appeared to be all the more determined to see if fate had really and finally forsaken him. Surely this English life of him will soon be republished in America.

THE REVISED NEW TESTAMENT.

[Kansas City *Times*, June 13, 1887.]

We refer to the Revised Version of the New Testament. It can not be made to supersede the old King James translation. It came with a great flourish of religious trumpets. For ten years it was in the hands of scholars said to be in every way exalted. When the work was done, the cry went up from orthodox lips that it marked a wonderful epoch in religious history. It was to fasten the attention of the world upon it, and thereby bring about such an upheaval as had never been known in all the long record of spiritual movements, uprisings and revivals. Multitudes of those who professed to be theologians and Scriptural commentators praised it to the skies. Large sums were spent for early copies. The numbers sold at the beginning were enormous. Every adventitious aid possible was given to the sale, and the markets were bulled ecclesiastically. The gudgeons were baited with an edition without a hell, and the new orthodox revolution, as far as any sort of an insight could be got from the surface, was an accomplished fact.

Beneath the surface, however, the revolution did not revolutionize. The established Church of England never would and never has approved of it synodically, although it demanded the translation the longest and loudest. No other Protestant denomination ever officially made use of it in its churches and Sunday-schools. The Catholics would not touch it under any circumstances. Families proscribed it. Writers and speakers, lay or clerical, so scorned it that they would not quote from it. Tabooed, spurned, a failure from the beginning, it has now passed almost completely out of sight and out of mind.

And what is the reason for it all? Mr. John Fulton attempts to give the reason in the June number of "The Forum." He says in substance that too many changes were introduced to suit some and not enough to suit others. He also thinks that the poetry of many passages was impaired by giving them a too literal translation. A certain degree of obscurity serves to give a charm to the expression of poetical sentiments. No one is pleased with a likeness of a person made by measuring his features, and reducing them to a certain scale, no matter how attractive they may have been or are.

Mr. John Fulton does not go deep enough. He does not get down to the real bone and sinew of the subject. The translated New Testament, or rather the revised edition of the New Testament, was the work of a lot of intellectual dudes. They refined away poetry, pathos, rugged Saxon, quaint forms of expression, old landmarks, verses that had been lived and died by for centuries, old texts, old promises and old prophecies. One thing the people as a mass will never permit to have taken away from them, and that is the old-fashioned Bible. They never asked for any revision. They never for a moment considered that a revision was necessary.

The old King James version was venerated. Since its publi*cation it has* been a household book, the one sacred record of the *births, marriages* and deaths in a family for a generation. Its *teachings had brought* solace in sorrow, surcease in pain, comfort

in affliction, support in misfortune, ease in torment, light in darkness, and better than all, something when the final summons came that made it less dreadful to go down into the valley of the shadow and cross over that wonderful river, which in all lands and in all tongues has been called the river of death.

We do not say anything about the admirable quality of the scholarship manifested in the version of the New Testament, for no doubt that was very high and perfect; but the new translation itself was an impossible thing from the start if the intention was to make it root out the version that it pretended to correct and beautify. It makes no difference what a man may want with his Bible, how he may use it, how explain, how expound, how interpret it, he is only solicitous to know that it is his father's Bible, and that the refiners, the agnostics, the tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee fellows of the last half of the nineteenth century have not laid their hands upon that. If that is intact all the balance is easy. The denominational procession can go forward thereafter as it pleases. Anchored fast to his old-fashioned Bible, even the very gates of Greek shall not prevail against his old-fashioned belief in fire and brimstone.

THE GERMAN SUCCESSION.

[Kansas City *Times*, June 14, 1887.]

If the Crown Prince of Germany is at all superstitious—and most thorough soldiers are—and if he reads half the occult stories told about him, and half the predictions made as to what his fate is likely soon to be, the chances would be good to send him to a premature grave through sheer nervous irritation and worriment.

First, when his father was quite a young man, unmarried and sowing his wild oats plentifully, a gypsy told his fortune. He was to be king and wear three crowns. He was to have a male heir, but the heir was not to succeed him.

Later on the young man married, and was soon made king of Prussia. Afterward of Hanover, then of all Germany. Here was the three crowns the gypsy predicted. Still later on, and yet a little while before the Franco-Prussian War, the Emperor William again had his fortune told. Another gypsy cast his horoscope. He would live, the old Zingaree said, until his ninety-second year, and that when he died he would be succeeded, not by his son, but by his grandson. The son would die before his father. This son is the present Crown Prince, whose life even at this moment is in imminent peril. The physicians in attendance upon him—and he has some that have a world-wide celebrity—have not yet determined what to call the morbid growth in his throat. If it is cancerous, like General Grant's, no power short of the Lord Almighty can save him from a speedy death.

The old Emperor William, his father, recalling the two gypsy prophecies, is reported as being firmly of the belief that it is cancer, and that his son and heir will die within the year.

Then again the weird, the haunting, the evil-foreboding White Lady has been seen again at the Berlin palace. She was never known to appear except to indicate some sudden calamity to the house of Hohenzollern—most generally death. Since the serious illness of the Crown Prince the fact seems to be pretty well authenticated that she has been seen twice, and each time with a look of terror and anguish on her face. She first made her appearance during the reign of the Emperor's mother—the beautiful, the unfortu-

nate and the broken-hearted Louise—and has been part of the imperial household ever since. Does her last visit bode evil to the Crown Prince? Who knows?

A NEW REVISION OF THE BIBLE.

[Kansas City *Times*, July 23, 1887.]

A brief cable dispatch announced the other day the fact that quite a number of denominational people, whatever that may mean, had met in London and discussed freely the ways and means of preparing another translation of the Bible. They adjourned to meet again shortly.

Make it, gentlemen—make it by all means. Rub up your Hebrew and your Greek. Get quickly at your roots, your verbs and your conjugations. Print a plentiful supply. Go upon the principle that "Mark Twain" did when dealing with the lightning-rod man: "Certainly I will take a rod, ten, fifteen, fifty. Put half a dozen on the house, twenty on the barn; put them everywhere. One on the servant girl, one on the cow, six on the woodshed and then come back to me for further orders. Lightning-rods are great things to have in a family."

But, seriously, what earthly use is there for another translation of the Bible? The last one, not yet four years old, fell still-born. A few cranks discussed it *pro* and *con*, and then it dropped out of the public sight forever. Here and there a few enthusiasts proclaimed it from the housetops, but the people went by on the other side. Once in a while a sweet geranium leaf of a youngster sought to open with it his first call to preach, but his congregation drew the line at sheol, and he quickly had to hunt another translation considerably more ancient.

People are afraid of new Bibles. Education is everything in the matter of faith. Once well set in his religious ways and the average man or woman will stick at the crater of Vesuvius, even though an eruption is off only the distance of an hour. Habit also fills a great space. To be able to find certain texts at the places assigned to them is much more potential than to be able to interpret them. People cry out against superstition, but it has been one of Christianity's handmaidens. It has done a powerful sight of good and a powerful sight of harm, but its good deeds are legion as to one bad one. So, also, with Christianity itself. About the old Bible there is a sort of superstition that enshrines it and makes it invincible. Of course many things enter into the superstition to harden and crystallize it, but it exists and can not be cast aside or ignored, hence the folly of another translation no matter how perfect of the Holy Scriptures.

THE REVISED BIBLE.

[Kansas City *Times*, July, 1888.]

The English publishers of the revised edition of the Bible, especially the revised New Testament, complain very much that the venture, in a business point of view, is a dead failure. There is no demand for this revised Bible, either in part or in whole. Much money has already been lost, they say, more will be lost, and they *profess not to be able* to understand why the sales are not larger *and the profits more reassuring.*

A blind man might see why. The masses of the people do not want the revised Bible, will not have it, will not buy it, have no faith in it, no respect for it, no tolerance for it—aye, for it, in fact, they have only supreme contempt and bitter mockery.

With every human creed, belief, or spiritual profession there always goes a certain amount of superstition. It is not the superstition of ignorance. It is not the creed superstition which leads to violence, bloodshed and murder. It is not the fanatical superstition which takes the sword in one hand and the crucifix in the other. It is not the proselyting superstition which mistakes the shadow for the substance, and seeks to bring about universal brotherhood by extirpating all freedom of thought and independence of action. It is rather the sentimental superstition which believes old things to be better than new; the faith of the old days more holy than the faith of the new; the old ideas of futurity more reverent than the new agnosticism, which does not know; the old Bible, as our fathers taught it, more sacred than anything a broader learning can fashion, or a higher education make more pliable to modern thought and insipid forms of expression.

Especially does the unvexed and unexpurgated Bible take hold of the human imagination and do with it as it pleases. It has been handed down from generation to generation. The family's genealogical tree has taken root thee. In sunshine it has sung praises to the Lord; in shadow it has poured ointment into the hurts and tempered the wind to the shorn lamb. Birth saw its precious depository busy with the record, and death knew that however the stealth of its bereavements, something would be writ to tell of what had been given and what had been taken away.

And then what delightful memories of childhood cluster about the old Bible. Call it the King James version, or the Douay version, or whatever other version you please, so only it is the old Bible, to childhood it is a sentient thing. It has life and breath and speech and motion. For every doubt it has an explanation, and for every wound a Gilead full of balm. Its promises are articulate, and it soothes as it promises. To doubt its inspiration in those halcyon days would have been to doubt a father's care or a mother's tenderness. Somehow, no matter how, it grew about the heart and became chief among its holy household gods. Every line in it was taken literally, interpreted literally, and acted upon literally. It provided for a future. It robbed death of the severity of its sting; it denied to the grave the exultation of its victory. As one grew older it took upon itself shape after shape that had not before been discovered, because to be more and more of a necessity. It was historical, theological, polemical, scientific, hygienic, geological and prophetic. It was a single volume and a library. Day after day it gathered unto itself new strength; reading after reading it revealed unto the student new beauties of thought and new avenues of investigation. All in all, it was to him the most satisfying book ever printed, and so when he went out into the world for himself, along with the faces of the other near ones and dear ones, there went also the form and the face of the idolized old family Bible.

No wonder, therefore, that the work which would cut and carve this precious instrument is almost universally looked upon as sacrilegious work, receiving bitter denunciations instead of indorsment, or so completely ignored as to entail heavy financial losses upon those who, *through much learning*, vainly imagined that they could *saturate the Word of* God with their Greek and Hebrew refinements

and force it upon the recognition of those who yet believe in the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures-

MARRIAGE OF CAPTAIN COLLINS.

[Kansas City *Times* August, 1888.]

So this wary old campaigner has been captured at last. So the old veteran battery commander, who never lost a gun in all the four years' war, in one swift moment lost both his heart and whatever may be looked upon as the blessedness of single life. So this splendid cannoneer, whom General Jo Shelby took as a boy and left as a giant, has become as pliant as a woman's necklace in as tender a pair of hands as ever threaded the strands of life with the golden beads of purity and devotion. Ah! love! love!

There are thousands of the comrades of Captain Collins thisday all over Arkansas, Texas and Missouri who will rejoice that such a destiny has come at last to one who has deserved so much at the hands of fortune—deserved so much because of truth, courage, generous manhood, steadfastness to friendship, perfect honor and a faith that will fail not till the end.

Then if these old comrades of his could have seen his beautiful bride—so modest, so gentle, so refined, the dew of the morning of her young life yet glistening upon the roses in her cheeks, their congratulations would have been sent up to him twice, once because of the resolution which made him draw near to such a shrine to offer incense, and once because the priestess who presided there had so many of the qualities of splendid American womanhood as to fit her perfectly for adoration.

And now the two go out into the world hand in hand together. Perhaps it may be dark sometimes. Perhaps in some mornings no birds may be heard to sing. Perhaps fate's hand may now and then smite hard and smite the things which are tenderest. Perhaps across the home threshold some shadows may fall which can be lifted never more until the light that never was on shore or sea lift them beyond the wonderful river; but stand up, old comrade, tender and true. You are the oak. It is for you to sit sentinel by the hearthstone, for you to make holy with devotion the perfect shelter of the roof-tree. Everything that is touching in woman's confidence has been reposed in you. The perfect purity of a sinless and stainless life is yours for the cherishing. The sun has risen on this newer and fuller existence, and that journey has been entered upon which must go forward to its final abiding place of domestic happiness. Since it has been begun, may the good God send to bless it those bountiful things which make the flowers to bloom for you, and the green sward to be gracious for your feet, and soft winds to blow for you, and a perfect possession to come unto you, as the gentle night-dews come to a summer's hill.

THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL.

[Kansas City *Times*, October, 1888.]

The Boston *Herald* asks with more plaintiveness than the subject demands, it seems to us, when the great American novel may be expected. Before such a question could be answered one would *have to understand* what is meant by the great American novel. If *it is to be a "Les Miserables"* of a book, the answer would be easy,

for it would consist of the single word never; but until a book in some degree approaching this is produced this side of the Atlantic it is not worth while to talk about any really distinctive or representative work of American fiction.

The American novels, now being printed by the carload and scattered broadcast over the country, furnish the best possible evidence that the *Herald's* question must remain in abeyance for a satisfactory answer if not for a whole century at least for the half of one. There never was such a ruck of simper, insanity and gush. There was never such a reign of platitude, idiocy and drivel. No power anywhere. No imagination. No hand that can paint a picture to interest, much less to haunt one. Nothing that forces a sigh, much less a shudder. Nothing that casts athwart the sky of a perfect imbecility a single lurid flash to tell that the sun of genius is about to lift itself above the horizon.

The old novels, by far the best ever published in this country, are no longer read. Who to-day sets any store by James Fenimore Cooper? and yet he was as much of an American as the American eagle. The forests at his touch took any hue or color. They were green like green seas, or desolate like snow wastes in December. They were jocund with bird songs, or hushed as though the vast presence of the Angel of Silence brooded in all their branches. He put his hand upon the streams and, as they hastened on to the sea, they had a speech which he interpreted. He dramatized the wigwam and the Indian, the trapper and the scout, and gave to the civilization of the border the terse, picturesque form of expression which even to this day, dialect though it be, still retains all of its pathos and intensity. His pictures of pioneer life were perfect. The hunter, the trapper, the scout, the guide, the red warrior, the warpath, the block-house, the ambushment, the butchery—they are as well recognized now as portrayed by this wizard as they were in the days when Montcalm pitched his marquee in front of Fort William Henry, and poor old Munro, heroic Scotchman though he was, surrendered at last to French finesse and Indian deviltry.

But Cooper is forgotten. And so is Poe. And Hawthorne will be by and by. Namby-pambyism is the standard. Any situation which would make a mouse squeak is eliminated from all latter-day American novels. The end is everything, the denouement as the chirrupers like to call it. That must be a marriage, everybody happy, the hero getting a medicine chest, and a copy of *Godey's Lady's Book* for a wife, and the heroine getting one of Sam Jones' spider-legged dudes and a walking stick for a husband. Hysteria and hair-pin. The bustle and the pad. Tootsy-wootsy and baby-boy. Lord of Israel! what a race of chimpanzees would be born into the world if these modern American novelists could have the making of its procreators.

Coming like the white butterflies in June, and going like the white caterpillars in November, there is one funny sort of a man called Henry James, an American in the spring and an Englishman in the fall, who has had the audacity to declare that he is the great American novelist. Why, he isn't a novelist of any kind, let alone an American novelist. If truth had ever had the fashioning of a nom de plume for him it would have been insipidity. His women wheeze like people with the phthisic. Now and then he has a statuesque one, and she faints at the sight of a Japanese fan. Skilled in essences, and with a smelling bottle always handy, he will go *into a drawing room* and have four or five on the floor at once, some

with their bodies unlaced and some in hysterics. His men are my Lord Fitznoodle, and my Count Nonentity. He an American novelist! Henry James the great American novelist! Yes, just about as much as the pine cone on the ground is the gigantic pine tree.

If the Boston *Herald* is really in distress for a day to come when that mythical thing, the great American novel, is to be born, it had just as well begin now to tear its hair and rend its garments. Come back again, say at the end of another century. The land is too new. The standard of taste is too low. There is too much shoddy affectation, and veneering to the front. The genius of the age lies in money getting and money grabbing. The "yaller" covers have the boom. Iron is king. Wait for more refinement, luxury and cultivation. Wait for the moccasin tracks to be obliterated. And while you are about it, our dear contemporaries, just wait for the Millennium.

OUIDA AND ZOLA.

[Kansas City *Times*, 1889.]

There is a literary club in Boston composed entirely of women. Its name is the "Analytical," and the last subject brought before it for discussion was rather a peculiar one, to speak modestly, being this: "As between Ouida and Zola, which of the two is the most immoral?"

It is not recorded what the verdict was, if a verdict was indeed reached; but the debate, in the event that it took a wide range, must have been exceedingly *bizarre* and somewhat interesting.

To settle the question of immorality between two such authors, not a few edged tools would have to be handled. A spade would have to be called a spade most emphatically. Vigorous English would have to come in all along the line in no uncertain manner. Comparisons would have to be made by direct and apropos quotations. No mere *ipse dixit* in that assembly would have had the tolerance of a moment. There were the models, stripped from necklace to satin slipper, and there were the judges, impassible as Plymouth Rock, taking note of each development.

Between the two authors thus discussed the immorality of each—and of course we only refer to their writings—differs merely in the way it is presented. Ouida's immorality is perfumed, essenced, plumed, scarfed, jeweled, full of poetry and full of romance Zola's is brutal, indiscriminate and low-bred. Ouida is always refined, picturesque and suggestive; Zola lays about him with a club. Ouida builds palaces for her Phrynes; Zola is content with a rookery. Ouida crowns vice with flowers and decorates it with diamonds; Zola is satisfied with rags and tatters. Ouida goes many times to mass and sometimes to confession; Zola sneers alike at God and devil. Ouida trips daintily to trystings, the red in her cheeks and wind in her hair; Zola in great muddy boots that smell of the stable. Ouida's approach is heralded by the swish of silk and the odor of violets; Zola's by the stumblings of the drunkard and the peculiar flavor of absinthe and brandy. Ouida gilds everything—touches the cheeks with *rouge* and the eyes with henna; Zola does not even use soap and water. Ouida is luxury, sensuousness, down, ermine, rare wines, passionate wooings and passionate embraces; Zola is mechanical lust put together like a machine and quite as soulless. Ouida's assignations have in them the singing of birds, *and the leaping of sword-blades; Zola's the shivering of glasses in tavern brawls and the* bacchanalian shouts of vulgar revelers. Ouida

quiets conscience, weakens resolution, puts a silken scarf over the eyes of purity, baits her traps with bait from a king's table, makes a truce with continence, gives virtue a plenary indulgence, and lifts constantly a curtain for glimpses of Paradise; Zola thrusts rudely into the hand a printed bill of fare that orders may be issued according to appetite. Ouida appeals to the spirit; Zola to the flesh. The immorality of the one has over it always something of a garment, transparent though it may be and of the color of flesh; Zola does not even put on a fig leaf about the loins.

These, therefore, are the two styles of immorality which the fair ladies of the analytical club no doubt discussed in all the ins and outs and ramifications of their putrescence and abomination. As none but women were present this discussion in all probability took a wide range and license, although we are of the opinion that Ouida had the most votes.

What next?

IS DEATH ALL?

[Kansas City *Times*.]

There come up in connection with Colonel Ingersoll's eulogy delivered upon the life and character of Roscoe Conkling some serious thoughts. To Ingersoll he was a paladin. Yes, and to many another besides Ingersoll. He is desribed by the orator as being brave, true, clean, immovable in his friendships, and unalterable in his love. The country knew that long ago. We put aside all of Ingersoll's slush, wherein the bloody shirt and abolitionism are mixed in equal proportions, and come directly to the question: Where, beyond the grave, is the Pantheon for such a hero?

Take this great American as he is put upon Ingersoll's canvas. Look at his face, his eyes, his *pose*, his stature and his whole commanding presence in every feature and aspect. Is no soul there? If there is a soul, who gave it? Into whose hands does it return? Is it annihilation? Do men like Napoleon, Cæsar, Hannibal, Victor Hugo and a whole mighty array of other giants disappear into nothingness?

It can not be. It is against reason, common sense, revealed religion, the Bible, the agony in the garden, the torture on the cross. It is also against human nature. Man, in any state, is supremely selfish. He wants a hereafter. He wants another world when he gets old, a place to lie down, to sleep, perhaps to dream. Life's battle may have borne against him heavily. Bosoms—despite all love, and courage, and watchfulness, and tenderness—have been stricken home at his side. He knows where his graves are. The dew falls upon them like a benediction. The birds sing above them as they do when they find sweet seed in the summer grasses. He is worn now, and feeble and far spent. He dies, and Ingersoll says that death is the last of him. He turns to a leaf, a sprout, a shrub, perhaps a four-leaf clover, perhaps a head of timothy, it may be one thing or it may be another; but, whatever it is, the end is utter oblivion.

It is against every selfish instinct of man that such a fate is desirable. In his inner being there is a constant revolt against such abominable paganism. Indeed, it is worse than paganism. Paganism did have its altars, its shrines, its sacred groves, its temples, its vestal virgins, its priests, its augurs, its elysian fields, its gods, its goddesses, its spirits of good and of evil; but it never had extinction. *Instead, it had sinners immortal in their capacity to suffer*

and endure. It had Pluto and Prometheus; it had Proserpine and Acteon; it had Midas and Tantalus; it had the Furies and the Eumenides, but its future was never without a resurrection. That has remained for the superior development of the nineteenth century—steam everywhere; electricity everywhere; oceans speaking to the land through great coils of wires that even teach the fishes a speech, and cause the great yet invisible monsters of the deep to send forth their *avants courier*, their krakens, their sea serpents, their devils of indescribable things which have as many arms as a wheel has spokes, and in each arm the strength of a screw-propeller—send them forth to know all the meaning of the new things men have invented who are totally without souls, and yet with an intelligence equal to the angels. In fact, this wonderful period in the life of mankind has waited for Robert G. Ingersoll.

It may be all as he says, but he has put his race at a terrible disadvantage. He has made of them mummies, monkeys and blocks of wood. As far as he could he has burned out the eyes of faith. He has taken from cripples, paralytics and deformed people what little staff and script they had for this unknown journey, creeping on apace and making fiercer and fiercer inroads at every returning season. He has made of the holy mysteries things to deride, ridicule, spit on, daub with mud, dress in rags and scarify like lepers. And then to think that he had the audacity to deliver a eulogy on Roscoe Conkling. Sacrilege! Sacrilege! Sacrilege!

THE NEW YEAR.

To all things there must come a past—to those who sin and love and suffer and repent, and who go on through life and make no prayer or moan, it is well, in the infinite wisdom of God, that there is a past. The heart buries its treasures there. It is full of sad, sweet faces lying asleep in the sepulchres, full of "broken vows and pieces of rings." There, when life was at its flood and the world full of all glad and green-growing things, it held so many memories that came only when youth and hope were strong and rare, like winsome lock of hair, some garment of spice-smell or sky-color, some apple-tree white and pink with blossoms, some tune that came in with the sunset and lingered until the night had fallen, some snowy tents of the dogwood perched beyond the early green of meadows washed with dew and wiped with the moonshine, some twilight trysting by the garden-gate, the moon bending low in the West and the twilight busy with the lilacs, some lapsing flow of running water where the tree-tops were jubilant with nests and tremulous with many wings—something that came only in the first spring-time and affluence of life, and that lingers until the stars have faded one by one, and the sounds are heard of the waves of the wonderful river.

The new year comes, however, and behind it are all the old and crowded years, some of them glad as with sunshine, and some of them sorrowful as with tears. It is best neither to remember nor forget. Let the past lie out peacefully among its sepulchers and its shadows, and let the present be all our own. There are rugged battles yet to fight, there are triumphs yet in store, there is work for all who know the meaning of that simple word duty, there are fields to cultivate, consecrated efforts to put forth, and illustrious examples *to set for all the future.* Nothing is lost or thrown away. Poor *finite hearts that yearn,* and doubt, and stand aside abashed as the

great cavalcade of high deeds and heroic actions go by, have only need to lift themselves up and become as giants in the march of progress. It will be dark many times, and the winds will blow cold, and the clouds will gather; but after the midnight the morning, and after the cold, gray dawn in the east, the blue sky filled with its sunshine and its bountiful and temperate air.

WHOSE FAULT IS IT?

In a recent discourse the Rev. J. P. Newman is reported to have said, in referring to the Chicago anarchists: The cry goes up to-day for absolute liberty, destroy the Bible, tear down the churches, exile the pastors, abolish the Sabbath. Could any American citizen have anticipated ten years ago such an advance? Would any American citizen ten years ago have foretold that to-day men calling themselves good citizens and Christians would sign and circulate a petition for the pardon of those whose hands are red with the blood of the keepers of the peace and defenders of the public safety? What is back of this anarchy? This foul, revolutionary movement of miserable, cowardly wretches, who ought to have been hung long ago? Liberty means obedience to law, absolute liberty has no place in this land, and he who comes to us from abroad should understand that for those who yell for absolute liberty and its practices, we have the dungeon, the gallows, or exile.

This is all very well as far as it goes, but it has merely skimmed the surface of the evil which afflicts the country. Who pities those dynamiters of Chicago? Who is lifting a hand to save them from the rope except those who are but little better than they? Dr. Newman need not have belabored these straw men so furiously. They are the mere outgrowth of a poison that lies deeper; that has been at work for thrice ten years; that is as difficult to eradicate as leprosy; that the pulpit has had as much to do in making deadly as a morass has in breeding malaria; that is becoming more intense every day, more destructive and more impervious to medicament—we mean the poison of infidelity.

The gravitation toward a religion that has neither a Bible nor a Savior has been going on steadily in the United States for thirty years. It began when the New Testament was prostituted by the elimination of an actual devil and a real hell. It began when a reign of sensationalism set in, and when texts were not taken from the Holy Scriptures, but from the most abnormal and outrageous events of everyday society, the more fashionable the better and the more given over to worldliness and display.

What has become of the old-fashioned orthodoxy? What of a faith that once had to be manifested by works? What of Bible verses and Bible expoundings? What of the whole congregation joining in old-fashioned hymns, sometimes quaint but always full of that kind of pathos which made people stronger and better for the singing? What of the lowly meeting houses, with wooden benches and uncarpeted aisles?

Fashion has killed them all. Infidelity has done its work all too well, bringing to aid it as faithful allies agnosticism, materialism, atheism, doubt, questioning, ridicule, politics, prohibition, the world, the flesh and the devil. The race is fast becoming one of scoffers and unbelievers. It has no use for preachers who make violent *partisans out of* themselves, and go about mixing in every-*thing that belongs to* the ballot-box, and the meetings. Before it

will listen to them it will go to the other extreme and assume an air of infidel bravado out of their disgust or defiance. Who hears religion preached any more in the fashionable churches? It has become to be considered a species of anguish to call Jesus Christ any longer the Son of God. The inspiration of the Bible is a myth that has been sent to keep company with the sea serpent. The whole beautiful and appealing plan of salvation, made touching and supremely lovable through the life, the teachings, the crucifixion, and the resurrection of an immortal sacrifice, is now no more accounted of than the bleeding and empty skin of a slaughtered bullock. The road to Heaven has been made musical with resonant organs and choirs of singing people who sing operatic airs that boldly proclaim the green room and ogle the can-can not a little wantonly.

And then the texts. Sermons have been preached on base ball, on horse racing, on watering places, on battle flags, on cipher dispatches, on the waltz, on victorious armies, on the navy and what it did in the war, on forty acres and a mule, on Ingersoll, a cart load or two on Guiteau, one in this town on Jesse James, quite a number on the address Ingalls made concerning Ben Hill, 10,000 probably on Grant, not so many on Garfield; but precious few about Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

Nor is Dr. J. P. Newman any better than a good many others who have thus made the pulpit a place for man canonization and the church a place for man idolatry. He has preached more politics to the square inch of brain than any other preacher in the country. When Grant was president he never had a favorite colt to chafe its tail, that this inspector of consulates did not give his congregation a discourse on the misfortune. Toady always, and spread-eagle always, is it any wonder that such so-called expounders of the gospel drive men in multitudes into any species of unbelief which will array them openly against these charlatans and impostors?

Socialism is accursed of God, but so is infidelity. No nation mentioned yet in all history ever prospered a single hour or in a single undertaking after it abandoned the simple belief and faith of its fathers, for with these go truth, virtue, honesty and patriotic manhood. It is no longer capable of making heroic sacrifices. It is no longer fit to rise up against adversity, affliction or chastisement. Its spiritual torpor is complete, and it is physically incapable of a single emotion. There are many instances recorded where the pulpits have killed liberty.

GONE DOWN AT SEA.

The blue of the sky and the blue of the ocean were blended together when the City of Boston sailed away from England in the springtime, westward bound. It is winter now, and snows have fallen, and the faces of all the seas have been white with the wrath and the pain of the tempest, but never more forever will there come up from the great deep a whisper to tell where the brave ship went down. Three hundred were on board. Mothers were there with their children newly born; maidens were there upon whose fair heads had blown the pleasant winds of France, and in whose eyes were the light of English summers; youth stood upon the promenade deck looking far into the future, with hope that had upon its *wings the morning* and the sunrise; manhood's stalwart faith gazed *camly on the azure face* of the eternal ocean, and listened to the

voices of the tide as one hears soft music in a dream; beauty lingered late among the happy hours that had for solace merriment and laughter; and all the stars were kind, and all the elfin lights that danced along the deep took mermaid shapes and whirled and sported round the ship as though 'twere sailing in among the islands of the blessed. Blithe battle blowing all about the sunny slopes of France, and in amid the vine leaves and the vines as running water, took eyes and hearts from the ocean bird sailing grandly on to her inarticulate death. Was there any storm, clothed with the wind and hurricane, that grappled and overthrew the vessel? Nobody knows. Did the fiery lightning run all along the spars and light the sails and shrouds and hull for funeral pyre? The ebb and flow of moon-made tides carry no message back to either shore. Oh! it was pitiful, that death—"alone, alone, all alone—alone on the wide, wide sea." Some died and made no moan. Some must have floated with drenched, loose arms flung wide apart and smiles of childhood on the wan, thin faces. Was the night brooding upon the water, moonless and starless? Could a south wind have blown, perfumed with land odors, only to bring the skeleton reaper and the pitiless storm? What said all the beautiful maidens in death's broken and touching talk? Were not the mother's eyes more steadfast than any there, and were not her prayers more holy and fervent as she lifted her face to heaven—a face that bore a living likeness to the fair-haired boy in tears upon her bosom? Was it morning when the good ship went down, and had the night, like a corpse abandoning a bier, stolen the shroud from the face of the ocean? In all the lost three hundred was there one to whom death came as a benediction—one that smiled sweetly as the angry, crawling waves came up the oaken ribs, and murmured wearily and wistfully to ears that could not hear:

"Fair mother, fed with the lives of men,
Thou are subtle and cruel of heart, men say;
Thou hast taken, and shall not render again;
Thou art full of thy dead, and cold as they;
But death is the worst that comes of thee;
Thou art fed with our dead, O Mother, O sea,
But when hast thou fed on our hearts? or when,
Having given us love, hast thou taken away?"

Oh, but nothing mangles, and rends, and devours like the sea. It laughs with insatiable lips and comes to its prey screened by the zephyrs and by gracious and temperate airs. The clouds and the waves conspire. There is a gulf in the sky and a gulf in the ocean, and all between is the freighted bark, having frail things, and beautiful things for cargo and ballast, run from billow to billow, and a great noise is heard as of agony and fear, and hard bestead and hunted like a wounded, stricken thing, the good ship, City of Boston went down and left no piece of wreck, no spar, no white face swollen with the sleep of death, no bonnie tress of hair coiled about and tangled with seaweed, no broken and battered boat, no whisper in wind or air to tell how the wild waves went over all.

There are hearts yet in the old world and the new that are listening for the signal guns which tell of her offing truly made and her anchors fast in the harbor of repose. The laughing morning winds, fed with the dew and the sunrise have tripped over the grave of the wreck, and when they had passed the sea wore its placid smile, and there were no murmurs to tell of the three hundred sleeping peacefully beneath. The hurricane and the tempest have rocked them down amid the coral caves of old ocean, but no dreams

come to the eternal slumber and no noises entered into the everlasting rest. Is it best so? Poor, finite souls that only feel love's ceaseless vigils and stretch in vain the longing arms of hopeless sorrow, think little of the faith which bids them weep no more and pray for hope and consolation. The morning brings no ship and night no dear ones to the home-hearth swept since the day of sailing. It can not be that the secrets of the drowned must remain forever in the inexorable bosom of the sea. Surely some wave will bear them shoreward, some drift take them out to the islands where summer is eternal and where shipwrecks never come.

BETTER WAR BY LAND THAN SEA.

[Kansas City *Times*.]

The talk is still of earthquake, shipwreck and disaster. By land and sea the face of the Lord appears to be turned away from the people.

It is impossible to read the stories which come from Italy without a shudder at the wholesale destruction of so much life and property. Villages disappear as a stranded ship on a pitiless lee shore. Towns are blotted out as though a swift hand, holding a sponge, had suddenly washed away the figures on a blackboard. This hand, however, is appalling, for it emerges from the darkness and retires again into the darkness. It is death, but it is the sort of death that comes to the far south on the east wind, weaving its winding sheets where the jungles are, and leaping out from the dark lagoons, a horrid specter, just when all nature is most jocund and when, in listening to the birds, one can dream in his dreams that surely such songs must also be sung in

"The sweet fields of Eden."

Cities—wherein it has been joyous to live, and wherein peace, and all the good angels who wait upon her, have dwelt together as vestal virgins in a temple—have heard the blowing as of some titanic subterranean horns, and have seen walls crash down and palaces crumble as though a legion of imprisoned Joshuas were reaching upward again for that sun which will never stand still any more in the plains of Agalon.

The priest dies by the altar. In the cradle the baby croons and goes to sleep forever. The strong man turns, as it were, sword in hand, to defend his household. The gray hairs of age count for nothing beyond the old, immemorial aureole. The mother, beautiful in the august beauty of accepted death, rushes to guard her children and perishes above them as though she, too, had the Douglas blood in her veins, as when

"Dead above the heart of Bruce
The heart of Douglas lay."

There were revels and routs and balls. In several of the stricken places bridal affairs were in process of consummation. Music abounded. Odors were everywhere. On the silk and satin edges of the throngs the click as of castanets came to stir the blood, as the blast of bugles do in battle. These were the feet of the merry dancers "dancing in tune."

Suddenly death took a hand in all too many of these transactions; as he came at Herculaneum, as he came at Pompeii; as he has come so often, so often to so many in the first springtime and affluence

of youth; to so many who have never known any other season except spring, with its passion flowers, or summer with its roses—so he came to many a shattered and desolated hamlet, or village, or town in Italy. Every sort of shape we have described death took in its recent terrible visitations, and our own people barely catch glimpses of the real horrors of the work done by these dreadful upheavals. The inmates of churches, convents, schools, palatial residences, hovels, marts of commerce, all avenues of trade and traffic have perished in a moment, have been multilated or crippled or robbed of everything which is really fit to make life enjoyable.

If a certain number of the human race have to be destroyed violently, as many contend, to maintain the equilibrium of the population, why not let them be destroyed through war? Only the strong, then, the fearless and the ambitious, have to go. Glory awaits the survival of the fittest. They can see death as he waits for them. He is yonder in that battery's smoke. Where that tawny earthwork crouches, all about it seemingly asleep, as some gorged wild beast in its lair, he has been in ambush since the early morning. Take care! Those half-bent figures, with guns at a trail, just creeping like panthers into the right-hand thicket, are as so many spectral fingers pointing to death's unerring line of battle. You hear in the darkness the clanking of steel scabbards, cries, oaths, the neighing of horses, a steady tramp, tramp, as of waves breaking on a beach, and a low, continuous rumble, as of thunder at sea. Be ready! Death is marching through the night to do its deadly work in the daylight. An attacking army is getting into line.

But who perish? Only men—men—men! Young, stalwart fellows, lusty food for gunpowder, and fit to get over yonder all the houris and odalisques that may be had in the warrior's Paradise. No children perish. No babes at the breast. No aged people at the brink of the grave. No priest at the altar. No brides "betwixt the red wine and the chalice."

A CLOSE CALL.

[Kansas City *Times*.]

The assassin who fired point blank at Jules Ferry, not probably over five feet away, surely meant to kill him. He hit him twice, but it appears as if neither bullet broke the skin, much less penetrated. In this no doubt many will see a miracle—those who are always seeking for signs, signals, portents, and interpretation outside of human nature and common sense. The multitude, however, will only see a very indifferent pistol and powerfully poor gunpowder.

Jules Ferry is one of the strongest men intellectually in France. He is a philosopher, a bit of a stoic, not given to retrospects, never disturbed by illusions and looks askance at the French republic as if it were some untamable mustang of a thing, dangerous to mount and impossible to ride. In addition, he lives up to Talleyrand's famous motto: "Never have anything to do with an unlucky man."

But as to Jules Ferry's politics—ah! that is quite another matter. He may be a Republican and he may not. A Bonapartist, then? Never. Of that dynasty he once said: "In that nest there was only one eagle. The world can not afford such eagles but rarely in the centuries."

Orleanist? No. The younger generations of Louis Philippe, Charles X., and that other old fellow of Chambord, with his lillies in place of the tri-color, and that preposterous soubriquet of his of

Dieudonne—the God-given—do not fuse, can not unite their forces, have no cohesion, have no sense, don't know France, don't know its population. They belong to his proscribed crowd of unlucky people.

Opportunist? That may be. An Opportunist in politics is what an Agnostic is in religion. In either surrounding, the creed thoroughly summed up, is this: I do not know. There may be a devil and there may not. There may be something above in the shape of a New Jerusalem and there may not. After this life there may be another and there may not. After death there may be a resurrection and there may not. I do not know.

This is the Agnostic.

The Opportunist reasons pretty much in the same way. Everything and nothing are taken for granted. There may be a war with Germany. Very well. There may be a Russian alliance. Still very well. Perhaps one of these days a *coup d'etat* may come along. It would not surprise me. A republic is impossible in France. I have never denied it. The army at heart is for a monarchy. That does not surprise me. I simply do not know. Whatever the new broom may be, I shall take good care to have hold of the handle. Is, then, M. Jules Ferry a Republican? Evidently the poor fool who tried to kill him thought not, as did those who were back of him, and who probably sent him to the galleys for the balance of his natural lifetime. They will scarcely cut off his head. The guillotine now-a-days is a kind of an aristocratic institution. It has spilt so much blood of blue-blooded people first and last that the thing has become to have a sort of horrible prescience. Something of the souls of those great ones whom it has put to death may have entered into its own mechanical organization. Mark you, a king died under its knife. And a queen. And heroic old generals grown gray in war, with only their scars to tell their story. And orators whose eloquence belongs to immortality. And that colossus Danton, whose tramp across the surface of France shook Europe, and at the roar of whose terrible voice armies sprang instantly into life and marched away to the frontier—why, indeed, should not the guillotine be a little bit particular now about its victim, and be granted some favors in the way of discriminating between criminals?

M. Ferry is not the man who can touch the fiber of the national heart of France, which is in constant vibration either sensitively or violently, because he is not in unison with it. Between political parties who decimate and immolate one another, he is clearly of the opinion that it is not best to tear too many passions to tatters. In the days gone by he was a stubborn fighter in the ranks of whatever opposition was uppermost, but always in the ranks of the opposition. Of late he has neither written much nor spoken scarcely any at all. He is of the opinion that the republic does not know what it wants nor whither it is going. No doubt he is tired. He has reached that age in life when he would like to think a little. He sees all the parties about him actuated rather by likes than by hopes, by aversions rather than by principles. He sees no brilliant star arising amid the mists of the evening to guide new generations aright on the pathway that leads to his ideal republic, and he doubts, folds his hands and sets still.

Why, of all other men, he should have been singled out to be murdered, surpasses all understanding on this side of the ocean.

THE KILLING OF JESSE JAMES.

[Sedalia *Democrat*, April, 1881.]

" Let not Cæsar's servile minions,
Mock the lion thus laid low:
'Twas no foeman's hand that slew him.
'Twas his own that struck the blow."

No one among all the hired cowards, hard on the hunt for blood-money, dared face this wonderful outlaw, one even against twenty, until he had disarmed himself and turned his back to his assassins, the first and only time in a career which has passed from the realms of an almost fabulous romance into that of history.

We called him outlaw, and he was, but Fate made him so. When the war came he was just turned of fifteen. The border was all aflame with steel, and fire, and ambuscade, and slaughter. He flung himself into a band which had a black flag for a banner and devils for riders. What he did he did, and it was fearful. But it was war. It was Missouri against Kansas. It was Jim Lane and Jennison against Quantrell, Anderson and Todd.

When the war closed Jesse James had no home. Proscribed, hunted, shot, driven away from among his people, a price put upon his head—what else could the man do, with such a nature, except what he did do? He had to live. It was his country. The graves of his kindred were there. He refused to be banished from his birthright, and when he was hunted he turned savagely about and hunted his hunters. Would to God he were alive to-day to make a righteous butchery of a few more of them.

There never was a more cowardly and unnecessary murder committed in all America than this murder of Jesse James. It was done for money. It was done that a few might get all the money. He had been living in St. Joseph for months. The Fords were with him. He was in the toils, for they meant to betray him. He was in the heart of a large city. One word would have summoned 500 armed men for his capture or extermination. Not a single one of the attacking party need to have been hurt. If, when his house had been surrounded, he had refused to surrender, he could have been killed on the inside of it and at long range. The chances for him to escape were as one to 10,000, and not even that; but it was never intended that he should be captured. It was his blood the bloody wretches were after—blood that would bring money in the official market of Missouri.

And this great commonwealth leagued with a lot of self-confessed robbers, highwaymen and prostitutes to have one of its citizens assassinated, before it was positively known he had ever committed a single crime worthy of death.

Of course everything that can be said about the dead man to justify the manner of his killing, will be said; but who is saying it? Those with the blood of Jesse James on their guilty souls. Those who conspired to murder him. Those who wanted the reward, and would invent any lie or concoct any diabolical story to get it. They have succeeded, but such a cry of horror and indignation at the infernal deed is even now thundering over the land that if a single one of the miserable assassins had either manhood, conscience, or courage, he would go, as another Judas, and hang himself. But, so sure as God reigns, there never was a dollar of blood-money obtained *yet which did not* bring with it perdition. Sooner or later there

comes a day of vengeance. Some among the murderers are mere beasts of prey. These, of course, can only suffer through cold, or hunger or thirst; but whatever they dread most that thing will happen. Others again among the murderers are sanctimonious devils who plead the honor of the State, the value of law and order, the splendid courage required to shoot an unarmed man in the back of the head; and these will be stripped to their skin of all their pretensions, and made to shiver and freeze, splotched as they are and spotted and piebald with blood, in the pitiless storm of public contempt and condemnation. This to the leaders will be worse than death.

Nor is the end yet. If Jesse James had been hunted down as any other criminal, and killed while trying to escape or in resisting arrest, not a word would have been said to the contrary. He had sined and he had suffered. In his death the majesty of the law would have been vindicated; but here the law itself becomes a murderer. It leagues with murderers. It hires murderers. It aids and abets murderers. It borrows money to pay and reward murderers. It promises immunity and protection to murderers. It is itself a murderer—the most abject, the most infamous, and the most cowardly ever known to history. Therefore this so-called law is an outlaw, and these so-called executors of the law are outlaws. Therefore let Jesse James' comrades—and he has a few remaining worth all the Fords and Littles that could be packed together between St. Louis and St. Joe—do unto them as they did unto him. Yes, the end is not yet, nor should it be. The man had no trial. What right had any officer of this State to put a price upon his head and hire a band of cut-throats and highwaymen to murder him for money?

Anything can be told of man. The whole land is filled with liars and robbers, and assassins. Murder is easy for a hundred dollars. Nothing is safe that is pure or unsuspecting, or just, but it is not to be supposed that the law will become an ally and a co-worker in this sort of a civilization. Jesse James has been murdered, first, because an immense price had been set upon his head, and there isn't a low-lived scoundrel to-day in Missouri who wouldn't kill his own father for money; and second, because he was made the scape-goat of every train robber, foot-pad and highwayman between Iowa and Texas. Worse men a thousand times than the dead man have been hired to do this thing. The very character of the instruments chosen shows the infamous nature of the work required. The hand that slew him had to be a traitor's! Into all the warp and woof of the devil's work there were threads woven by the fingers of a harlot. What a spectacle! Missouri, with splendid companies and regiments of militia. Missouri, with a hundred and seventeen sheriffs, as brave and as efficient on the average as any men on earth. Missouri, with a watchful and vigilant marshal in every one of her principal towns and cities. Missouri, with every screw and cog and crank and lever and wheel of her administrative machinery in perfect working order. Missouri, with all her order, progress and development, had yet to surrender all these in the face of a single man—a hunted, lied-upon, proscribed and outlawed man, trapped and located in the midst of thirty-five thousand people—and ally with some five or six cut-throats and prostitutes that the majesty of the law might be vindicated, and the good name of the State saved from all further reproach! Saved! *Why, the whole State* reeks to-day with a double orgy—that of lust

and that of murder. What the men failed to do, the women accomplished.

Tear the two bears from the flag of Missouri. Put thereon, in place of them, as more appropriate, a thief blowing out the brains of an unarmed victim, and a brazen harlot, naked to the waist and splashed to the brows in blood.

"VETERAN SAM."

[Kansas City *Times*, July 31, 1884.]

MY DEAR FRIEND—Enclosed please find a picture of an old friend of yours. You will probably recognize him as the old "Colorado Sam" who helped to escort you and General Marmaduke across Current River, by way of Chalk Bluff, and again met you at Prairie Grove, and was on the "war-path" all through the "Price Raid," and all through Missouri, bushwhacking around against your boys.

I have him now at home, a living monument of what once was the most faithful friend that man ever had in "times that tried men's souls." A faithful and obedient servant in war, and a loving and true friend in peace; a target for Confederate bullets; roughing it with the boys; oftentimes half fed and ridden well nigh to death, he never complained. All through the great struggle of the bitterest war that was ever waged, he never failed in the performance of his allotted duty, and now at thirty years of age, he has found a home with his old master, there to pass away the remaining years of his life, amid all the luxuries that horseflesh could desire. A plaything for the children, a pet for the women and a friend and comrade of the man that fought with and against him, "Veteran Sam," long may he live. Your old friend,

E. W. KINGSBURY.

P. S.—I expect to ride him at the celebration of Blaine's inaugural.

"VETERAN SAM."

[St. Joseph *Gazette*, August 3, 1884.]

Elsewhere in to-day's paper we publish a letter from an old friend and associate of the old days, Capt. E. W. Kingsbury, now of Kansas City. It will explain itself. It will tell of a veteran war horse, thirty years of age, which has at last come back into the hands of his old master, where, if tenderness and affection can avail aught, he will have added to the already lengthy span of his life many more good and thrifty years.

Captain Kingsbury commanded Company A, of the Second Colorado Cavalry Regiment, and if there was a finer company or a galanter Captain in either army, the war history up to date makes no mention of the fact. Indeed, the whole Regiment was noted for its staying and fighting qualities. Quantrell and his lieutenants had been doing pretty much as they pleased along the Kansas border until the Second Colorado came. They would congregate, make a desperate dash, do some sudden deed of wholesale killing, and disappear. Seeing in the night like any other beasts of prey, they mustered and raided while it was the darkest. Ordinarily they were never followed into the brush. Ordinarily the foremost among the great bulk of the pursuers stopped short at the timber line as though it were a line of unindurable fire.

Composed largely of plainsmen, miners, men of the frontier and old Indian fighters, the Coloradans stopped at nothing. Whether by day or by night, when they struck a trail they followed it to a funeral. "Damn these fellows," Quantrell used to say, over and over again, "will nothing ever stop them?" It was very hard to do. Shelby was the only man who ever did, and he had to give up about eight hundred of his very best in less than an hour's fighting to do even that much. It was near Newtonia, Newton County, Missouri —a place where was fought one of the quickest, hottest, bloodiest little combats of the Civil War. It was the last combat of the Price Raid, of 1864, and took place on a prairie almost as level as a sea strand. Shelby was still covering the rear of Price's stricken expeditionary column, as he had been, day and night, ever since the fight at Mine Creek, near to where Pleasanton, Kansas, now stands. Every furious onslaught had failed either to break or shake his hold loose from the rear. He fought, ran, turned about, fought again, ran some more, wheeled round again, still kept fighting, and finally saved everything that was left to him to save after Mine Creek.

Blunt, a grand soldier in every way, and a grand man besides—took up the hunt where Pleasanton left it off, and poured after the fleeing Confederates a devouring tide of veteran horsemen, the Second Colorado leading, with Captain Kingsbury and his company in advance of the Regiment. They had two or three squadrons of white horses, and wherever these were encountered the Confederates knew well always that the Second Colorado was to the front.

Shelby, as he took position in front of Blunt, spoke to his advance, a picked body of soldiers, in curt, sententious phrase: "Boys, there are our old white horses again. It's the Second Colorado. It is going to be a stricken field for somebody. I *can't* fall back any further, and they *won't*."

Thereafter the combat was a duel. The white horses went down fast, but so did a good many other horses which were not white. Most generally where the steed lay, there also lay his rider. No one, unless he has been a participant in a prairie fight between two bodies of veteran soldiers, knows how bloody and pitiless they most of them were. No tree, no hillock, no sway of the ground, no shelter. It was a savage grapple out on the open, where, when all was done, he who held the field had nothing to exalt himself over him who surrendered it, fighting. Captain Kingsbury was badly wounded at Newtonia, and so was his brave old horse, "Veteran Sam," a picture of whom, in his thirtieth year, his old master has just sent to the editor of this newspaper.

This little present is prized much. It recalls events of the old war days which were made happy, some of them, with faithful comradeship, and some of them made sad as with tears. Perhaps no two bodies of opposing soldiers ever had more real respect for each other, or oftener gave evidence of it than did Shelby's men and the Coloradans. They fought each other desperately, but when the fighting was done whichever side held the field that side made merciful haste to look after the wounded. Since the war, and whenever any of these two bodies meet, there is always a lovefeast. In Jackson county, where fully two regiments of Shelby's old soldiers used to reside, and where there are living to-day many of Quantrell's most savage guerrillas, Captain Kingsbury's name is a household word, and many is the story they tell to this day of the daring and prowess of the "Colorado boys."

In wishing again, therefore, a still further lease of life for *"Veteran Sam,"* we do not well see how we could put it stronger

than by wishing that he may live until his gallant master rides him at the "celebration of Blaine's inaugural."

ADDRESS ACCEPTING A FLAG.

[From the Camden, Arkansas, *Herald*, February 26, 1864.]

Captain J. N. Edwards, of Shelby's Brigade, received the banner on the part of the escort, with the following address:

Ladies, Mr. Speaker and Soldiers:

In receiving this flag, as the representative of this Company, I take upon myself a proud and pleasing task. Made by the fair hands of woman; dedicated to a grand and glorious cause; sanctified by the holy symbols of a true faith—its crest to-day is as bright as the sunlight that flashes on steel. Pure and stainless as an angel-guarded child, it must never be dishonored. It is confided to your keeping as a tender and timid maiden gives her virgin heart to the first sweet whisperings of love. Cherish it, protect it, fight for it, die for it. There is a day to come when it must receive its baptism of fire and blood in the rattle of discordant musketry, and the thunder of impatient drums. Let it ever be on the crest of battle, its blue folds the meteor of the storm, its bright associations cheering the warrior's heart like the white plume of Navarre. Once more the spring-time comes with the tread of invading armies, and the shouts of cruel foe. The road is plain and the path is beaten. Here are the blue skies and the green fields of our native Southland; here our fathers sleep; and here cluster all our idols and our household gods, glorious with the light and the love of a lifetime; and when the Old Cavalry Division of General Marmaduke takes the field, our enemies will sternly find

"That Nottingham has archers good;
And Yorshire men are stern of mood;
Northumbrian prickers wild and rude.
On Derby's hills the paths are steep;
In Ouse and Tyne the fords are deep;
And many a banner will be torn,
And many a knight to earth be borne,
And many a sheaf of arrows spent,
'Ere Scotland's king shall cross the Trent."

Into your hands, veterans of Springfield, Hartville, Prairie Grove and Helena, I surrender this standard. A lady made it; her prayers follow it; your General gave it; and you will defend it. And oh! amid the wreck and ruin of contending squadrons; the clash of raging steel, and the glare of maddened powder; the shout, the charge, the forlorn rally—where beauty and gloom go down together; the wild, tempestous shock of battle; the headlong rush of steed and steel, may God keep it pure and spotless as the grand old flag that waved o'er Sumter's battered walls. When the deadly war is over; when the red banners of strife have gleamed over the last foughten field, and paled beyond the sunset shore; when our glorious cause has risen beautiful from its urn of death and chamber of decay, with the eternal sunlight of land redeemed on its wings; and the white pinions of peace, like a brooding dove, are hovering about us, let the memories of this day go with you; let the affections of your hearts go with this old banner—all tattered and torn though it may be—and cling to it, and linger round it, like the dew on a summer hill.

In your name I thank the fair donor—in your name I thank our gallant General.

CARRIER'S ADDRESS OF THE MISSOURI EXPOSITOR.

January 1, 1861.

[By John N. Edwards.]

Time's tireless wing has borne away
The fond old year of yesterday;
Not crowned with flowers, as sweet June dies,
Mid weeping stars and tender skies,
And twilight fountains murmering by
A sad and tender lullaby;
But as some grim old warrior falls,
When foemen storm his castle walls.
Let winter mourn the monarch dead,
And heap his snow-drifts on his head—
For all his farewell gifts were hers,
The ermine robes, the frozen tears,
The naked trees, and everything
That woos and loves her rival, Spring.
'Tis vain, perchance, and sad as vain,
To call its memories back again;
Yet from without the silent past,
Dark shadows o'er the heart are cast;
A happy home where death has been,
To claim the fairest form within;
A tress of hair, but it's dimmed by years;
A tiny glove, but it's soiled by tears;
The little grave on the cold hill-side,
That was made the morn the baby died,
Mark all too well the ebb and flow
Of joys and sorrows here below;
And the sky is dark, and the night is drear,
God shield us now from the tempest here!

Great events are on the gale
That soon may tell a darker tale;
And oh! it was a fearful sight
To see the armies ranged for fight.
Grim Lincoln led the Northern host,
Imbued too strong with Seward's boast:
That all the States must now be free,
And curst the hydra, slavery.
Yet still against his subtle art
Came Breckinridge, with lion heart,
Douglas' war-cry too was heard,
And Bell's poor, threadbare rallying word.
They close in conflict—loud and high
Rang banner-shout and battle-cry.
Some fought for fireside, home, and wife,
Some fought for natural love of strife,
And some, alas! for very hate
Of all our memories, good and great.
Yet still against the mighty North
Breckinridge led on his own loved South;
And by his side was Yancey's crest,
A cockade on his dauntless breast—
With lance in rest and spur of fire

He charged where burst the storm-cloud higher;
South Carolina's wave-kissed shore
Sent back a proud, defiant roar;
And green Virginia's bosom rose
In sorrow o'er her sisters' woes.
In vain! in vain their strength and might!
In vain was Yancey's giant fight—
Down went the fairest banner there,
Hurled back the pious patriot's prayer;
And baffled, routed, forced to yield,
They slowly left the hated field.
Where will it end? God only knows!
Ask every Southern wind that blows;
Ask armed men that meet by day,
And swear to fling their lives away;
Ask every lone star on high,
That breathes the freedom of the sky;
Ask every curse that goes to heaven,
With hate and fury fiercely laden;
Ask South Carolina's bursting shock,
And feel the Union reel and rock,
As, with her lone flag in the sky,
She bids it now a last good-bye.
All is dreary, dire and dark—
No ray of hope, no tiny spark
To tell the watchers on the shore
The ship of state is safe once more.
Ah! see the grand old vessel quiver!
How her timbers groan and shiver!
Discord's lightnings flash around her,
Burn the ropes and shrouds above her;
Treason's bloated form is there;
War's cruel sword is keen and bare;
Ambition scales the dizzy mast,
And gives a black flag to the blast.
Helm aport! hard—hard alee!
God! how deadly white the sea!
Breakers! breakers! through the gloom
Hear their solemn, sounding boom.
Can you save her? Pilots, listen!
How the grim rocks gleam and glisten!
Save her for our father's sake,
Save her for the lives at stake,
Save her for the precious freight,
Save our glorious ship of state!
Starry flag, float on, unfurled,
The beacon of the wide, wide world,
And bear for aye, o'er land and sea,
The magic spell-word, Liberty!

Cause on effect—fate's giant wing
Is dark with terrors yet to bring,
And every day but adds a leaf
To destiny's sad book of grief.
Scarce e'er the mockery had begun,
To welcome England's monarch's son,
A helpless mass of bleeding clay,
The dying, butchered Walker lay,

And Rudler pines where tropics shed
A living poison on his head.
Away! away! o'er leagues away!
Italia's night is almost day.
Hear the watchword — Como rings
With the melody it brings.
Fight as brothers — let us die —
Die beneath our own loved sky!
Charge, then, heroes, do not waver,
Charge once more, and then you save her.
Charge with Freedom's battle-cry,
Charge with Garibaldi!
Spain in torpor long had lain,
Now starts to living life again;
And Austria, wounded near to death,
Is threatening, with her feeble breath.
The garlands Solferino gave,
May deck the first Napoleon's grave;
But France needs other trophies now,
To bind around her monarch's brow;
A wild, grand shock where armies meet,
Crowns and kingdoms at her feet —
A second Moscow's lurid glare
Where England's Windsor towers fair;
The cold, despotic Russian Czar
Is brooding o'er Italian war,
And now a low, deep, deadly cry,
Is bursting out from Hungary.
Let tyrants tremble — Freedom's star
Is hung upon the verge of war,
And but to gain it crowns will sink,
Thrones totter on the fearful brink;
Sacked cities swell with lurid breath,
The reeking pestilence of death —
Till God's eternal justice reigns,
And blood wipes out the peasant's pains.

When sick of foreign courts and places,
Sick of titled heads and faces —
Come gladly back to Lafayette,
The gem of Missouri's coronet.
Now where the velvet prairies gleam,
With flowery robe and sparkling stream,
The iron horse, with rapid flight
Will wake the echoes of the night;
And proudly toss its burning crest,
In honor to the giant West.
And where, beneath the grand, bright sun,
Is fairer town than Lexington?
God bless her commerce, trade and arts,
God bless her generous people's hearts,
And bless and crown her lovely girls
With smiles of love, and waves of curls—
Till every glance of merry light
Will raise them up a chosen knight,
Who'll swear by faith and tiny glove,
Who'll break a lance for his lady-love!
Thus, on the dawn of sixty-one,

Its untried journey just begun—
I wish you health, and wealth, and joy,
And gift besides for the CARRIER BOY.

MURDER DONE; OR, THE GYPSY'S STORY.

[By John N. Edwards.]

(1870.)

Months of sorrow and days of sin;
A life gone out as the knife went in.
Hush! The moon was too young to see,
The shadows they fled aghast from me;
And a spirit wailed out from the open door:
'A dead man lies on the chamber floor!"

Evelyn Clare was debonair,
Darkness dwelt in his dreamy hair—
Dwelt, and dallied, and tangled in
Much of sorrow and more of sin.
Hush! The moon was behind a cloud—
Hidden away as a corpse in a shroud:
Hidden away, but it peered at me,
Peered and grinned through the aspen tree!

Love is ripe fruit ready to fall
In the arms of the sunshine over the wall—
So fleet to fall and die in a day,
Its red gold ruined and kissed away.
Isabel came with her peach-colored face,
Ringlets ablow and her baby grace—
Came and sighed and evil came after,
And blood and tears in the wine of laughter—
'Till Isabel's lips in moan go over
All the languid lips of her lover.

Evelyn Clare was a king, they said,
Crowned with love from the heart to the head;
A pale-browed king to dabble about
In seas of silks, and revel, and rout,
With kisses for coin and ruined hair,
A panther-king in his school-girl lair.
Girt about with adorable things,
Scented scarfs and talisman rings,
Plentiful tresses shorn away
From heads grown old and gray in a day.

The air was a song and the song had a tune,
Meet for the mystical roses of June.
The earth and the sky, and the sky and the air
Were all in league with Evelyn Clare.
He came and whispered: "My Gypsy maid,
Give me a tangled lock to braid."
To braid! Oh, God! if that were all—
Hush! can you hear the dead man fall?

I saw youth's crown on his Bacchanal crest,
Isabel's face on his dreaming breast—

A lily face with eyes in eclipse,
Poppy dew on the venomous lips;
He stirred but once and the words came free
"The Gypsy maid is nothing to me."

Lost! lost! lost!
A beautiful soul is lost:
A beautiful soul went down — down —
Down like a ship at sea —
Who knows if a soul be lost?
The moon went into a cave
Whose stalactites were pointed with stars—
With a scintillant crescent of stars,
And a sweet south wind came over the rye
And broke on the lattice bars.

It was ten by the castle clock —
Ten, and the night in bloom,
With bud of stars and blossom of clouds,
And the great rose of the moon.
The arbor ivies coiled and clung
To hear the accents of his tongue;
And Isabel for sounds to waft her
Pleasure-boat had low-toned laughter —
Laughter such as you seldom hear
Under the moon by a dead man's bier.

Hark! Is that a step on the staircase there —
Hushed in the light of the great knife bare?
Hark! to the bearded lips that tell:
"I love you, love you, Isabel!"
He lay in the moon for the moon to keep
Opiate wine for the drunkard sleep.
He lay with arms flung wide apart,
Weak fence for the guard of the lying heart.
He lay like a lover taking his rest,
The red in his cheeks and the dreams in his breast,
The red in his cheeks and the wind in his hair,
And Isabel's heart with Evelyn Clare.

Mad! Who's mad? The Gypsy maid,
Cast off, abandoned, and betrayed?
Mad! Who's mad? The Zingaree —
The tropical plant from over the sea?
The poisonous flower stripped of its leaves,
And bound in the wreath of his lily sheaves?
Avaunt! pale moon, and send your cloud
To rift me the rain of a lover's shroud!

Pretty little Isabel, prim as any pink,
Did you ever care about — did you ever think,
Half a summer's afternoon of the suns that shine,
Over lovers woed with steel — stabbed for kisses over wine?
Waxen lady, Isabel, dainty lady lapped in white,
Tawny Gypsies mingle dirges with the bridal's music night,
Hark! I hear the dancers dancing, hear the love-lorn *light guitar*,

Softer than a maiden's masses for her lover slain in war.
Hark! I hear the waltz's clarion filled with pulses fierce as wine,
Lit by beauty's blessed beacons, starred by dusky eyes divine.
Hark! I hear the pleading prattle wafted from the lips of girls,
Half their shoulders bare as swimmers, half their heads in bloom with curls,
Hark! I hear your Ev'lyn's voice rounding off its pliant lies,
As the south wind strips the cloud-veil from the summer of the skies.

I struck but once—struck hard!
The aspens bowed in the yard;
The moon was hid on valley and hill,
The damp dews fell in the window sill.
His lips moved once, oh, God! to tell
Death's broken talk to Isabel.
The morn came up the broad oak stair,
Wan as a childless mother at prayer—
Came to the face of the stricken sleeper,
And hid his lips for the lips of the weeper.
Came and went, and the sun came after,
Splashed with gold each beam and rafter;
Came breast high through the open door,
And blessed the dead man on the floor.

Ho! good right hand, ye are red, ye are red!
And the soul of the lily-browned lover is fled,
And lover and maid lie stark and still
In a little green grave down under the hill;
And a curse to make the dead afraid
Goes up to the sky on the Gypsy maid.
The Gypsy maid whom Evelyn Clare
Caught in a braid of Gypsy hair,
Caught, and snared, and caged in glee,
'Till she sung the songs learned over the sea.
Sung, and rocked his cradle—a bier,—
Sung, and dropped a venomous tear,—
Sung, 'till the eyes went into eclipse,
And death drank the dew of the bearded lips.

The old owl up in the aspen tree,
Spoke last night and glared at me.
Spoke in a dreary undertone:
"The dead—the dead—can the dead make moan?"
All last night I lay awake,
The grass, moon-flecked as a spotted snake,
Wove pallid hands that grasped in strife,
A deathly dripping dagger-knife.
And a luminous star from the midnight's crown,
Suddenly shimmered and settled down,
Half on the low grave under the hill,
And half on the tinkling, tremulous rill.
The dead came forth and dallied there,
Isabel Lorn and Evelyn Clare.
One arm lifted high above her,

And one about her spectral lover.
"Make moan!" said the owl, cursed fate and death,
'Twas a love that lived after fleeting breath.
Here and there the lovers strayed,
And laughed aloud at the Gypsy maid.

I strangled *his* voice, but oh, God!
I would I could strangle the moan
That rushes up from the silent sod
When I walk with the midnight alone!

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

[Kansas City *Times*, 1872.]

One of the most thrilling war lyrics in our language is known by this title. A quatrain has been selected from it to serve as an inscription over the gates of the National Cemetery at Boston, in which the soldiers of Massachusetts are buried. It has probably been printed at sometime or other in every newspaper in the United States. I believe it has almost invariably been *mis*-printed, and the public is entitled to a correct copy. The occasion for which it was written was duplicated in the State Cemetery of Kentucky on the 15th, and this poem was read over the remains of its author by a brother poet, Major Henry Stanton, who had access to original records that enabled him to verify the text.

Soon after the Mexican War, Kentucky erected a noble monument to her dead soldiers, and when McKee and Clay and others of her heroes who fell in the gorge of Buena Vista, were reinterred at its base, their comrades in arms, the brave and gifted Theodore O'Hara, wrote "The Bivouac of the Dead" as the poem of the occasion. Major Cary H. Fry, upon whom the command of the Second Kentucky Regiment devolved after the Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel fell, was present when the poem was first read in public. On the 15th there was another great military and civic diplay on the same spot, and the same poem was read over the remains of O'Hara and Fry. In the war between the States they had served in opposing armies, but the State had their moldering coffins, with that of Adjutant Cardwell, brought from far distant graves to rest side by side with their comrades of the Mexican War. General Wm. C. Preston delivered the funeral eulogy, and we subjoin his sketch of the author, before introducing the poem:

"Theodore O'Hara was a native of this county, the son of a father well known throughout the State for his accomplishments as a scholar and his worth as a citizen. Receiving a good classical education from his parent, O'Hara entered upon life blessed with an ardent mind, a handsome person, and a brave and generous character. He soon became known to the public as an editor in the city of Louisville, where the easy grace and scholarly polish of his articles soon attracted attention and placed him high in the favor of the Democratic party. He did not remain long in this pursuit, but war being declared against Mexico, he abandoned a profession in which he was rapidly acquiring distinction, and accepted a captain's commission in the army. His dashing character and poetic temperament made him popular in a service suited to his tastes and genius, and, sharing the dangers and the glory of our arms from *Vera Cruz to* Mexico, O'Hara remained in service until the termination of the war. *Not long* after this period, O'Hara was one of

those who landed with the force at Cardenas under General Lopez for the liberation of Cuba, when Crittenden, Logan and others perished, but he escaped with a few of the survivors.

"When the recent war between the States commenced, O'Hara at once embraced the cause of the South, to whose principles he had always adhered, and became a staff officer under General Breckenridge. In the Confederate armies O'Hara by his courage and services, attained the rank of colonel, and after the establishment of peace retired with a constitution impaired by the hardships of military life to the vicinity of Columbus, Ga., where he not long afterward died. Having known Colonel O'Hara intimately, both in his campaigns in Mexico and in the South; having enjoyed the pleasures that his cultivated mind and genial temper gave to the camp-fire or the march; having witnessed his brilliant courage and quick discernment in battle; having seen him in the defiles of Mexico, by the side of Sidney Johnson in his dying moments at Shiloh, and with Breckenridge in his charge at Stone River, I here, in this solemn moment, can sincerely say that I believe no braver heart will rest beneath this consectrated sod, and no spirit more knightly or humane ever lingered under the shadow of yonder monument."

The following is the correct text of "The Bivouac of the Dead:"

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo!
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few;
On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind,
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms,
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed,
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud—
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past—
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce Northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain
Came down the serried foe—
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Know well the watchword of that day
Was victory or death.

* * * * * * * * *

Full many a norther's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain,
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its molder'd slain.
The raven's scream or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone now wake each solemn height
That frowned o'er that dead fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground!
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air;
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from war its richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

Thus, 'neath their parent turf they rest;
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield.
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone,
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished year hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

THE MARRIAGE OF PÈRE HYACINTHE.

[Kansas City *Times*.]

This man, with a name like a flower, would lead a revolution. This French priest—charitable, amorous, poetical—would deal with an iron and austere thing like celibacy, and dismiss it as a threadbare cassock or cowl. To prepare himself for the conflict, he has just married. From out the soft and mellowed light of his honeymoon, and from amid the ardent transports of his delicious life, he has written in favor of matrimony. Were this document nothing but a great, palpitating heart, its settings and adornments are complete. It is uxorious, roseate, sensuous, full of little sentences like a sigh—thick with images like his nights with kisses.

If Hyacinthe was not a Frenchman, he would understand how fruitless the work which would seek to batter down a wall with an ostrich feather. If he had not mistaken vanity for inspiration, he would understand how hopeless the task of attacking in the name of the church an ordinance interwoven with the very fibers of the church. Excommunicated, he yet aspires to the altar; mansworn, he yet clings to the odors of a former sanctity; awake in the hush of his honeymoon nights, he yet hears in his memory the *matin and the vesper bells* of Rome; and happy in the arms and the

smiles of his wife, he would yet be happy in the holy robes and vestments of his order.

The last is impossible. Good Catholic he may be, and zealous in the cause of his God and his church, but a priest nevermore for ever. He has violated his vows of celibacy, he has lifted his hand against his faith, he has faltered in the presence of the enemy, and he has been cashiered and dismissed. It is well. The time has come when French sensationalism should receive a check. Catholicism has had quite enough of Lacordaire, Michelet, Renan, Hyacinthe, and Victor Hugo. Cæsar's prayer was pitiful, but it was full of prophecy: "Oh! God, if Rome is to be cursed, curse her not with old men in her extremity." And if the church of Paris could cry out it would be in thunder tones against the deadly reign of materialism falsely called science; of sensationalism; of a philosophy so servile as to become infidelity; of that furious yearning and striving after impossible and invisible things; of the poets who coin their genius into satire that religion may be wounded; of authors who deny the Christ that miracles may be lampooned; and of priests like Hyacinthe who, to win popular applause, wear the cassock to-day and the masquerade dress to-morrow.

Let the iron creed and discipline of the church pass over them all. Brilliant Hyacinthe believed himself a Mahomet, but in lieu of the scimetar he carried an orange blossom. In the early years of his priesthood, and when all Paris came to his ministrations at Notre Dame, the rustle of a silken gown affrighted, and the flash of a black eye drove him beyond the bright line of the chandelier's light. Now how changed. Bitten by the tarantula of sensationalism, the man who only had his voice, his beautiful white hands, his wonderful rhetoric, French and *staccato*, his eyes that were violet at times and at times dreamy or brown — this man, adored of the women, and watched from afar by grisettes and dames of grand degree, turned upon Rome because he could make a pretty parable, and demanded of Rome a thing that Rome would not give even to Rome itself. Baffled, he rebelled. New York received him in finished New York fashion, and for a month he was a lion. Some Yankees, shrewder than others were, flattered him with a future filled by an American Pope, and painted for him a spiritual empire as grand as the continent. Having embraced one lust, he dallied with another, and for long days he staggered upon the edge of the pit that had been dug for him. He did not fall in, but he did not repent, and so he returned to Europe to marry, and to continue his absurd and ridiculous issue with the church.

Luther led a revolution; Hyacinthe wages an *emeute*. Between a revolution and an *emeute* there is this difference; the first comes from the masses, the last from the passions; the first destroys, pulls down, obliterates, but it builds up, re-creates and re establishes; the last consumes, demolishes, stagnates, dies; the first commits great crimes that good may follow; the last commits the same that bad may follow. Luther married and went on to a warfare that was audacious and gigantic; Hyacinthe marries and only marries. Beyond this he claims to be all that he ever promised to be when he took his vows—the same in faith, in belief, in creed and in doctrine. Poor Frenchman, not to know that in breaking one vow he broke them all, and that, should the days of Methuselah be his, he can never more be received in the bosom of that church he has forsaken for the white arms and the scented hair of his beloved.

NAPOLEON AND HIS DETRACTORS.

[Kansas City *Times*, August 10, 1888.]

This is the title of a book written by Prince Napoleon, which is just now getting well under fire in England. If it has been translated and reprinted in this country it is well; if it has not been so done the sooner it is done the better—all of which means that the sooner it is done the sooner will some publishing house put a pile of money into its pocket.

The *animus* against this publication, on the part of the London *Illustrated News* is that it touches up strong points that are facile and leaves untouched other points which are still more facile and still more unassailable.

Let us look into this question a little bit. The *News* says that he disposes in a most masterly manner of Bourienne, Madame de Remusat, Miot de Melito, the Abbe de Pradt and Prince Metternich, and then adds—we quote it literally: "But what is to be said of a champion who enters and quits these particular lists without venturing to touch the shield of M Lanfrey?"

The shield of M. Lanfrey! Angels and ministers of grace, defend us; why not say the shield of Sir Walter Scott? The last wrote to be a baronet. He prostituted his splendid genius to pull down a man who, in his Scottish heart of hearts he must have adored, and who—in so many elements of his character—must have been near of kin to all those heroes who stood out like men of iron from the pages of "Marmion," the "Lady of the Lake," "Rokeby" and the "Lord of the Isles."

Lanfrey! One approaches him as one might well approach a snake. Did he attack the genius of Napoleon as a soldier? he could not. Did he attack his campaigns, where every capital was an outpost and every sovereign a mere cup-bearer? he could not. Did he attack his capacity as a lawgiver, wherein he wrote like Tacitus and collated like Justinian? he could not. What, then, did he do? He wrote so that the Bourbons might give him the gewgaw of a ribbon and the grimcrack of a decoration. He wrote of Napoleon's private life; of his supposed lusts and his supposed love affairs; of My Lord Petulancy and My Lord Impatience; of how he took ten minutes to dinner and ten hours to his studies; of how he had shot Palm, a bookseller, and d'Enghien, a prince; of how he made grenadiers out of stable grooms and marshals of France out of men who had bled horses. Poor babbler! Mme. de Remusat could have done better than that. Her grievance was that groping one night—certainly *en dishabille*—to find Napoleon's chamber she stumbled across Roustem, the Arab, swart, wide awake and lying prone across the threshold. She fled, shrieking, just as the tawny hand of the east clutched at the white garments of western civilization. From that hour Madame de Remusat looked upon Napoleon as an ogre. If they had embraced, perhaps she would have looked upon him as an angel. Who knows? When Don Juan found Miss Fitz Fulke at the end of the corridor, whatever else happened, no skeleton has ever yet outlined itself to prove Miss Blue Stocking right, or to prove the propriety of putting a spray or two of lilacs on the grave where Miss Prim Propriety lies buried. Lanfrey Remusat! While attacking Napoleon for the large embraces that happened in his God-appointed career, contemporaneous history has perhaps forgotten that *Lanfrey was a Bourbon sneak and Madame a baffled lady of the bed chamber.*

The *News* makes other points which we desire especially to refer to. It admits everything as connected with Napoleon's military genius; but it qualifies everything because the military side of his character does not comport with his moral side. In proof of this he cites several instances. Perhaps the most salient is this one wherein he refers to the author of the book:

Nor has he a word to bestow on such a wretched business as his uncle's legacy to Cantillon, the French officer who was tried for an attempt on the life of the Duke of Wellington—perhaps the most hopelessly ignoble bequest which has ever found its way into any testamentary document on record.

We challenge the record to prove that Napoleon ever left a legacy to Cantillon because he proposed to assassinate the Duke of Wellington. He denied it. Every instinct and action of his whole life proved it to be a lie. Of course it is easy to enclose in the last will and testament of such a man as Bonaparte, administered upon by the Bourbons, the final development of a thousand daggers; but all such stuff as this, and all such stuff as the Wellington assassination is bogus.

Per contra. When the dead body of George Cadoudal was searched he had on his person a hundred and some odd sovereigns of British money. When Luttrel was grabbed with more British gold on his person, and a bale or two of incendiary proclamations ready to be issued out of hand, he was not shot but set free. The whole career of Napoleon was merciful to such a degree that every unbiased historian has taken notice of it. We do not discuss these moral aspects of Bonaparte's character. We only contend against the proposition that the *News* sets up, that he must be judged by his moral example—that is to say, whether he kissed a woman more or less, whether he pardoned a criminal more or less, or whether he bore himself circumspectly more or less.

Nothing of Lodi! Nothing of the Pyramids! Nothing of Montenotte! Nothing of Arcola! Nothing of Marengo! Nothing of the transfiguration—one half inspiration and the other half endowment—where the corporal became emperor.

The *News* does not even skim the surface. It sums up everything, but it does not deliver.

THE BEST ONE HUNDRED BOOKS.

A RECENT LIST ARRANGED BY MAJOR J. N. EDWARDS.

[Kansas City *Times*, April 7th, 1889.

The Bible.
Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.
Hume's History of England.
Thiers' French Revolution.
Thiers' Consulate and Empire; Lamartine.
History of the Girondists.
Michelet's Roman Republic.
Mommsen's Rome.
Les Miserables.
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Voltaire's Louis XIV.
Voltaire's Charles XII.
Prescott's Mexico and Ferdinand and Isabella.
Charles V and Philip II.
Motley's Rise of the Dutch Republic; United Netherlands, and John of Barneveld.
Guizot's History of France.
Macaulay's History of England; his Essays and his Lays.
Lamartine's History of Turkey.
Hugo's Ninety-Three.
Hugo's Toiler's of the Sea.
Grammont's Memoirs.
Louvet's Chevalier de Faublas O'Mera's Voice from St. Helena.
Montholon's Memoirs.
Scott's Ivanhoe, the Lady of the Lake, Marmion and Lord of the Isles.
Rossetti's Poems.
Swineburne's Laus Veneris.
Irving's life of Washington and his Fall of Grenada.
Rollin's Ancient History.
Dumas' Count of Monte Cristo and Three Guardsmen.
Wandering Jew.
Burke's Lives of the Popes.
Hildreth's History of the United States.
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.
Napier's Peninsula War.
Josephus.
Froude's Julius Cæzar.
Tactitus—what can be gotten of him.
Soutonius—as fragmentary as it is.
Memoirs of Baron Besenval.
Carlyle's French Revolution and Frederick the Great.
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Kinglake's Crimean War.
Cooper's five stories, known as the Pathfinder Series.
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Bulwer's Strange Story and What Will He Do With It?
Dickens' Mutual Friend and Bleak House.
Lawrence's Guy Livingstone and Barren Honour.
What is left of Livy.
Napoleon's War Maxims.
Xenophon's Anabasis.
The Iliad.
Smith's Wealth of Nations.
Hazlitt's Life of Napoleon.
Memoirs of the Duchess Abrantes.
Coler.dge's Ancient Mariner.
Byron's Poems.
Knight's History of England.
Charles O'Malley and Tom Burke of Ours.
Davis's Poems, The Irish Patriot.
Southey's Life of Nelson.
Orators of France.
Democracy in America.
Chesney's Military Biographies.
Life of Marion.
Antommarchi Autopsy on Napoleon.

PERSONAL TRIBUTES

TO

MAJOR JOHN N. EDWARDS

" A man there came—whence none could tell—
Bearing a touchstone in his hand,
And by its unerring spell
Tested all things in the land.
Quick birth to transmutation smote,
The fair to foul—the foul to fair—
Purple nor ermine did he spare,
Nor scorn the dusky coat."

If the west ever produced a man who got at the heart of things, that man was John Edwards. If it has ever produced a man of purely chivalric spirit, of high courage and noble endeavor, a man who knew and loved truth and honor and uprightness and manly bearing, who hated shams and pretense and cant and low cunning, that man was John Edwards. It made no difference how cunning, how deep the deception, how thick the veneering, he went to the core; and it made no difference how rude and rugged and moss-grown the rock, he found the diamond, and found it at the first stroke of his pick. "He was a good judge of a man." Made by his early education and association somewhat provincial, yet he wrote "Bon Voyage, Miss Nellie," and no native born New Englander with a traditional Mayflower ancestry laid so pure and high a tribute on the grave of Henry Ward Beecher. No, he ceased to be provincial save when as a partisan he was "in the saddle and moving things." A born soldier, he knew intuitively when he was in an impregnable position and rested himself, caught at a glance the seam in his opponent's armor, and in a trice his sword-point was

through it. He was "quick to hear the clarion call, the war steed's neigh, the brave man's battle cry"; and when the call to the rescue came, when battle had to be made, his voice was heard clearest and loudest, and at the front. But, molded on the heroic type, life to him was always heroic; and if disaster followed, if the battle had been waged and lost, if defeat had come to high courage, if death had laid his hand on a man, or sorrow had so much as touched him with her finger, though an enemy, then no hand was laid more gently on the wound than his, no sadder dirge was wailed over Iolanthe's bier, and no cooing mother ever crooned a sweeter song to soothe her fretted babe.

Dying in the prime of manhood, his life so full, was yet well rounded and complete. The concentration or fixedness of purpose that ever goes hand in hand with genius, was always well upon him, and carried him out beyond the minor affairs of life. Great men have great thoughts and great purposes, and deal only with great things, and John Edwards was a great man. It was of little moment to him whether his own or his friend's garners were full, but it was a matter of great moment to him whether the outlook for food for next year was equal to the needs of the human race. The broils of the neighborhood did not attract him; but with the eye of a seer he watched night and day the movements on the chess-board of Europe; for his own personal salvation he cared little, but for the salvation of the world, of whatever brotherhood or creed, he would have offered up his own life. With his broad liberality he sacrificed personal gain to the public weal, buried his animosities for the good of his cause, and buried his cause for the good of his race. And yet this man, with the burden of a mission on his shoulders, who led in the forlorn hope, who was full of the wisdom and traditions of a classic and heroic past, who dealt hard blows with his sword, and wrote hard words with his pen, was as simple and modest as a young girl, depreciating his own efforts *and blushing* to hear himself praised. In a provincial *town, there lived* and died a woman who had barely reached

middle life. Standing by her grave, one was struck by the looks of surprise on the faces of those who had gathered to perform the last sad rites. There were Jew and Gentile, saint and sinner, the rich and the poor, the literary club and the unlettered serving woman, the frocked priest and non-conformist clergyman, the townspeople in coupes and the country folk in carts, and each creed and class was surprised to see the other, for each thought she belonged to itself. She belonged to none singly, but to all. The inscription, on a little monument near the battle field of Camden came to mind: "To the memory of the noble Baron De Kalb, born in Germany, but a citizen of the world." And around the memory of Major Edwards has again gathered the motley throng—the Jew and the Gentile, the saint and the sinner, the rich and the poor, the literati and the unlettered laborer, the frocked priest and the non-conformist, the politician and the voter, the townspeople in their coupes and the country men in their carts, the civilian and the soldier, and each class and creed is surprised to see the others, and each avers that he belongs to itself; and yet he belonged to no race or class or creed or country, but to all, for he was a "citizen of the world." And as each lays his tribute down, it is but the tribute to a single side of this many-sided man.

Those who have read "Shelby and his Men," who had followed the career of Major Edwards from 1862 through the varied fortunes of the southern arms, until 1865, when all hope was gone, and he and General Shelby, with a band of chosen and faithful followers, pressed their way southward, swam the Rio Grande with their sabers between their teeth and a repeater in either hand, and laid their swords at the feet of the noble but ill-starred Maximilian in the halls of the Montezumas, imagined him to be a giant in stature. Years after, when that most eccentric and phenomenal character, Henry Clay Dean, was on a hurried visit to Kansas City, with but an hour to spare, he called at the *Times* office for the author of "Poor Carlotta." When a stripling was presented to him, he was so overwhelmed that he dropped his valise and sat down. He

staid three days, and laid the foundation of an attachment that only death severed. In some respects this ponderous man and the stripling were alike. Both knew how to love and how to hate; both were classic in their tastes—Dean being not only, as Edwards was, an elegant and forcible writer, but also a finished and powerful orator, which Edwards was not. Both were poets, although neither ever penned a rhyme, and both belonged to another age, or rather were exponents of a civilization that has passed. The fact that nature reproduces herself is well attested. The child of to-day resembles no living relative, but the picture-gallery reveals its prototype. Is the Past not jealous of the Present? Is she not afraid of oblivion? And does she not send forward, from time to time, a champion of her sacred rites and customs? Such men are among us but not of us. Young though they be, we pay them the reverence and respect that is due to age. They are sometimes called, for want of a better term, reactionists; but they are the true conservative element of the times in which they live. The past is known to them; but the future, save as guaged by the past, is a sealed book. John Edwards was such a man. These men discover no new continents, make no revolutions, scan innovations warily, place the brake on the wheels of progress until it is toned down in harmony with precedent, and look askance at the approaching stranger; but with things that have been they are en rapport. In an inconstant present they are the faithful custodians of "the sacred things—the protecting statutes and the sacred fires." They are no John the Baptists, proclaiming a new era, but Aarons, faithful to their charge of keeping the fires burning on the altars and keeping pure the records of the dead. They know nothing of barter or trade or of commerce, and demand all things of all men for the common weal. Their lives are heroic lives, and there is not a chronicle of valor, of sacrifice, of stout endeavor, of manly daring, of patient waiting, that is not at their fingers' ends; nor a ballad of love or war *that is* not familiar to their ears. With the gross and *earthly they have* nothing in common, but with love, with

devotion, with honor, with sacrifice, their hearts beat in unison. They do not love D'Aramis, the shrewd, recalcitrant priest; but Athos, the chivalric, the gentle man of honor, the pure nobleman; Porthos, the burly Porthos, with his lumbering gait, his loud voice, and his ponderous fist, and his huge shoulders that held up the arch of stone to his own undoing; and D'Artagnan, the wild, roystering, loyal "fighting sword blade." Ah! these are men of their kidney. Such men emancipate their heroes of their day, and habilitate them in the forms of the past. If John Edwards sometimes glorified men that we all could not glorify, it was no fault of his. Such deeds and valor as he sang in poetry and song, Sir Walter Scott sang in poetry and song, and Victor Hugo sang in poetry and song, and Alexander Dumas sang in poetry and song. If some of these men interrupted traffic and failed to be conventional as to the rights of holding certain trusts, Ich Van Dor, Robin Hood, and other favorite heroes of ours, created the same social disturbances in their day and generation; yet they are none the less heroes to us; more, these men had once been his followers and comrades in scenes and hours that he so graphically paints in his loving tribute to George Winship: "By lonesome roadsides, in the thickets at night, when the weird laughter of the owl was as the voice of the fabled choosers of the slain, crying out unto voice the roll of the dead, who were to die on the morrow for God and the confederacy; in the hot lit foreground of many a stormy battle-day, men's lives falling off from either flank of it like snow; in many a lonesome bivouac, when winter and hunger, as twin furies of civil war, flew over the sleeping camp together; in many a desperate border raid, where the wounded had no succor and the dead no sepulchre; in far off and half-forgotten foreign lands, where the flag that floated above them was a black flag, and the comrades, who broke their bread and shared their blankets, knew nothing of their name, their speech, their life, their race, their creed, their country." To a man of his temperament, this was a baptism of fire and a consecration to brotherhood that

only death could dissolve. Men who followed him through such hours as these were as much his brothers as if they had been taken from his own mother's womb. Was the author of "Poor Carlotta" a poet? Of the very highest type; a poet without effort and without knowing that he was a poet. It has been repeatedly said that Victor Hugo was his model. This is doubtful. While he is terse, pointed, and rapid, after the style of Hugo, yet this is due more to the nature and manner of the man himself than to an effort to copy. Major Edwards was not a robust man, physically, was of a highly nervous organization, and his quick, pithy, pointed style was unavoidable. For a man of his physique and few years he did an immense amount of work, and work of the kind that he did may not mean effort, but it meant high tension, and high tension means exhaustion, and exhaustion means, if a man goes on, "The silver thread be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain; or the wheel be broken at the cistern."

To what a region of elevation he lifts one, and at a bound—an optimist of the purest type. He had his dark and dreary hours when life sat heavily upon him; but generally the sun was shining, and the birds were singing in the trees, and the flowers were in bloom. If he wrote of battlements and turrets, and waving banners and horsemen in armor and sword and buckler, the sun always illumed the turrets and reflected itself back from the burnished shields and gleaming sword-blades. How he loved the beautiful and the bright and the grand; and rapidly passed before his eyes visions of noble men and stately dames, strong castles, and fair women, and tall knights with clanking swords, and "all quality, pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war." In the close of his tribute to young Winship, how nearly he foretold his own taking off: "That pitiless disease which neither stayed nor sorrowed a moment in its work, which knew nothing of the splendid past of the gentle young hero, *which counted* for naught the five precious scars on his

poor, wasted body, which would not lengthen his life a single hour by receiving in propitiation all the days he had marched without food, and all the nights he slept without blankets, and so it seized him as he stood grave and brave and calm to the last and carried him away to where the dark?" Read in the answer the simple confession of faith, not strictly orthodox from the point of the "straighest sect," but still a confession solacing to the friends who knew and loved him, a confession that any noble woman or brave man may repeat and which will remain an ever-blooming flower upon his grave. "Ah, no! Sincerity must be religion. Over beyond the river called Jordan there must be growing trees, and running rivers, and fragrant fields, called the sweet fields of Eden for all who on this side the sunset shore fought or bled or died for king or cause or creed or country. Heroism is a consecration to God, and death because of it but a going to God. Over there surely the soldier is gently dealt with. If he was brave in life, and noble and courteous and generous and merciful, he had the attributes which certainly could make a heaven, and, therefore, this one dead to-day and buried within the historic soil of Jackson was foreordained to happiness after death. It may be late in coming; the bivouac may be right cold and dreary for many a one yet who has to pass through the valley of the shadow and over the river called death; and after the night the morning, and after the judgment day the New Jerusalem."

BRUMMELL JONES.

From HON. SAMUEL J. RANDALL.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES U. S.
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 12, 1889.

COLONEL MUNFORD:

My Dear Sir—Permit me to express to you my sincere sorrow at the sudden death of J. N. Edwards. He was a warm and true friend of mine, and I tried to be his whenever occasion offered. His excellent judgment and

splendid mental accomplishments are a loss which, in common with the good people of Missouri, I deeply deplore.

Yours truly,

SAMUEL J. RANDALL.

From A FEDERAL SOLDIER.

LAS CRUCES, N. M., June 1, 1889.

Dr. MORRISON MUNFORD:

My Dear Sir—Since talking with you I was suddenly called here by telegram, and may not return to Kansas City for several days yet. Thinking perhaps Mrs. Edwards might desire the "New Year," the wondrously beautiful creation of Major Edwards, of which I spoke to you before my return, I inclose it herewith. You will have to handle it carefully, as I have carried it with me over many miles of weary travel, and for many long years. I have read it to many men—to friends and strangers,—and it always excites unbounded admiration. It is a short little piece, takes but little space, but I know of no living man who could write it or speak it as an original production. Nor does my reading tell me of any of the dead who could write such an article but John N. Edwards and Victor Hugo.

I loved Edwards before I had ever seen him, just from reading his wonderful productions, and after seeing him and becoming acquainted with him I only loved him more intensely. May God bless his wife and children and raise up kindly friends to love and care for and protect them.

Very sincerely yours,

JAMES R. WADDILL.

GENERAL SHELBY'S TRIBUTE.

BUTLER, Mo., May 7, 1889.

General Jo Shelby was found by the *Times'* correspondent at his home, eighteen miles northwest of here, to-day. "The news of Major Edward's death was a great *shock to me*," said the General. "I have known him *and loved him since* he was a boy. It is hardly within

the power of language to portray or describe Major Edwards as his noble character merits. God never created a more noble, magnanimous, and truer man than John N. Edwards. When the war broke out he threw himself into the conflict with all the ardor of his warm nature, and during the long, bloody struggle, he was ever loyally devoted to the cause he championed.

The following is from General J. C. Jamison, late Adjutant-General of the State:

GUTHRIE, IND. TER., May 7, 1889.

DR. MORRISON MUNFORD:

My Dear Doctor—The saddest thing I ever read in your great newspaper was the death of my beloved friend, Major John N. Edwards. No death ever fell with such poignant grief or affected me so deeply as his. I first knew him when the fortunes of war threw us together in the same prison at Johnson's Island, in 1863. The friendship there formed only grew stronger as time went on, and only a few weeks ago, in Jefferson City, we spent an afternoon reviewing the past and discussing the future. He possessed a heart big enough to take in the whole of humanity, and this problem was often the theme of discussion. His generosity was only bounded by his ability to minister to the unfortunate. His was the most lovable character I ever knew. His heroism in times of danger was absolutely the sublimest thing I ever saw. He seemed to lose his personal identity as the danger grew more imminent, and only thought of the safety of his men and his beloved commander. But I did not start out to write of his personal traits of character, but to say that I had the honor, as the editor of the Clarksville (Mo.) *Sentinel*, to publish the first, and, I believe, the only real story ever written by him—entitled "Guy Lancaster," the scene being laid in Virginia. This romance was published in 1867, 1868, 1869, and the papers containing it are bound in book-form, and are in my library at Jefferson City. May the clods rest lightly over the body of our friend.

J. C. JAMISON.

From JUDGE WILLIAM YOUNG, OF LEXINGTON.

When affairs are moving along their usual course within well-marked boundaries, and the spectacle of life is made up of the commonplace, struggles of men for money, place and power; when no great issue presents its uncompromising front; when public matters lie quiet under the ferment of individual interests; when the steady grind of greed is going on, then men take value and become important in proportion to the sum of their accumulations. But let there come a shock; let all the lines be broken, and the plain boundaries be destroyed; let a crisis approach, and danger threaten; let affairs present a problem that can not be solved by the ordinary rules of action; let dread and doubt and uncertainty prevail, and then it is that men are rated for themselves alone, and borrow no value from mere possessions. In such times, there are men toward whom all eyes are turned in expectancy, and to catch the sound of whose voices all ears are strained. Not because they are always correct, or to be implicitly followed; not because of supernatural wisdom, or unerring judgment, but because of their clear convictions of right, their supreme unselfishness, their complete fearlessness, their absolute sincerity, their hatred of shams, and their unfailing faithfulness.

There was erstwhile one such man in Missouri who is now no more. There was one such voice that is silent now. John N. Edwards is dead!

Imbued with passions hot and strong, gifted with a fiery and heroic genius, endowed with dauntless courage, yet tempered all by a most generous disposition and the tenderest of hearts, he was a rare man, whose like we shall scarcely see again.

Coming up into manhood on the eve of a mighty revolution, his high spirit reveled in the political excitement of the times, when words were things, and every act of vital consequence, and method of expression never lost the glow caught from the fires of insurrection and war.

This most romantic and chivalrous of souls was placed

by fortune in the very position that enabled him to see and know more of the romantic realities of the war than perhaps any man now living in Missouri.

As the companion of Shelby, during all the while that phenomenal cavalryman was rising from the rank of captain to that of major-general, he was an active participant in all of the thrilling scenes enacted then.

The secrets of nearly every one of the daring expeditions from that part of the Confederate forces were confided to him. His council was sought, and his assistance invoked on the eve of every wild scheme of reprisal, or about all of those enterprises that depended for success on the personal bravery of the participants. He was the trusted confidant of every reckless, desperate, restless spirit that sought danger in the front, by charge, or artifice, or strategem; or that waged the mad, wild war of personal hate far in the lines of the enemy. His was a nature that invited confidence. He was burdened with more vital secrets affecting the credit, life, and honor of others than any other man perhaps in all of the land. In it all, how truly, purely, perfectly faithful he was.

Such a life, with such a nature, could not fail to produce a rare combination—a strange blending of contradictory characteristics.

Inured to scenes of carnage, and realizing from experience how great the sacrifices necessary to victory, and how sternly regardless of individuals he must be who would conquer, in the height of his absorbing devotion to the cause he espoused, he called, with clarion voice and smoking pen, upon the leaders of his cause for the most extraordinary, heroic, and relentless policy; but for all this he himself would have lost the most important battle, or yielded the fruits of the greatest victory, before he would have trampled upon the prostrate form of a brave but helpless and unresisting foe. An enthusiast in politics, and the advocate of the severest party discipline, amounting to the utter ostracism of the delinquents, yet all was excused, and all condoned by the slightest extenuating circumstance or at the first intimation of regret.

Ambitious to an unwonted degree, he sought no position, held back by his exquisite consideration for some friend whose cause he was always ready to espouse with a perfectly unselfish devotion.

Detesting the falseness and meanness and sordidness of humanity, he was wont to lash and scourge it with almost frenzied indignation and disgust, and yet he loved all mankind, one by one.

There were none high enough to excite his envy or command his adulation, so there were none so low as to escape his sympathy.

His friendship was marvelously true. It was the ruling trait of his character. Especially was this the case with those who had been with him in the stirring scenes of war. His devotion to these became a part of his being, and neither poverty, nor disgrace, nor crime even, could separate his regard from them. He found an excuse for all of their faults, and served them with untiring faithfulness through all circumstances.

With him to be once a friend was to be always such, and to him the voice of distressed friendship was as the voice of God.

It was as a newspaper writer that the public knew him best, and in this capacity he held a place second to none in Missouri in influence.

Whenever he wrote, and on whatever subject, his mind seemed crowded with poetical figures and apt illustrations, mostly of a heroic cast, suggested by his experience as a soldier, or drawn from the thrilling records of chivalry. The most trivial incident, apparently, assumed at times to his many-sided mind an aspect of momentous importance, and, under his wonderful word-painting, took on such colors as to attract the eyes of the nation.

But it was upon the happening of some great calamity, or the occurrence of some incident of unusual importance, or the approach of a political crisis, and especially an appearance of a wavering in the ranks of his party, *that his* heroic genius shone out in full splendor. Then *it was that, with* a pen tipped as it were with fire, he wrote

words that burned into the hearts of his readers; then it was that the lightning of his genius flashed out and lit up the whole social or political horizon, and the reverberating thunder of his utterances startled the sleeper and the unconcerned.

On every occasion of unusual popular interest, for the last twenty years or more, while agitation and dissention was going on over some proposed action, his earnest, manly sentiments were the inspiration of many a worker, and his sublime courage gave confidence to many a doubter.

But it was when argument and counsel had culminated on some decisive action, and an appeal made to the country for a verdict thereon, that his rallying cry was most eagerly listened for.

In all of this time there has been no crisis in the affairs of his party, whether arising from internal dissentions, political defection, or rival strength, that every Democrat in this section has not hastened to read what he might write upon the subject. This was not on account of a belief in his infallible judgement, although he was quick to discern and just to discriminate. It was not on account of implicit confidence in his vast political wisdom, although he had an intuitive knowledge of men and a genius for politics. It was not on account of his splendid periods and fervid bursts of eloquence, although in these he had scarcely a rival. It was because friend and foe alike knew that his was the expression of a fearless, true, incorruptible man; that, however mistaken, he believed as he wrote, with all his heart and mind, with a belief as sublime as his courage. He might not solve the problem, but he always exposed the difficulty. His passions or affections might cause him to err in position, but he always struck to the point, and no hero or chivalry ever pointed his lance with truer aim at the center of his enemy's shield than did he. No paladin in battle ever charged with less regard for consequences to himself than did this Murat of Missouri journalism on the political field.

His influence over thousands in Missouri and else-

where was unbounded. There were, and are, many who not only listened eagerly for his voice, but, having heard it, all controversy with them was at an end.

Over many who had no personal acquaintance with him this influence of his was exerted.

It was not his eloquence, or his fire, or his courage that captivated them. It was a something running through all that he did or said; that looked out of his eyes, that sounded in his voice, that appeared between the lines of all he ever wrote. It was as imperceptible as a spirit to the common eye, but making its presence felt upon kindred spirits. It was that, back of genius and education and culture, vitalizing and inspiring all, there was, as the chief part of his being, physically, mentally, and spiritually, a gushing, throbbing, warm, true Great Heart.

And now we are to write that this great heart has ceased to beat. In the quiet cemetery, near the little town of Dover, his still and silent form has been laid away until the great day of resurrection.

The green grass waves gently over him, and from the neighboring wood the sound of the singing of birds is low.

Sleep on, great heart! Thou art done with earth and its sorrows and joys, its victories and defeats, its sins and virtues. Many of thy comrades have gone before. A few years more and the last one will cross over to thee. But while we live, aye, while our children and children's children live, there shall never a deed of daring, or an act of devoted friendship, such as thou didst love to hear of and do, be performed, but that the telling of it shall bring thee fresh to mind, and so all the heroism of the land shall help to keep thy memory green.

Sleep on, great heart! Though there shall be sighs and prayers and "tears and breaking hearts for thee," thou shalt never more feel a kindred woe.

Sleep on, great heart! Thine enemies are powerless to do thee harm. For when detraction, and envy, and hate, and all uncharitableness have done their worst, and heaped upon thy grave all of thy weaknesses and thine errors, *thy follies and* thy sins, we might admit them all, but we

will bring such a multitude of thy merits, thy countless kindly acts so secretly done, thy devotedness to friends who owe thee all, thy generosity to foes now turned to friends, thine undaunted courage, thy perfect sincerity, thy noble unselfishness, and thine undying faithfulness though thyself hath died, and lay them, too, upon thy resting place, until when the angels look down from heaven they will see only the mountain of thy virtues, under whose towering height all of thine imperfections are completely hid from sight.

Sleep on, great heart! Love is stronger than hate. Where one shall blame a hundred more shall praise—where one condemn a thousand shall pay you tribute of undying love.

Love shall stand guard for thee,
  Friends without number,
Bereaved and disconsolate over thee weep:
  Sweet be thy dreams,
Untroubled thy slumber;
  Tranquilly, peacefully, restfully sleep.

Y.

NEWSPAPER TRIBUTES.

MAJOR JOHN N. EDWARDS.

[Kansas City *Times*, May 5, 1889.]

No pen but his own should write of a nature like that of the brilliant journalist who died yesterday at Jefferson City The spirit of Major John N. Edwards is justly measured in the hearts of a thousand men who knew him on the battlefield and in the intellectual life of later years, but to interpret it in words is beyond any one who has not his richness of flashing phrase, his warm love of the great and the beautiful and his constant study of the best literary models. And who has those resources, or who has the charity of soul, the tender sympathy, the insight into the subtler beauties of humanity and nature? Not one. Yet friendship will not allow the first opportunity to pass for telling the world, however poorly, what a noble man has departed.

Filling a part in the intense commercial life of the West, Major Edwards had no thought of money except to regret that he had not more when he wished to help a fellow man. In an age of ephemeral literature he had no literary passion except for the great masters, and if his all-embracing charity preserved a patience with the slight performances of the day, his unspoiled taste saved him from either admiration or imitation. Absorbing from his intimate acquaintance with the masters of all nations, a vast amount of knowledge, he formed a style all his own, and for twenty years he has had a circle of readers wider than that gathered around any contemporary American journalist. The chivalric spirit of the man, his bountiful vocabulary, his singular faculty for imaginative illustration, his habit of instantly striking at the heart of a subject and his skill in changing from the simplest of prose to the dramatic or poetic, as the phases of his thought suggested, invested his writing with an individuality and charm which every one of the readers in the circle recognized at a glance. As the soldier boys were cheered and held to their cause by his brave example in the weary days at the close of the war, his friends—and all the readers were his friends—were held to their political allegiance, to their faith in ideals and works, when the mistakes and misfortunes incident to most human affairs threatened disorganization and dispersion. The measure of his services to his party and to all other good causes which he made his own can never be taken, because there neither is or can be a record of such efforts.

Thinkers enough there are and trained writers, but who like him can clothe every thought in shining raiment? Who has for every abstraction its symbol, and for every feeling its signet? Who knows the ways to the core of mankind's heart as he did and can *utter the word* which makes it palpitate as he could? Moreover, is *there another* who possesses men's affections to such a degree and has

drawn on them so little. In all his life he never sought to advance himself. With all his abundant abilities he never boasted that he could do anything. With a courage so immaculate that it was a proverb, he was the man gentlest in speech and most lovable in nature in whatever community he lived.

Major Edwards was a hero worshiper in the noblest sense. He worshiped great qualities and reveled in watching the play of mighty forces as they wrought mighty deeds. He never wearied of picturing in his inimitable style the impact of genius on history. Beyond any man he had that

> "Highmindedness, a jealousy for good,
> A loving kindness for the great man's fame."

With the poet's imagination he combined a remarkable power of taking in a larger way an estimate of actual movements. This power was displayed again and again, when but little more than a boy, in his career as a soldier. Mature and able field officers were not ashamed to seek his advice and to be guided by his judgment. He displayed it with equal readiness as a journalist in dealing with political and social events. His eye was never off the game upon the European chessboard. He followed the diplomacy of Bismarck with the same zest he had for a presidential campaign in the United States, and he was seldom at fault in foreseeing the outcome of either. Worldly knowledge, of these national questions or of smaller matters, never made him cynical. In the highest or the lowliest he saw virtues before faults, and if he could, he would evade seeing faults at all. To the last his friendship was as tender and his sympathy as freely flowing as a girl's. Enjoying relations of the warmest mutual esteem with many of the most distinguished statesmen of the country, he had an hour or a day, if need be, for the humblest claimant upon his attention.

Major Edwards was the first editor of the Kansas City *Times* and the last years of his life were also spent in inspiring its staff with the ambition of vigorous journalism. What the host of loving personal friends feel at the loss of the versatile journalist, the true-hearted man and the most loyal friend they could ever hope to meet the *Times* feels as a newspaper. His unique personality will not be reproduced soon if ever in the lifetime of those who have known him. Besides the other characteristics and gifts which excited such uncommon affection, he was one of the rare beings of whom it can be said that he never felt animosity except to drive

> "Envy and malice to their native sty."

Against those mean passions he could lay his lance in rest blithely and with determined energy. For all else he had forbearance when he could not give praise.

It is not derogation to other good and brave men to say that the death of no man in Missouri would cause genuine pain and grief to so many and so different persons as that of John N. Edwards. Nor will the memory of any be so cherished.

JOHN N. EDWARDS.

[Kansas City *Journal*.]

Elsewhere the death of Major Edwards, for more than twenty years at various times connected with the press of Kansas City, is announced. At this writing we are not in possession of the *particulars attending* or preceding his decease, and it is here we only

desire to lay a flower on the bier of a child of genius, whose life story is as strange and weird as the inspiration of his pen.

He was in every respect the result of birth and environment, and never for a day changed the habits of thought in which he grew up. All this rush, bustle and change we call modern progress was a new and strange world to him and of which he never became a part. His literary inspirations were those of romance and of the age of romance. He was a knight of the antique order, and wrote of knights and their ideals. If he ever drew upon the more modern for his chivalric ideas it was of the Napoleon era and the ideals of the old guard. Some of the finest pen pictures that have graced contemporary journalism, were from his pen, and his admirers were in larger number than any of his contemporaries.

We always thought and often told him that the political newspaper was not the field he should have selected, as his mental organization and brilliant word painting were best suited to the magazine, and it has always been a regret that he did not choose that field. His was a singularly gentle nature, and one that knew no fault with his friends and brooked no criticism of those he esteemed. The finest judgment we have ever heard passed upon him was that he was a child of the twelfth century born in the nineteenth. It seems extravagant, but it describes the peculiar genius of our dead friend.

THE LATE JOHN N. EDWARDS.

[Kansas City *Globe*.]

John N. Edwards died yesterday. Throughout the length and breadth of this State and scattered throughout this country are men who will grow sad as they hear of his demise. Death silently, swiftly stole into the din and clamor of the world about him and led him away. Silent forever is the pen from which eloquence always flamed—a natural eloquence such as the wild wood bird sings forth in its morning carols. His characteristic writings, startling for their boldness and originality, stirring for their pathos and genuine feeling, piercing with sharp satire or soothing with melodious measures, emanating from a heart at high tide until the man and his pen seemed one; will be seen no more in the press. Many of his works will be read and re-read—but most were written for the day which is past. John N. Edwards is dead.

As for the man, he was a man indeed. As he wrote he spoke, he acted; he was loyal to his friends. As softly, harmoniously, sweetly as his measures formed themselves on paper—for he wrote in measures—so his generosity of heart and mind made themselves felt to those about him. Every time he met a man he made a friend. He had few enemies and even those were compelled to admire him for his fearlessness.

A BRIGHT AND SHINING LIGHT.

[Kansas City *Star*, May 4.]

The journalistic profession has lost a bright and shining light in the death of Major John N. Edwards, of the Kansas City *Times*, who died this morning at Jefferson City, after an illness of two days. He was barely fifty years of age, and was, therefore, in the very prime of his intellectual powers. As a newspaper man he was one of the most commanding figures in the West. He was a writer of

remarkable vigor, and his style was so picturesque as to invest his work with a thoroughly distinctive quality. He possessed a dramatic power of description which will live in several volumes of war literature which he has left as mementoes of his genius. He loved the State of Missouri, and as an able and conscientious exponent of public thought, it was his high privilege to advance all of the interests of the State of his adoption. His professional career dated back to the day of small beginnings in the West, but it covered a period of eventful growth and splendid prosperity. Personally, Major Edwards was one of the kindliest men whom the State has ever been called upon to mourn. He loved his friends and received from them a full requital of the affection which he bestowed upon them. The intelligence of his death will awaken tender and tearful regret wherever he was known, and he leaves behind him a memory as fragrant with all the sweet amenities of life as the flowers which will be spread upon his grave.

JOHN N. EDWARDS.

[St. Louis *Republic.*]

Major John N. Edwards is dead. Missouri never had a more picturesque figure, and there never was a kinder, more generous heart than his. Had he lived five centuries ago he would have been as great and full of honors as he was noble in all his instincts, but living as he did at the close of the nineteenth century, his high spirit simply fretted itself out against the bars of a utilitarian civilization. He was really a poet, and nothing else, but the accident of his birth at a time when the Civil War overtook him just as his mind was in its formative period, made him what Missouri knew him, a gallant, chivalric soldier, who remained a soldier up to the day of his death. As a journalist he never exercised any direct influence; that is, he nearly always failed to accomplish what he set out to accomplish. Indirectly his influence was wide. Working himself to white heat wherever he saw or fancied he saw a wrong, he struck off phrases like sparks from an anvil, and many of these phrases will survive him for many decades after his death. They are used in politics all over the country by thousands who have no idea of their origin; who never heard of Edwards.

Living over and over again in journalism and politics the days of wild dash when he rode by the side of General J. O. Shelby, life for him was indeed a warfare. He had in his head always the jingle of the spurs and the clashing of swords in the old English ballads he loved above everything. Victor Hugo's *Les Miserables* moved and influenced him more than all that has been written on government and political economy.

He never abandoned a friend. He had known Jesse and Frank James when they were boys during the border war. Honorable and rigidly honest himself, he would have sacrificed his life and his reputation rather than slight an appeal from these hunted outlaws for shelter. Loyalty with him was an overpowering instinct—his most marked trait, and he was as gentle and unobtrusive personally as he was loyal. Except when thrilled by devotion to some cause or other, he always sought the background.

As a newspaper writer, he never sought to advance himself, but always worked for the advancement of others. His style as a writer was highly poetical and it grew less effective in journalism as his peculiarities of imagination gained more and more the control of

his judgment. Frequently when he found a subject that would bear his style, his hurried productions had a wide popularity. An article thus written on the marriage of Nelly Grant was copied through this country and in Europe, and it is said that it touched General Grant deeply. He had the faults and weaknesses of an impulsive, poetical temperament, and one of these, growing habitual, marred his usefulness. But were all said that could be said of his faults, it would not weigh at all with those who knew him in his gentleness and in his enthusiasms.

A DEAD JOURNALIST.

[St. Louis *Spectator*.]

In the sudden death of Major J. N. Edwards western journalism has certainly lost one of its most brilliant votaries. His style was at once original, unique, and frequently startling and erratic. Tender and pathetic as no other man could make it, if sympathy touched his heart; every line he ever wrote in memoriam was a poem in itself. Nurtured during the romance and realism of war, his pen, as if dipped in blood, followed the fierce, fiery trail of his thoughts, if he felt conscious a wrong had been perpetrated or an injustice done. Many will, no doubt, remember his brilliant and heroic fusilade of boiling fury, burning anathemas and fierce denunciations, which he poured out upon the perpetrators of the death of Jesse James. Not that he in any way approved the method of the James boys, but treachery to a friend was with him high treason. The following tribute to the subject of this sketch was written many years ago from Jefferson City, the scene of his death, by one who knew him well: "He always seems to be a stranger wherever he goes. Walks alone, seldom speaks to anybody, and does not smile three times a day. He is one of the oddest and best of men; has the forehead and eyes of a poet, and the nose and mouth of a soldier. Equally at home in battle and the flowery field of imagination. Sad in face, but glad in heart, fierce like an eagle, gentle as the soul of a dove. One who loves a man for his strength and a woman for her neatness. Noble, generous, child-like in simplicity, but great in mind, a journalist, a historian, and altogether one of Missouri's most illustrious sons.

MAJOR JOHN N. EDWARDS.

[St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*.]

The death of Major John N. Edwards carries off, suddenly and unexpectedly, one of the brightest men connected with the journalism of the West. In the past twenty years the pen of Major Edwards has given point and brilliancy to half a dozen newspapers of the State—in St. Louis, in St. Joseph, in Sedalia and in Kansas City. He had wonderful power of expression and description, and his mind was an arsenal of facts gathered from extensive reading and garnered in a retentive memory. He wrote always on the side of his earnest convictions, and hence was often out of accord with the Democratic party, to which he belonged, although his variences were generally as to men rather than as to principles. He was an honorable as well as a forcible opponent in debate, and *always kept within* the lines of strict decorum in the discussion of *public questions*. He will be greatly missed from the field of news-

paper controversy, and he will leave behind him a vacancy which will not soon be filled.

MAJOR JOHN N. EDWARDS.

[The *Journalist*, New York.]

The death of the veteran journalist, John N. Edwards, who died in Jefferson City, Mo.; recently, takes from the ranks of journalism one of its oldest members and ablest writers.

His writing had a peculiar charm. His style was all his own. He wrote wholly in prose, and put the most cogent argument in music that charmed the ear while it convinced the reason. The writings of no living journalist had a more distinct and striking personality He never wrote a line that was not interesting, nor a sentence that it was not a pleasure to read. His editorial writing attracted the attention of the country. It was inimitable and unequaled.

Major Edwards was a commanding figure in Missouri politics. It is not too much to say of him that he had more warm personal friends than any man in the State. Yet while always taking an active part in politics he was never a candidate for office, and would never listen to any suggestions that he should become one. He was the leading figure in the fight which resulted in Senator Vest's first election, when he beat Samuel Glover, the father of the present ex-Congressman of St. Louis. The Missouri *Republican* made a bitter fight against Vest, and after he was elected the *Globe-Democrat*, editorially, gave Major Edwards the credit for electing him. It was conceded at the time that he did more than any other one man to bring about the result. His personal influence was remarkable. The friends that he made were devoted, and would go to any length to accommodate him. He supported Governor Crittenden in his contest against General Marmaduke, but was a warm supporter of General Marmaduke in the campaign which resulted in his nomination. He never used his influence for his own advancement, but was always generous in his endeavors for the success of his friends. Had his political ambition run in the line of office-seeking there is little doubt that he could have had anything in the gift of the people. There was probably more genuine regard and warm personal feeling for him than for any man who ever took a prominent part in State politics.

The death of no man in Missouri was ever mournod more sincerely than the death of Major Edwards will be. Everybody who knew him loved him. The attachments which he created were remarkable. No one ever became acquainted with him without becoming warmly attached to him. In conversation and manner he was as gentle and modest as a woman He was uniformly courteous and kind. With him rank was but the guinea's stamp. He judged men on their merits, and the man poor in money and fame received the same considerate treatment that would have been accorded a millionaire or the President. His nature was a peculiarly lovable one, and his friends entertained a warm affection for him seldom given by one man to another.

THE DEATH OF MAJOR EDWARDS.

[Colonel John C. Moore in Pueblo, Colo. *Despatch.*]

Major Edwards was at the time of his death about fifty years of age—*in the prime of* his manhood and the flower of his intellect.

He was a Virginian by birth, though since early youth he had lived in and been identified with Missouri. He acquired his education chiefly in a printing office at Lexington, but before he reached his majority, the war coming on, he espoused the Southern side and enlisted as a private in a company raised and equipped by Captain Jo. Shelby. The military tie thus formed lasted through the war, and as Shelby became successively colonel of a regiment, general of brigade and general of division, Edwards advanced in grade with him as adjutant, assistant adjutant-general, and chief of staff, and finally after the close of the war the historian of the achievements of his dashing commander and his gallant comrades in arms.

Indeed, he and General Shelby went to Mexico together in 1865, and while in that country his book "Shelby and His Men" was principally written. Being written at such a time and under such circumstances, it was, of course, full of the fire and passions and animosities of the war, and though not history in its higher and more philosophical sense, it is a splendid pageant of four years service in one of the greatest wars of the world, and contains an abundance of the material of which history is made. After his return from Mexico he wrote "The Unwritten Leaves of History," which gave a graphic account of the deeds and misdeeds of the Confederate contingent in that country, and of a most interesting episode in Mexican history—the attempt and failure to establish the imperial dynasty of Maximilian in that country.

But it was as a journalist that his greatest and most effective powers were exerted. The hurry, the rush, and the necessities of life did not afford him leisure for the cultivation of literature in its more permanent forms, though not infrequently he turned aside from the weary path of daily labor to write a sketch or an essay, which showed what he might have done under more favorable circumstances. In a remarkable degree he possessed the temperament of "phantasie and flame," which from the beginning of the world has been the birthright of the poet, the orator, the enthusiast, and those who impress themselves strongly on their fellows and control them by a power as irresistible as it is subtle and undefinable. His mental processes were original. With fine power of logic and analysis—with wit, humor, and sarcasm at his command—his strength as a writer consisted chiefly in his unequaled capacity as a rhetorician. It is to be doubted whether he had his equal among American journalists in pathos, eloquence, epigrammatic point, vividness of description, and tropical luxuriance of rhetorical illustration, when at at his best. When in earnest—as he usually was, for his nature was essentially loyal to whatever he undertook—his articles swept on, like an impetuous stream bearing everything before it, the reader forgetting to analyze, to criticise, or to question.

KNIGHTLY IN WHATEVER HE DID.

[Frank H. Brooks, in Chicago *Times*.]

"Major John N. Edwards was unobtrusive, personally. He would no more wound the feelings of his fellowman than he would desecrate the grave of his best friend. But in times, when it was necessary for him to stand out and engage in a conflict, he was as brave as a lion and picturesque in his manner of warfare. He had sometimes in his composition that reminded one of old Murat and *yet he was perfectly* free from bluster and ostentation.

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"Major Edwards was knightly in whatever he did, and gave the West a romantic coloring which attached to no other section. As polished as any courtier, no matter whether he was in a hand-to-hand conflict or in a drawing-room; as merciful as a Sister of Charity and as tender as a mother.

"No matter what flag fluttered over the suffering, if he was in the vicinity he turned aside and acted the role of the good Samaritan. If he could do this without his left hand being any the wiser for it, it suited him so much the better. If any man had a contempt for dress-parade it was John N. Edwards.

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"When the war was over Jo Shelby and some of his followers, who had dreamed of an empire on this side of the Atlantic, went galloping over the border and presented themselves to Maximilian, in the City of Mexico. Edwards was one of the company. It was a strange soldiery, as picturesque as anything in the story of Spain. Not a man in that company who had not been present at some of the receptions of the most notable people in his own country. Not a man who was not a nobleman by nature. Not one who had not had, before the war, his retinue of servants and all that money could give. Not one who did not speak the court language as fluently as he spoke his own. Not one who was not fitted for the conventionalities of the drawing-room of any crowned head. Edwards, in particular, as shy as a fawn even then, became a favorite with Maximilian, and was a guest at the capital at the invitation of Carlotta, who never tired of hearing his stories of the country from which he came.

"This unique soldiery, however, soon returned to their own country and became loyal and useful citizens. Carlotta went home across the water, and the pitiful story of her fate has been told in tears all around the globe. Edwards wrote a tribute to her on the occasion of her malady, which was printed and copied the land over and translated into various languages in the old world. It was the tenderest and purest bit of English that ever came from pen."

DEATH OF JOHN N. EDWARDS.

[Robert M. Yost, in Sedalia *Gazette*.]

Major John N. Edwards is dead.

In the estimate which men make of human life and character, that disposition weighs most and is most sublime which carries in its warp and woof the woven threads of charity and chivalry, of gentleness and courage, of devotion to principle and duty, com mingled with that love of fellowman which is womanly in its ten derness and grim in its determination.

And such a disposition had John N. Edwards. There was not more of the rich purple of fruition in the great grapes of Eschol, carried on men's shoulders out of the land of Canaan, than in the blood of this heroic, childlike gentleman. No matter in what society nor under what circumstances he wrote or spoke, he had that kindliness of nature, that splendor of courtesy, which harmed no man without a just and sorrowful cause. And amid all the brilliant and beautiful things which found their way from his teeming brain into human hearts, there was never one sting of malice, ot envy, or of strife. Though pre-eminently a man of peace; though born for the contemplation of sylvan shades and nights in June; *though nurtured* by the velvet hand of poesy, and surrounded

through life by convoys of cherubic thoughts, John N. Edwards rode down with the guns on many a hard-fought battle-field and smiled at the skeleton of death beside him; and rattled its dry bones with no more thought of fear than has the prattling child amid a field of clover-blooms.

And if he had ever contemplated a time to die, he would have chosen yesterday as that time. The birds of spring were chirping at his window; a golden flood of light had burst upon the world, and the green woods flushed with sunshine, and shadowed here and there, sang the praises of nature and of nature's God. It was a peaceful hour; and when the great soul sped away to its haven of rest the time and the hour were richer with the weight of duty done.

There will be tears in every household of Missouri over the death of John N. Edwards. Tears for the man who loved the children and the soldiers. Tears for him who rode booted and spurred into the enemy's guns, and then turn to weep over the dead comrades who laid down their lives beside him. Tears for the journalist, who knew neither fear nor malice. Tears for the patroit, who hated nothing more fiercely than treachery and cowardice. Tears for the neighbor and friend, whose hospitable door stood always open, and whose hand, ever extended in genorsity to the poor, the friendless and the outcast, never closed upon a dishonest dollar. Tears for the husband and father, at whose grave will weep not only a loving wife and children, but the wives and children of all men in this broad State who love virtue and its defenders. Tears to-day and tears to-morrow. And then a blessed memory of one who gilded the sunshine while he lived, and then went down to death with all the majestic calmness of one who lies down to pleasant dreams.

After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well.

IN MEMORY OF MAJ. EDWARDS.

[George W. Terrell, in Boonville *Advertiser*.]

I had lost a friend in Romney Leigh.— *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

One does not need to have a flaming fancy to picture to himself this knight-errant of the nineteenth century riding down from the ancient Arthurian days right into the heart of this grand State of ours, and into the very midst of the time in which we move and rejoice. He might have ridden, panoplied and plumed, beside the peerless Bayard in the stormy lists of the long ago, for his actual career, in all its multiform incidents and episodes, rhymed, one may say, as the lines of a poem rhyme, with the wild music of the olden lances, the trumpets, and the spurs of gold.

Anyone who knew John N. Edwards intimately could not sit down and read Tennyson's tragic "Idylls of the King" without being keenly reminded of this chivalrous gentleman, soldier, and journalist, whose mortal remains lie now beneath Missouri's sacred sod. The brave, sweet, musical, strong voice, sharp with command, or soft in speech to friend and woman; the poise of the fine head, with a front of princely power; the large, luminous, liquid, dark eyes, that were made to flash with fury or dreamily melt in love, were only a part of the superb physical equipment given to our dear friend by the Creator himself.

Major Edwards was fashioned and molded for the very day and generation in which he lived. When the great civil struggle broke forth upon land and sea, he had just attained to the estate of lusty manhood. Beardless, but bold as a lion, he found a neighbor near at hand who, of all men in the world, was to personify his supreme idealization of the true soldier. This was none other than the famous General Jo Shelby. With him the young cavalryman went gaily to the war as a Knight of the Round Table was wont to enter the tragic tournaments in times of the vanished kings and queens. How well he rode, and how far; and how finely he fought in all those four long years, need not be recounted in these imperfect lines. As a fitting and dramatic close to his brilliant career in the States, what could be more fascinating than the episode of Shelby's expedition to Mexico —one of the most strangely romantic in the annals of American history.

Edwards' career was no less notable in the paths of peace than on the ensanguined plains of battle. As his glittering blade gleamed brighter than all others in the front of the fight, so his pen cast forth gems of rhetoric richer in their quality than anything in Western authorship. In picturing roses and wine and the graces of pretty women his fancy was riotous in its profusion of poesy. In describing the deeds of valor done by his beloved Confederate comrades, his phrases and epigrams had the brilliancy of the rapier and the beauty and suppleness of the keen-flashing Damascus blade. His eulogies of dead friends and companions were as tender and exquisite as anything of the kindin the English language.

On Monday, near the quaint little village of Dover, in Lafayette county, a multitude of tearful men and women assembled to see his form lowered gently to its last resting-place. All the trees were melodious with the songs of birds; all the rich grasses and fields were abloom with flowers. The sweet young maiden, May, her violet cheeks wet with the mist of many memories, bent from the blue sky above the grave; and in this wise, the simple soldier, the incomparable journalist, and the ideal chevalier of these days of ours, was hidden away forever from the brimming eyes of his earthly friends.

FROM THE MISSOURI PRESS ASSOCIATION.

At a meeting of the Missouri Press Association, held at Nevada June 5, 1889, before the adoption of the report on memorials, President Williams paid the following beautiful and touching tribute to the memory of Colonel Turner and Major Edwards: "Especially has this Association, with the press of Missouri, suffered loss in the death of Joseph H. Turner and John N. Edwards, more prominent for various reasons than the others named. They were both newspaper men to the manor born; they both knew something of the wastes along which the editor's pathway often goes, where streams are not, nor springs nor water of refreshment anywhere. They both had tasted of the bitter and the sweet. Modestly they accepted fate, drank deep of life, knew books and hearts of men, cities and camps, and man's immortal woe. They both had battled with the sword and pen. Soldiers both, they were better citizens therefor. They loved bravery and gentleness and were brave and gentle altogether. Honor and duty and love were theirs and littleness was as foreign to their natures as impurity to the sea.

"Their spheres of life were different and their characters dissimilar. The one brilliant, meteoric, chivalric, passionate in word

and deed, an Arthurian knight who had ridden down from the days of the Round Table until now; the other conservative, practical, genial, with big body and large heart, a faithful officer, a zealous worker, more in smaller circle perhaps, but equally courageous, tender and true. The one a soldier who had worn the blue with credit and had followed where the old commander led, the other who had donned the gray a blue-eyed and beardless boy, and doffed it only when the cause for which he fought was lost—the stars and bars gone down and with them all save honor. What better requiem now for these friends of ours to whom death's drum-beat has called 'Lights out' than that said or sung over Sir Launcelot's dead body, 'for than these no goodlier gentlemen ever set lance in rest, none braver drew swords in the press of knights.' This much would I fain say in loving remembrance of these men—buried the one at Carrollton, yonder mid the gold and scarlet of autumn leaves, touched and tinged with frost; the other entombed on Lafayette's prairies, broad and sunlit as his soul, within sight of the old home-stead where he had wooed, won, and wedded the faithful woman who was at his side through good and ill.

"Turner and Edwards—of different creeds, of different faiths, of opposing politics—they were both large-hearted, clean-handed, courageous gentlemen and journalists. Helpful always to those who needed help, loved most by those who knew them best, they richly deserve this tribute at our hands. Upon the roster, where the names of Regan and Carter and McFarland and Jim Anderson were placed, let theirs also be inscribed, and after them let it be written, as the response for two centuries the name of the famous old French grenadier was, 'dead on the field of honor,' and as we close their sepulchers, where the flowers bloom and grass is grown to-day, we seem to catch in the clangor of the vault door swinging shut the echo of the opening of the pearly gates of Paradise, and straining our eyes through the darkness here, where the widow and children and friends group blindly, wanderingly, do we not see across the river, yonder, where the boatman rows us one by one, the gleaming of lights of the harbor, and heavenly harbor at last."

DEATH OF MAJOR EDWARDS.

[Jefferson City *Tribune.*]

Missouri has lost her greatest newspaper man and her constellation of journalists is dimmed by the departure of its most brilliant member. Major John N. Edwards is dead, and again is exemplified the adage that the King of Terrors loves a shining mark.

"John N. Edwards, the brilliant writer and prince of journalists, is dead." That was the sorrowful news the telegraph carried out to the journalists of the South and West yesterday. No sadder intelligence than this has flashed over the wires out of this city. Truly, a great man in journalism "has fallen this day." As the sun in the firmament is to the solar system, so was Major John N. Edwards to the journalistic firmament. But the sun has set while it was yet noon. Few attain such eminence in their profession even when hoary hairs adorn their brow as he attained while yet in the prime of life and full vigor of manhood. Of him it can be said: "His eye was not dim nor his natural force abated." But he is gone—out into the great unknown future his spirit winged its way. The summons came and he obeyed the mandate. He died as he had lived—a friend to the unfortunate and down-trodden. No kind mother ever

spread the covering more tenderly over her sleeping infant than John N. Edwards spread the mantle of charity over the erring and the fallen.

Brave as a lion, gentle as a lamb, none ever appealed to him for charity in vain; the defenseless always found in him a prompt and fearless advocate; a perfect stranger to personal fear, he was equally unmoved by flattery or adulation. Always guided by the most noble and generous impulses, he was wholly incapable of committing a pusillanimous act. His severest journalistic castigations were always characterized by a purity of thought and chastity of language seldom exhibited by caustic writers. Would that all writers could be induced to emulate his noble virtues in this respect. "Peace to his ashes."

JOHN NEWMAN EDWARDS.

[Lexington *Intelligencer*.]

John Edwards is dead. The brave, the true, the gentle, the chivalric John Edwards has gone to sleep in death. His lance is at rest; his pen will idly rust, and from every combat in which men engage, we who have so long looked for him in every fray will look for him in vain. There are few men like him. He had his faults, perhaps, but who has not, and of how many of us can it be said that these were as light as autumn leaves in comparison with the merits of his virtues? His pen was ever ready to defend the right; it never faltered in works of beneficence and mercy. The weak possessed a claim upon him which he ne'er resisted, and the poor had in him a champion and a friend. In this world of selfishness and greed he knew no such thing as self, and was constantly an immolation upon the altar of his love for his fellowmen.

He was a poet, a soldier, and a politician—a poet from the days when a boy in a printing office in old Virginia he used surreptitiously to hang his effusions on the hook; a soldier from the day when duty first called him to the field, and a politician in that larger sense which seeks by the means of government to better and to ameliorate the condition of mankind. He was a student and a philosopher. Books were his idols, and he worshiped at no polluted shrine. The best that philosophy, history, and poetry afforded was the contemplation of his leisure, and the instrument with which he delved for men.

In the society of the learned and the high, men listened to his words, surprised at their erudition and their depth; in company with the lowly he had language equal to their comprehension and their needs. Religion to him was nothing for passing show, to be lightly taken up or as lightly laid aside. No man ever more realizthed the awfulness and mightiness of God; no man ever more reverently whispered His name. No man more thoroughly believed in the immortality of the soul, or more completely appreciated the immensity of consequent responsibilities. As little as he talked of it, no man was more thoroughly a religious man than he.

In his composition there was no such thing as fear. Death had no terrors for him. Often near it he neither sought, nor shrunk from it. At the last, had he known that it had overtaken him, he would,

> "Sustained and soothed
> By an unfaltering trust, approach his grave
> Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

It was not only those in his own household that loved John Edwards. As keen as the scimeter of he Saracen in combat, as merciless in debate as he was gentle in personal contact, his political opponents honored, respected, and often loved him. This grew largely out of his admiration for bravery and virtue wherever found. He eulogized Conkling, and he apotheosized Nellie Grant. While he fought like a tiger on the field, whether of arms or politics, he could no more abuse power than he could condone a lie or forgive a meanness.

DEATH OF JOHN N. EDWARDS.

[Columbia *Herald.*]

Thousands throughout the length and breadth of the land will receive the news of Major Edwards' death with the profoundest sensations of sorrow. He possessed a remarkable personal magnetism. Singularly unobtrusive and modest, and apparently indifferent, touching the attraction of others, he yet drew to him all men with whom he came in close contact—many of them by ties of strong and genuine affection. While he was a hard fighter, whether in politics or war, his bosom bore no malice, and his greatest happiness lay in unselfish service of those he loved.

As a writer he was without a peer. To the imagination and diction of the poet he added the vigorous and pungent force of a practical journalist. No man connected with the Missouri press has written so many beautiful things—has left behind so many productions glittering with rhetorical gems, and at the same time no pen has been wielded with more rapier-like vigor and effect in the realm of practical politics. He has been a positive force in Missouri journalism for twenty years, and no one connected with newspapers has, during that period, impressed his personality so strongly upon public affairs. Personally he was the embodiment of chivalry, and, as both soldier and journalist, he evinced qualities which characterized rather the days of the crusader or cavalier than the prosaic periods of the nineteenth century.

A gifted writer, a generous friend, an accomplished citizen, a thorough gentleman, he passed away. We shall not look upon his like again.

JOHN N. EDWARDS.

[Hunnewell (Kan.) *Bee.*]

Ah, Sir Launcelot! thou wert head of all Christian knights; now there thou liest; thou wert never matched of none earthly knight's hands. And thou wert the curtiest knight that ever bore shield. And thou wert the kindest man that ever strook with sword. And thou wert the meekest man that ever eate in hall among ladies. And thou wert the sternest knight to thy Mortal foe that ever put speare in rest.—*Morte d' Arthur.*

It is difficult to speak soberly at this time of the gallant soldier, the generous man, the brilliant journalist, the strong, earnest, and true Democrat for whose sudden death all Missouri mourns. Those who knew him personally testify to his warm heart, his unselfishness, and his personal bravery. To those who, like the writer of this, only knew him through the medium of his writings, these testimonials come with a peculiarly grateful sound. We know of no man in America whose literary style was quite so charming and *delightful as that* of Major Edwards. It is difficult to describe it

and impossible to analyze it. All history seemed to be at his command, and he possessed a wonderful knack of seizing its striking and dramatic features and placing them before the minds of his readers. He had not only read history but he had lived and acted it. He had no mean part in the events of the late war on this side of the Mississippi.

He has left a record of what he saw in the form of an historical work that is the very masterpiece of our "Civil-War" literature. It is no dry detail of marches and sieges, no monotonous recital of slaughter. There is not a dull page in the book and scarcely a commonplace sentence. It is not a mere recital but a living pageant of stirring events. One hears through every page the trampling of armed squadrons, and catches the sound of the trumpet; there is the light of the bivouac fires on the bearded faces; there is the thrilling episode, the gallant charge, the heroic death. And withal a faithful adherence to truth. His editorial writings were remarkable for their strength and brilliancy. His sentences were saber-strokes. He was a hard-hitter, yet there was nothing coarse, nothing that was not polished and elegant. His party had no safer guide. He was essentially sound in his political utterances. He never once lost sight of the principles of Democracy, and it has been well said of him that he never wrote one sentence against his own convictions, no matter what the policy of the newspaper for which he wrote might be. The world of journalism will not again soon know his equal.

MAJOR JOHN N. EDWARDS.

[Saline County *Progress.*]

We do not know of any other Missouri journalist who has ever lived, to whose memory so many beautiful and touching tributes have been written by his brethren of the press. Indeed this is no matter of wonder. Major Edwards, as a newspaper writer, was unique, inimitable, and one of the greatest lights that has ever figured in Missouri journalism. He was the prince of Missouri newspaper men. Now that he is dead, all unite, regardless of party, in one general chorus in praise of him who has done so much to honor and adorn the profession. They mourn the loss of him who, more than any other, was the architect of the glory of the press of our State—one who spent the best years of his life, the greatest vigor of his mind, and the warmest sympathies of his large heart in securing the advancement and dignity and power of the press of our State. Missouri journalism mourns, in sorrow that cannot be comforted, for him who was her pride and her glory, and who was chief among her gallaxy of bright men.

"AT LAST."

[Frostburg (Md.) *Mining Journal.*]

The Kansas City (Mo.) *Times* of last Sunday gives a lengthy account of the death on Saturday of Major John N. Edwards, editor of that paper, and one of the most brilliant writers in the United States. We knew him as a youth of extraordinary promise. At fourteen years of age he became the author of a story which won for him a wide celebrity. Shortly after, he went to Missouri, where he led a checkered but always an honorable and brilliant career. A great *publicist*, he made friends in the highest walks of life.

Instead of seeking, he was always the sought; instead of pushing himself forward, he was unselfishly aggressive in promoting popular preferment for his friends. He stood at the helm of great papers, to whom his flashing genius won wide circulation, and there is hardly a library in Missouri that does not contain his books. Proudly remembered by the friends of his youth, there are thousands in the State of his adoption who will not look upon his like again.

JOHN N. EDWARDS.

[Liberty *Advance.*]

As was said of the Douglass of old, "Thou art tender and true," so might as justly be said of this Palladin of the nineteenth century. In harmonious unison with the pulse-throbs that beat the blood about the chivalric hearts of Roland and Bayard, moved his blood around a heart as bold as Cœur de Leon's, as gentle as Romeo's. Naught that animated and inspired those bold deeds of chivalry in the past, around which our memory in admiration so loves to cling, was foreign to or absent from the heart of this brilliant man, this sympathetic friend, this noble foe.

His was a character at once strong and attractive, and in the long line of mourning friends who followed in the funeral train to pay the last sad rites of respect to the dead, scarred and bearded cheeks, with channels worn deep and lasting by war's rigors, shed tears of sympathy, which freely commingled on the hero's grave with those of child and maiden.

MAJOR JOHN N. EDWARDS.

[Richmond *Conservator.*]

There was scarcely another man in Missouri whose death would have caused such universal regret and sadness as that of Major John N. Edwards, of the Kansas City *Times.* When the intelligence was flashed over the wires last Saturday that his spirit had gone out from its earthly tabernacle and passed into the mystic future, where the human eye can not penetrate or the human thought fathom, many a stout heart bled with sorrow from its very depths, and many an eye was reddened with tears of sadness. Almost every man in Missouri of any prominence knew John N. Edwards, either personally or by reputation, and those who were best acquainted with him were his warmest friends and most ardent admirers. He was no ordinary man, and those with whom he came in contact, as well as those who read from his pen, readily observed his superior talent as a writer and noble impulses as a man. His pen was a power in the journalistic field of Missouri and his influence even extended beyond her lines.

His brilliant and eloquent editorials were read with pleasure by thousands of his admirers, and were easily recognized as coming from his master mind, the reservoir of learning, of eloquence, and of poetry. As he thought he wrote, and no man ever lived who could imitate or counterfeit his peculiar and original style. Nature endowed him with the superior faculty of drawing men to him, and to become acquainted with him was to be his friend and admirer. In opposition he was kind, generous, and sympathetic, *and never* permitted an opportunity of doing a charitable act to *pass unnoticed.* His body was laid to rest last Monday in the

a faint suspicion that confidence once given could ever there be misplaced.

As a journalist, he ranked very high. As a literary writer, he could have rivaled Victor Hugo, whom he greatly admired. Many of his writings, notably "Poor Carlotta," stand in the front rank as gems of their kind.

John Edwards is dead! A noble soul has gone across the mystic river! He had his faults; but who more virtuous than he! He never knew what it was to commit a little act; his errors were against himself. He has gone to his last resting-place—to the great and mysterious unknown. No more shall we hear his pleasant, welcome voice; no more gather pearls scattered from his fertile pen. Alas, his body molds. Too sad! too sad! And yet, "To this complexion must we all come at last."

A GREAT WRITER GONE.

[Boonville *Topic.*]

The most striking figure in Missouri journalism was made a memory when Major Edwards died. For years his writing had been familiar, stamped as it was with the impress of his own peculiar personality. Picturesque, abounding in original thoughts and poetical expressions, classical sometimes almost to obscurity, assertive always, logical never, his style was as well known throughout the West as though across every line and article had been written his initials or his name. Intense in friendships, he was equally uncompromising in his hatreds. He was a poet born. Through all his work the vivid imagery, the thought, the diction, the essence of poetry was to be seen. To all subjects that he touched he gave a golden tinge. He weaved for his favorites crowns of roses; thorns and nettles for those whom he did not like. He was a knight—a relic of the days of chivalry. In his life and writings he betrayed the influence of that by-gone age. His sword was never drawn save in what he thought to be a righteous cause. Upon his armor glistened always purity and truth. Obstacles did not deter him nor difficulties prevent him waging war. Personally, John Edwards was brave and lion-hearted. There was only one foe he could not face, and because he yielded to its temptations too often and too long, Death came, the pen was laid aside, and peacefully as one who sleeps when day is done, this man, still in the prime of life, answered to a summons from beyond. Bury his inconsistencies with him. Remember not the frailties of the dead. But his good of deed and word and splendid heart is inscribed on the memory of many that he helped and loved and labored for. May it fade not away from us forever.

CHIVALROUS AS A KNIGHT.

[Ozark (Mo.,) *Republican.*]

The most brilliant writer Missouri ever nurtured to greatness has passed away. Major John N. Edwards died at Jefferson City on the 4th of May. The master of a style of vivid splendor he, like Goldsmith, "touched nothing which he did not adorn." An enthusiastic Democrat, and a Confederate who followed Shelby to *Mexico, he* nevertheless had hosts of Republican friends. Through *all the wild,* stern days of battle, John N. Edwards had fought, and

during many a woful night he had ridden with the terrible men of the border, but he was always the soul of honor and as chivalrous as a knight of old. His strangely captivating style glittered with metaphors that were drawn from his reminiscences of the stormy but entrancing days when the great conflict filled men's hearts with emotion and elevated their minds with thoughts and experiences of epic grandeur. Of rhetoric, Major Edwards was a very lord, painting in the chambers of his imagery pictures of vermilion and gold. In his perfect diction there was always present that stimulus—that power of opening vistas vast as we see in dreams—which it is the privilege of genius only to possess. Many a Missourian must feel that when John N. Edwards died it was as if the bright star, Aldebaran, had faded forever from the sight of men.

JOHN N. EDWARDS.

[Ulrick *Chronicle.*]

By the death of John N. Edwards, which occurred suddenly at Jefferson City last Saturday, one of the brightest stars is removed from the galaxy of Western journalism. Major Edwards was the Napoleon of journalism. No pen in the West—we believe in the United States—was gifted so brilliantly as was his. His literary productions in the profession of his choice were of the most magnificent type. Familiar with all the best authors of English literature, he was never at a loss for a simile from the productions of such writers as Shakspeare, Scott, and Moore. The master of the most vindictive sarcasm when his antagonism was aroused, and of the most disdainful irony when his contempt was excited, none were quicker to change to sympathetic strains when his foe was vanquished. Passing his earlier years among dangers known only to those who have witnessed the scenes of border warfare, he strongly imbibed the dash and impetuosity which he afterwards displayed in the journalistic arena. Quick and impulsive, possessing the spirit of independence, a stranger to policy, he was not always in harmony with his party. Yet he was a partisan in its strictest sense, so far as principles were concerned. He never lost sight of the tenets established by those whom he esteemed as the founders of his party.

No man is perfect, so let his weaknesses be forgotten as he is laid beneath the clods of the valley, while we, as members of the same profession, cherish his memory for the good he has done and may our conception of him as an ideal journalist tend to the elevation of journalism in this country. Peace to his ashes.

HE HELPED THE NEEDY.

[Jefferson City Correspondence Chicago *Times.*]

A man and woman, who alighted from a common farm-wagon, attracted considerable attention yesterday as they entered the McCarty House and passed up to the room where lay the remains of Major John N. Edwards, the Kansas City editor, who had died a few hours before of paralysis. The woman was in tears, and her husband evidently was trying hard to conceal his emotion. Both were well along in years, and his hair was streaked with gray.

"Am I related to Major Edwards?" he said to an attendant. "No; but I would have done as much for him as I would for a brother. *He did me a friendly act once when I was a stranger and in*

THE KNIGHTLIEST OF KNIGHTS.

[Moberly *Monitor.*]

Major Edwards was a man of genius—a genius that glowed like a furnace and sparkled like a star. His writings were prose poems; all his conceptions were unique, all his compositions were complete. When he finished an article on any favorite theme, he left little to be said by others who took the same view.

His force lay in the energy and harmony of his articles—in the vigor of expression, as well as in the uniqueness of conception. His pen, like his sword, was always at the command of his friends, when those friends advocated a cause he could conscientiously espouse. He was as gallant in civil as in warlike times—brave, chivalric, never bending the knee to power, never crouching at the feet of patronage. Lofty in conception, noble in purpose, poetic in expression, and pure in design, his articles dropped from his pen like liquid gems, incrusting, hardening, sparkling as they fell. He was the knightliest knight that ever poised a lance in the field of journalism—courageous and fearless, generous and just. He sought no advantage, used no artifice, employed no deceit, but met his antagonist front to front and steel to steel. He detested shams, he hated hypocrisy, he abhorred deceit. What he was on New Year's day, the 31st of December found him—always the champion of the defenseless, the defender of the weak, the advocate of the right as he saw it, the enemy of wrong wherever found.

MAJOR JOHN N. EDWARDS.

[Mexico (Mo.) *Ledger.*]

This child of genius, who was known by thousands and loved by all who knew him, was one of nature's truest noblemen. He lived more for his fellows than for himself. Of unflinching conviction, with a hatred for all that was sham, he never put his pen to a sentence that did not ring with force and truth. Major Edwards was a writer whose work was so distinctively his own that he had few equals and no superior throughout the country. Everything to which he placed his pen sparkled with a quaint originality that filled with interest every sentence that emanated from his wonderful brain. Many hearts will go out in sorrow at the news of this great man's death. His career comes to a close in the zenith of his manhood. Beloved and honored he stood in life; revered in his memory after death. This genius stood alone among the fellows of his profession in Missouri, and his presence was their inspiration. Those who knew him best regret his death the most; but of all the mass whose acquaintance with this king among men was confined to a perusal of the powerful and interesting products of his brain, not one will hesitate to cast a flower upon his grave, or fail to drop a tear to the memory of one who loved the right.

HE LOVED MISSOURI.

[Tipton *Times.*]

We have stood in the forest and seen the great towering oaks the woodman's axe, and, with a crash that awoke the prostrate on the earth; as we gazed into vacant space,

where but a moment before it reared its lofty branches and swayed to and fro in the breeze, and surveyed the scars and bruises its fall had inflicted upon the surrounding timber, we felt impressed with the desolation wrought. Like the fallen oak, Major Edwards' death has left a vacancy that can not be filled, and has awakened tender and sympathetic expressions of sorrow throughout the State; and like it, bruised and bleeding, bemourn his end. Pictures of the most peaceful pastoral scenes, the bitter, invective, withering sarcasms, poetic flights, and cold, logical reasoning were frequently interspersed in the same article in the most fascinating and effective manner, until the reader from lazily contemplating the grazing kind or listening to the lullaby of the brook in the meadow, was startled by being confronted by some appalling crime.

He loved Missouri with all the enthusiasm of his nature, and labored persistently for her advancement. He knew her brave, sturdy, honest people, and few men had the power to touch their hearts as he did. To his bereaved family we tender our deepest sympathy.

[Weston *Chronicle.*]

Major Edwards, a title which he gallantly won in the late war, was a man of great ability and force of character. As a man and journalist his friends and admirers throughout the West, and particularly in Missouri, were numbered by legions. In this (Platte) county he had hosts of ardent friends, who sincerely mourn the departure of their able, warm-hearted, brave, and generous friend. His journalistic life was a success beyond even his own expectations. By the press, and by all who had perused his peculiarly romantic and ably-clad thoughts, he was regarded the equal if not the peer of any in Western journalism. His life throughout, as a civilian and soldier, was marked by many incidents of determination to accomplish acts of great worth and noble results both to himself and the cause which he espoused and loved. In his newspaper career he followed no man—every idea he advanced was original, and every thought expressed was copied throughout by the press. He was honest and fearless, and never published a line which he did not believe to be the truth and for which he would not personally answer. He was brave and generous in war and fearless and honest in civil life, and liberal to a fault, an affectionate husband and a kind father, and his death has left a vacancy in Missouri journalism that will with difficulty, if ever, be filled, and his death is a calamity to the press of the State.

DEATH OF MAJOR EDWARDS.

[Tarkio Avalanche.]

It has been truly said by a contemporary of Major Edwards, that "no pen but his own should write of a nature like that of the deceased journalist." In his character was blended many noble elements, embracing qualities that are seldom found grouped in the human heart. While brave and impulsive, and ever willing to face with unsheathed sword opponents of his sincere convictions, he possessed a temperament as beautiful and sublime as a balmy spring morning. Although staunch, almost fierce, in his denunciation of those who combatted his ideas of propriety, no man could sooner drown in the fountain of mercy his resentment than he. While he jealously guarded his idols and dealt strong blows in their defense,

he could admire and indorse the conscientious conviction that caused others, whether rightly or wrongly, to attempt their overthrow. It is claimed for him, and we believe justly so, that, despite his devotion to principles, he did not hesitate to denounce insincerity and wrong even where they were exercised to further such principles. When he indorsed a theory he considered it proper to put on his whole armor in its defense. The strategem of war and the diplomacy of peace are legitimate elements of success, and they are unhesitatingly used, but with Major Edwards, willful and broad deception and absolute injustice were never mistaken for these qualities While an active and intense partisan, he numbered among his true friends and ardent admirers the best men of all parties. Such persons drop a tear on his bier and remember only his high and noble qualities, his unique personality.

DEATH OF MAJOR EDWARDS.

[Argentine *Republic.*]

Major Edwards was a typical American hero, and one of the kind we always loved to read about. He was a man of convictions —served through the war on the Confederate side—brave to a fault, and one of the most brilliant writers and fighters in the United States.

Major Edwards was a man that made his enemies love and respect him, and what he failed in accomplishing during the war with his sword, he spent the remainder of his life in pricking and cauterizing with the sharpest-pointed pen that ever made a scratch on paper. Men like Edwards may "fold the drapery of their couch around them and lie down to pleasant dreams," but they never, never die. And just as long as the muddy waters continue to wash the banks of poor old Missouri, the name of Edwards will be an evening hearthstone spell and a fadeless memory.

THE DEATH OF AN HONEST MAN.

[Kansas City (Kas.) *Gazette.*]

Thus has passed away one of the shining lights of journalism. The pen of Major Edwards had an individuality that was all his own. His very soul seemed to creep down his brave right arm and inspire the very ink he used. His style was original, highly figurative and ornate, and Republicans as well as Democrats delighted to follow him in print. He was an honest man, and we do not use this word in a conventional sense, but in all its width, depth, and breadth. He followed the truth as it came to his soul, and from his standpoint, and was a genial friend, a happy husband, and a noble father.

[Atchison (Kas.) *Champion.*]

A strange compound was Major John N. Edwards, who died on Saturday last at Jefferson City, Missouri. We doubt if the West has ever produced as brilliant and picturesque a writer as was Major Edwards. He was, as a word-painter, a genius. His powers of description were marvelous. Evidently his model was Victor Hugo, but he was not an imitator. He marshaled his words as a soldier does battalions, and the blare of bugles and the roll of drums was in their onset.

Personally, he was a kindly, gentle, lovable man, modest as a

woman, ter der as a child. He treasured neither wrongs nor hates. He was an unselfish friend and a generous opponent, and all who knew him well admired and respected him.

[Barber County (Kas.) *Index.*]

Major John N. Edwards, one of the best known newspaper men in Missouri or in the West, died at Jefferson City, Mo., last Saturday. Major Edwards was not an ordinary man. His physical strength was slight, but he had a large and active brain, a memory for names, dates, and faces that was surprising. A friendship was never betrayed or voluntarily broken by him. The word friendship had a deeper significance with him than with most men. Ten thousand who have known him long and well and who appreciate nobility of character will grieve over the loss of a true friend, the press will regret the loss of one of its most brilliant contributors, and the whole State of Missouri will miss an active, progressive, talented citizen.

[Plattsburg (Mo.) *Jeffersonian.*]

The death of Major John N. Edwards has created profound and genuine sorrow within the entire borders of the State. His personal and mental characteristics were outlined amid his surroundings, like the great peaks in the mountain range. His individualism was never merged in his associations. The world admired his brilliant genius; his enemies feared his terrific wrath, while his friends loved him for his gentle, sweet, and generous spirit that shone always for them. He filled a space in the field of journalism which was peculiarly his own, and therefore may never be filled again.

[Kansas City *Live Stock Indicator.*]

As a writer for the press, and as an author, he was known to the general public, but it was as a man—a man of generous impulses, of steadfast, stalwart friendship—that those who knew him intimately admired. He was a talented writer, imbued with sincerity of purpose, despising shams and frauds—in short, one who was always found the same yesterday, to-day, and whenever he was met. He has gone, but those who knew Major Edwards personally, and his acquaintances were his friends, can bear testimony to his nobility of character and unswerving fidelity.

[Marshall (Mo.) *Democrat-News.*]

By his death Missouri loses her most brilliant writer, and the journalistic world an editor whose like we ne'er shall see again. No man could be gentler to a friend or fiercer to a foe; and in writing of one he loved, or of a cause he advocated, he was as gentle as a dove and as delicate as a woman; but in denouncing an enemy or opposing a measure his pen was a rapier, cutting and thrusting at all vulnerable points. His style was all his own; no man can imitate it, and none can say he copied it from man, alive or dead.

[Las Vegas (N. M.) *Optic.*]

He was a brilliant, noble, chivalric gentleman, with hands and heart unstained by any unclean act.

With a good education, a copious vocabulary, a vivid imagination, fixed convictions, and dauntless courage, John Edwards could worry his enemies and gladden the hearts of his friends as few other writers west of the Missouri could.

[Winfield (Kan.) *Telegram.*]

By his death the journalistic profession loses one of its brightest lights. His sentences were full and rounded, and each a glittering, intellectual gem. He was versed in ancient history, and few men possess the knowledge he possessed of the political situation of the Old as well as the New World. Major J. N. Edwards' name is engraved on the hearts of thousands, and it will be spoken with reverence by coming generations.

[Emporia (Kan.) *Democrat.*]

The death of John N. Edwards removes from the newspaper field one of the brightest and keenest writers of the day.

While many will miss his smooth and forcible paragraphs, those who will miss him most are those who knew him as a friend in private life.

[*Rocky Mountain* (Col.) *News.*]

He was one of the ablest writers in the West, and was at all times a gentleman. Brave as the legendary lion, Major Edwards had a tender heart and was ever ready to relieve distress in any of its phases.

[Liberty (Mo.) *Tribune.*]

The sudden death of Major John N Edwards recently, at the State Capital, was a sad, unexpected blow to his numerous friends and acquaintances throughout the West. His death was a great loss to the profession to which he belonged, and the State of Missouri, which he loved so well.

[Lamar (Mo.) *Democrat.*]

The death of Major Edwards of the Kansas City *Times* has caused sorrow wherever he was known or heard of. To know him was to like him; to know him well was to love him. If you were his enemy you would but admire him. As a friend, he would do more and go further than anyone else, he would make more sacrifices than any other friend, he was true as steel, and he never was known to quail in times of danger.

[Rich Hill (Mo.) *Review.*]

Over the grave of John N. Edwards we pause to drop a tear of sympathy and love. He was a true child of genius, a writer, historian, and poet. In all the warp and woof of his nature the commercial had no place. He was no utilitarian, and in this time and age could not receive the appreciation due him. Goodness was enshrined within his heart and from this fountain flowed love and devotion, bravery and chivalry, and all the attributes of a great soul. There was, there will be, but one John N. Edwards.

[Tipton (Mo.) *Times.*]

Major John N. Edwards is gone. His warm, sympathetic heart is still; his tender blue eyes are curtained and dark. As a man, he possessed the best attributes of the human heart. Honest, brave, gentle, modest, unflinching in his fidelity to his friends, he stood forth in the full measure of manhood and commanded the highest admiration of all. But it was as an editor that he reached his highest grandeur. His style was imitable,

[Richmond (Mo.) *Payite.*]

He was one of the best-known men in Missouri. Brave, bril-

liant, chivalric, steadfast in his friendships, he indirectly exerted a wonderful influence on the people, and left behind him a name that will live in history as long as time shall last. His newspaper articles have been more admired and copied than those of any other writer in this country, and the fraternity loses its best and most brilliant star in his demise.

[Excelsior Springs (Mo.) *Herald.*]

It was with no little sadness we learned of the sudden death of our esteemed friend, Major John N. Edwards, of the Kansas City *Times*. In the death of John N. Edwards, Missouri has lost one of her most valuable citizens and journalism a most inimitable writer. No living writer wielded a more felicitous pen or knew better how to touch every chord in the human heart. He was the Nestor of Western journalism.

[Odessa *Democrat.*]

The death of Major John N. Edwards, which occurred at Jefferson City on last Saturday, has caused universal regret throughout the State. Political friend and opponent alike express the great loss sustained by his unexpected death. His was a brilliant pen and a warm heart that was touched with the tenderest sympathy for all that were distressed or in need.

[Fort Scott (Kan.) *Tribune.*]

The death o. Major J. N. Edwards, of the Kansas City *Times*, is a severe loss to journalism in the West. Major Edwards was one of the most caustic and incisive editorial writers of his time. He was an accurate observer of events, possessed a fund of historical and classical knowledge scarcely ever attained by current writers, and withal a happy faculty of making friends and retaining them.

[Moberly (Mo.) *Monitor.*]

Few writers of the West were better posted than Major John N. Edwards, the knight errant of political journalism. In his death journalism has lost a jewel, society an ornament, and humanity a friend. It is with pride that the writer of this article can say, He was my friend.

[Atchison (Kan.) *Globe.*]

John N. Edwards, famous as a soldier and editor, died at Jefferson City on Saturday at the age of 51. A book might be written of this man; of his brave deeds, his big heart, his gentle nature, his native modesty and unselfishness, and his wonderful charm as a writer.

[Holton (Kan.] *Record.*]

Major John N. Edwards, editor of the Kansas City *Times*, died suddenly in Jefferson City, Mo., on Saturday. He was an original and unique writer, and whatever came from his pen was clothed with the adornment of imagery and romance.

[Hamilton, (Mo.) *News-Graphic.*]

The announcement last Saturday of the death of Major John N. Edwards was a great surprise and sad news to the many thousands of friends and admirers of the deceased throughout the State. A braver, truer, or nobler man than John N. Edwards never lived.

[Cass County (Mo.) *Democrat.*]

Major John N. Edwards, of The Kansas City Times, died in

Jefferson City last week. He was one of the most brilliant and versatile writers in the country, and few men in the State had more or warmer friends.

[Wichita (Kan.) *Journal.*]

Major John N. Edwards, the well-known editorial writer of The Kansas City *Times*, died suddenly at Jefferson City Saturday. He was noted as one of the most forcible writers in the West and a man of strong convictions.

[Mexico (Mo.) *Ledger.*]

The death of Major John N. Edwards, which occurred at Jefferson City Saturday morning, spreads a gloom throughout the State. This child of genius, who was known by thousands, and loved by all who knew him, was one of nature's truest noblemen.

[Holton (Kan.) *Signal.*]

Major John N. Edwards, of Kansas City, one of the brightest and most versatile writers in the West, died at Jefferson City last Saturday. He was a great, generous man, and had many friends.

[Clinton (Mo.) *Democrat.*]

In the death of Major John N. Edwards, of the Kansas City *Times*, the press has lost one of its brightest jewels, humanity one of its bravest and truest defenders.

[Topeka (Kan.) *Capital.*]

Major J. N. Edwards, whose untimely death at Jefferson City occurred on Saturday, was an elegant and forcible writer, gifted with a mind of no ordinary quality.

[Breckenridge (Mo.) *Bulletin.*]

Major John N. Edwards, of the Kansas City *Times*, is no more. He was one of the most brilliant writers and agreeable of gentlemen in the United States.

[Topeka (Kan.) *Democrat.*]

Major John N. Edwards, one of the most brilliant editorial writers in the West, died at Jefferson City on Saturday, of heart affection.

[Neosho *Times.*]

One of Missouri's brightest journalists and best men has passed from this earthly life to a happier one, that will never end. The State has lost a true and frank and generous man, who, by his fine abilities and straightforward force of character, by his high sense of honor and unswerving faithfulness to all his convictions, and by his noble traits of soul, had gained honor, influence, and troops of friends.

[Cooper County *Leader.*]

John N. Edwards the brilliant journalist is dead. In the zenith of his manhood he was stricken with paralysis, and in a few short hours he yielded up a life in which every Missourian had an interest —courageous and generous to a fault, kind hearted and gentle as a woman. At an early age he was thrown upon his own resources. Inspired by genius and ambition, he began at once to climb the dizzy heights of fame. As a journalistic writer, John N. Edwards had but few, if any, equals. He possessed to an eminent degree the happy faculty of expressing his thoughts with a brilliancy of diction that *was at once inimitable.* Thinking and caring more for the interest

of his people than for himself, he ofttimes sacrificed his personal interests for the advancement of his friends.

[Parkville *Independent.*]

John N. Edwards, one of the best known and, perhaps, most influential newspaper men of Missouri, died at Jefferson City on last Saturday. As a newspaper writer, he had been before the people of Missouri for many years, and there is but little doubt that he was the most widely known of any editorial writer of which our State could boast.

[Kendall County (Kan.) *Banner.*]

Major John N. Edwards, of Missouri, died at Jefferson City on Saturday of last week, and has been laid to rest by loving hands and with sorrowful hearts. He was a high type of Missouri's noblest manhood, and the earth has not produced its superior. As an author and editor, he has left a name that will live through ages; and as a friend, comrade, and brother, his memory will be kept green in the hearts of thousands of his fellow men.

[Hill City *Democrat.*]

Major J. N. Edwards, of Kansas City, died last Friday at Jefferson City, Mo., with heart disease. Major Edwards was a prominent journalist and writer. Above all, he was a brave, true hearted man, and his death is sincerely mourned by all who knew him.

[Pleasant Hill *Local.*]

He was a gifted and brilliant writer, and was the author of several valuable works. He was a liberal and large-hearted man, beloved by all who knew him, ever ready to lend a helping hand to the needy and unfortunate, to take sides with the weak against the strong, to shield the wronged and oppressed. His death will cause the deepest sorrow throughout this country and wherever he was known.

[London *Democrat.*]

He was brave—he knew no fear—even in the sad ordeal that we must all meet he was still the same gallant John N. Edwards. Death had no terrors for him. He was an exceptional man in many respects. He never courted trouble, but always met it boldly. His whole life was an open book; his actions were above suspicion. Wealth had no charms for him except so far as he could do good with it. He was one man in a million. As a writer, he had no superior in this State. He was full of personal magnetism. As a soldier, he led and never followed; as a man, he was the peer of any; as a friend, none could be warmer or nearer; as a newspaper man, there were but few who could equal him.

[Newton (Kan.) *Republican.*]

The particulars of the death of Major John N. Edwards, who was chief editorial writer of the Kansas City *Times*, are given on first page. He was a Confederate officer, and for twenty years he has been a unique figure in Western journalism. He had a style and richness of expression peculiarly his own and bearing the impress of an uncommon personality.

[Osage City (Kan.) *Free Press.*]

Major John N. Edwards, one of the most brilliant editorial writers in the West, died in Jefferson City on Saturday of heart affection. At the time of his death he was on the staff of the Kansas City *Times.*

[Miami (Mo.) *News.*]

The sudden death of that brilliant journalist and nobleman,

Major John N. Edwards, on Saturday last, at Jefferson City, casts a shadow of sorrow over the whole State. His editorial writing attracted the attention of the country. It was inimitable and unsurpassed.

[Jonesport *Gazette.*]

Major John N. Edwards, well known throughout Missouri, died suddenly at Jefferson City on Saturday. He was a brilliant journalist and wrote in a style all his own.

[Kingman County (Kan.) *Democrat.*]

Major Edwards was one of the foremost men of Missouri, and lost no opportunity to serve his State. His early death will be mourned by the thousands all over the West who esteem men by the good they do rather than by the wealth and fame they obtain.

[Gallatin (Mo.) *Democrat.*]

Major John N. Edwards was one of Missouri's brilliant journalists, and many mourn that the pen has dropped from his hand ere the intellect that controlled it had reached the zenith of its power. He was a man of kind thoughts, mighty hopes, and gentle deeds, but life, with its activities, bringing the fruits of honor and joy, has closed, and he slumbers with the dead, leaving to his friends a memory as fragrant with the sweet amenities of life as the perfume exhaled by the roses of May which loving hands will scatter upon his grave.

[Mexico *Intelligencer.*]

There were few men in the State better known or more universally respected than Major Edwards. He was a man of generous impulses, true to his friends under any and all circumstances. As a newspaper writer, he had a style peculiarly his own, and his articles commanded wide-spread admiration. No whisper of suspicion was ever raised against his personal integrity. He died poor save in the respect and affections of those who knew him best.

Major Edwards was one of the readiest writers and brilliant newspaper men in the West, with a style peculiarly his own, not excelled anywhere.

Major Edwards was as bold and resolute in his positions that he believed to be right as a lion, still was kind and gentle as a child, never bearing resentments, no matter how badly misrepresented or traduced. In his friendships he was as true as the needle to the pole, and never allowed outside clamor or censure to swerve him a particle.—*The Brunswicker.*

[Linneus *Bulletin.*]

The sudden death of Major Jno. N. Edwards, at Jefferson City, last Saturday, has called forth an expression of sorrow and regret throughout the country. He was one of the most brilliant journalists in the State, and had been for years one of the acknowledged leaders of the Democratic party. His talents and his virtues have won for him a warm place in the hearts of the people of Missouri. They loved him and his memory they will ever cherish.

[*Central Missourian.*]

Major Edwards was the embodiment of most of the noble characteristics that go to make all that is admirable in manhood. John N. Edwards needs no introduction to our readers, many of them having shared with him the hardships and dangers of the bivouac

and battle-field, but we are sorry that want of space prevents our giving a more extended notice of his life and death. We will try and do so in our next issue.

[Paola (Kan.) *Republican.*]

The death of Major John N. Edwards, of the Kansas City *Times*, at Jefferson City, Saturday morning, closed the career of a talented, able editor who was the most popular and widely-known newspaper man in the West. His death is deeply mourned by all who knew him, and more particularly by his Missouri friends, who knew him best and to whom he was most endeared.

[Las Vegas (N. M.) *Optic.*]

Kansas City and all the Democrats in Missouri, with a large Republican contingent, are mourning the death of John N. Edwards. We shall not soon look upon his like again.

[Dickinson Co. (Kan.) *News.*]

Major John N. Edwards, probably the most picturesque figure in Missouri, died at Jefferson City last Saturday. He was with Shelby in the Confederate service, and was a beau ideal of a daring, chivalric soldier. His style was fervent and poetical, and at all times interesting. He was a gentleman in the strictest meaning of that term, and his death will be widely regretted.

[Butler *Times.*]

The sad and unexpected death of Major John N. Edwards was received in this city by his many friends with profound sorrow. He was the most brilliant newspaper writer in the State.

[Emporia (Kan.) *News.*]

His style was entirely his own, and abounded in rhetorical figures, which fell from his pen as words from a good talker. He was an intense Democrat, and always wrote from conviction.

[Sweet Springs *Herald.*]

As a journalist, he possessed rare attainments, and ranked with the first of the land. He had many warm personal friends over the entire State, who are shocked at his untimely death. He was a true friend, a chivalrous enemy, a noble man

[Cole Co. *Democrat.*]

The sudden death of Major John N. Edwards, which occurred in this city on the 4th instant, was a severe shock to his very many friends and admirers throughout the State. Perhaps no man in the State commanded a wider circle of friends than he. Major Edwards was a brilliant writer, and had occupied a prominent position in the journalistic field for many years. He was a brilliant man, a true friend, and his death leaves a vacancy not easily filled and universally regretted.

[Springfield *Leader.*]

He was talented, courageous, gentle, and devoted. His honor was never tarnished. He knew no such words as "mine" and "thine." His boundless librality and charity kept him poor in the goods of the world but rich in acts of beneficence. In politics he was positive, uncompromising, and unrelenting where a principle was involved, but after the battle and victory won there was no

exultation in his heart or in his acts. In his death, the press of Missouri loses its brightest light and the Democratic party its ablest champion.

[Burlington *Republican*.]

The death of Major John N. Edwards, of the Kansas City *Times*, removes the most terse, forcible, and brilliant writer in the West. There was a peculiar individuality about his work that anyone familiar with it could readily recognize. His figures of speech were happily selected apt and striking, and his diction in every respect elegant. He was an ex-Confederate who served under Shelby, and was always an ardent Democrat, but his work as a journalist was none the less admirable and worthy of imitation by those who seek to attain excellence.

[Huron *Headlight*.]

We have for a long time regarded Major Edwards as one of the most vigorous editorial writers in the country. He was a fine classical scholar, and many brilliant paragraphs flowed from his ready pen.

[Blue Springs *Herald*.]

In the death of Major Edwards, the people have lost a friend. He was ever on the side of the laborer, the poor, the needy, and the patriot. He had wonderful powers of expression and his descriptions were unsurpassed. His mind was a storehouse of facts gathered from extensive reading and observation, possessing a wonderfully retentive memory. He was terrific in controversy, discharging a whole battery of shot and shell that demolishes the stoutest. He was exact in honesty and fair-dealing, a choice friend, and a noble man, and is a great loss to the Democratic party, that cannot be easily gained.

[Slater *Rustler*.]

The death of Major John Edwards is mourned in every household throughout the State. He was a man whom all loved and admired for his high character, as a man, soldier, citizen, and journalist. As a journalist, we may look in vain for another who can fill his place in the hearts of the people of Missouri.

[Salina (Kan.) *Herald*.]

Major Edwards was the ablest editorial writer west of the great Mississippi River. As a political writer, he had no superior and few equals anywhere. Bold and fearless in the expression of his opinion, his editorials were read by thousands of readers with profit and delight.

[Milan *Standard*.]

Major J. N. Edwards died at Jefferson City on the 5th. With Mr. Edwards passes away a brilliant journalist, and one whose death makes sad many households in the State of Missouri.

[Brookfield *Argus*.]

It will be a long time before his place will be filled. Major Edwards had many admirers and friends throughout the State. Unlike any other journalist in the West, his style was original and unique. His life and associations with his fellow men was full of love and tenderness, and his writings were like his life.

[Meade Center *Democrat*.]

He was one of the best known newspaper men in the West.

The story of his life reads like a romance. He was a brave soldier, an author of ability, and a leader in journalists' circles

[Albany *Republican*.]

John N. Edwards was one of the most brilliant and successful editorial writers in the West, and perhaps one of the most intensely partisan. He was always a brave man, and carried with him unflinchingly the courage of his convictions.

[Lathrop *Monitor*.]

He was one of the most brilliant writers in the State and had won a national reputation as an author.

[Soldier City (Kan.) *Tribune*.]

Mr. Edwards was a great writer, and his death ends the career of one of Missouri's brightest and ablest journalists.

[Iola (Kan.) *Republican*.]

One of the most striking personalities and altogether the most picturesque and original writer in the West passed from earth last Saturday when Major John N. Edwards, of the Kansas City *Times*, breathed his last.

[Selbina *Torchlight*.]

The death of Major John N. Edwards, which occurred last Saturday at Jefferson City, removes from the ranks of journalism one of Missouri's brightest and most vigorous writers. He was a gallant soldier, an honest, fearless man, and a true friend.

[Lee's Summit *Journal*.]

Major John N. Edwards, one of the brightest journalists of the country, died suddenly at Jefferson City Saturday. He was a man of noble and generous impulses, the idol of his old army comrades, and a writer who had no imitators.

[Rich Hill *Enterprise*.]

Major J. N. Edwards, one of the brightest and most noted journalists in Missouri, died at Jefferson City Saturday morning.

[Howard County *Democrat*.]

Major Edwards was a brilliant journalist; every line he penned sparkled like a jewel. Brave and courageous, the press of the State has not only lost its most brilliant member, butthe Democratic party a wise counselor.

[Clinton *Democrat*.]

No words of ours can add to the many laurels he has won and so modestly and appropriately worn. If faults he had, we all have them, let us forget them, and remember only his merits and his virtues, of which he had more than fall to the lot of many mortals.

[Rich Hill *Review*.]

Never again shall his clarion call be heard in the ranks of journalism summoning up the chivalry of human nature to do battle for honor and glory. His voice always heard in behalf of his conscience, giving expresssion to the good, the true, and the beautiful, is silent forever, but his memory will live in the hearts of all true Missourians, and will be like some rare painting from the hand of genius that time, while softening the tints and outlines, will not dim but prove an inspiration and a legacy to generations yet unborn.

[Hope (Kas.,) *Herald.*]

Major John N. Edwards, the well-known editorial writer on the Kansas City *Times*, died last Saturday. He was a fine writer and a big, noble-hearted man, and the profession, in his death, loses one of its best and brightest members.

[Palmyra *Spectator.*]

Major Edwards was well known throughout the State as one of the most brilliant and graceful writers that ever graced the tripod, and there is deep sorrow in the hearts of the multitudes, who loved and admired him for his many noble qualities and rare talents, over the news of his death. To the people he was ever a friend, counselor, and guide, and to the Democracy a tower of strength. Few men will be missed more than Major Edwards, and the expressions of sorrow manifested on all hands at his demise indicate the noble character of the man and the warm place he held in the hearts of the people.

[Christian County *Republican.*]

The most brilliant writer Missouri ever nurtured to greatness has passed away. The master of a style of vivid splendor, he, like Goldsmith, "touched nothing which he did not adorn." His strangely captivating style glittered with metaphors that were drawn from his reminiscences of the stormy but entrancing days when the great conflict filled men's hearts with emotion and elevated their minds with thoughts of epic grandeur. Of rhetoric, Major Edwards was a very lord, painting in the chambers of his imagery pictures of vermilion and gold. In his perfect diction there was always present that stimulus, that power of opening vistas vast, as we see in dreams, which it is the privilege of genius only to possess. Many a Missourian must feel that when John N. Edwards died it was as if the bright star Aldebaran had faded forever from the sight of men.

SHELBY'S

EXPEDITION TO MEXICO

AN

UNWRITTEN LEAF

OF

THE WAR

BY

JOHN N. EDWARDS

AUTHOR OF "SHELBY AND HIS MEN," ETC., ETC.

KANSAS CITY, MO.:
JENNIE EDWARDS, PUBLISHER.
1889

island, shipwrecked and stranded upon the barren or golden shores of adventure, Americans can be found, taking fate as it comes—a devil-may-care, reckless, good-natured, thrifty and yet thriftless race, loving nothing so well as their country except an enterprise full of wonder and peril. Board a merchant vessel in mid-ocean and there is an American at the wheel. Steer clear of a lean, lank, rakish-looking craft beating up from the windward toward Yucatan, and overboard as a greeting, comes the full roll of an Anglo-Saxon voice, half-familiar and half piratical. The angular features peer out from under *sombreros*, bronzed and brown though they may be, telling of faces seen somewhere about the cities—eager, questioning faces, a little sad at times, yet always stern enough for broil or battle. They cruise in the foreign rivers and rob on the foreign shores. Whatever is uppermost finds ready hands. No guerrillas are more daring than American guerrillas; the church has no more remorseless despoilers; the women no more ardent and faithless lovers; the *haciendas* no more sturdy defenders; the wine cup no more devoted proselytes; the stranger armies no more heroic soldiers; and the stormy waves of restless emigration no more sinster waifs, tossed hither and thither, swearing in all tongues—rude, boisterous, dangerous in drink, ugly at cards, learning revolver-craft quickest and surest, and dying as they love to die, game to the last.

Of such a race came all who had preceded the one thousand Confederates led by Shelby into Mexico. He found many of them there. Some he hung and some he recruited, the last possibly not the best.

The war in the Trans-Mississippi Department had been a holiday parade for some; a ceaseless battle and raid for others. Shelby's division of Missourians was the flower of this army. He had formed and fashioned it upon an ideal of his own. He had a maxim, borrowed from Napoleon without knowing it, which was: "Young men for war." Hence all that long list of boy heroes who died before maturity from Pocahontas, Arkansas, to Newtonia, Missouri, died in that last march of 1864, the stupidest, wildest, wantonest, wickedest march ever made by a general who had a voice like a lion and a spring like a guinea pig. Shelby did the fighting, or, rather, what he could of it. After Westport, eight hundred of these Missourians were buried in a night. The sun that set at Mine Creek set as well upon a torn and decimated division, bleeding at every step, but resolute and undaunted. That night the dead were not buried.

Newtonia came after—the last battle west of the Mississippi river. It was a prairie fight, stern, unforgiving, bloody beyond all comparison for the stakes at issue, fought far into the night, and won by him who had won so many before that he had forgotten to

count them. General Blunt is rich, alive and a brave man and a happy man over in Kansas. He will bear testimony again, as he has often done before, that Shelby's fighting at Newtonia surpassed any he had ever seen. Blunt was a grim fighter himself, be it remembered, surpassed by none who ever held the border for the Union.

The retreat southward from Newtonia was a famine. The flour first gave out, then the meal, then the meat, then the medicines. The recruits suffered more in spirit than in flesh, and fell out by the wayside to die. The old soldiers cheered them all they could and tightened their own sabre belts. Hunger was a part of *their* rations. The third day beyond the Arkansas river, hunger found an ally—*small pox*. In cities and among civilized beings this is fearful. Among soldiers, and, therefore, machines, it is but another name for death. They faced it as they would a line of battle, waiting for the word. That came in this wise: Shelby took every wagon he could lay his hands upon, took every blanket the dead men left, and improvised a hospital. While life lasted in him, a soldier was never abandoned. There was no shrinking; each detachment in detail mounted guard over the terrible *cortege*—protected it, camped with it, waited upon it, took its chances as it took its rest. Discipline and humanity fraternized. The weak hands of the one were intertwined with the bronzed hands of the other. Even amid the pestilence there was poetry.

The gaps made in the ranks were ghastly. Many whom the bullets had scarred and spared were buried far from soldierly bivouacs or battle-fields War has these species of attacks, all the more overwhelming because of their inglorious tactics. Fever can not be fought, nor that hideous leprosy which kills after it has defaced.

One day the end came, after much suffering and heroism and devotion. A picture like this, however, is only painted that one may understand the superb organization of that division which was soon to be a tradition, a memory, a grim war spirit, a thing of gray and glory forevermore.

After the ill-starred expedition made to Missouri in 1864, the Trans-Mississippi army went to sleep. It numbered about fifty thousand soldiers, rank and file, and had French muskets, French cannon, French medicines, French ammunition and French gold. Matamoras, Mexico, was a port the Government could not or did not blockade, and from one side of the river there came to it all manner of supplies, and from the other side all kinds and grades of cotton. This dethroned king had transferred its empire from the Carolinas to the Gulf, from the Tombigbee to the Rio Grande. It was a fugitive king, however, with a broken sceptre and a meretricious crown. Afterward it was guillotined.

Gen. E. Kirby Smith was the Commander-in-Chief of this department, who had under him as lieutenants, Generals John B. Magruder and Simon B. Buckner. Smith was a soldier turned exhorter. It is not known that he preached; he prayed, however, and his prayers, like the prayers of the wicked, availed nothing. Other generals in other parts of the army prayed, too, notably Stonewall Jackson, but between the two there was this difference: The first trusted to his prayers alone; the last to his prayers and his battalions. Faith is a fine thing in the parlor, but it never yet put grape-shot in an empty caisson, and pontoon bridges over a fullfed river.

As I have said, while the last act in the terrible drama was being performed east of the Mississippi river, all west of the Mississippi was asleep. Lee's surrender at Appomattox Court House awoke them. Months, however, before the last march Price had made into Missouri, Shelby had an interview with Smith. They talked of many things, but chiefly of the war. Said Smith:

"What would you do in this emergency, Shelby?"

"I would," was the quiet reply, "march every single soldier of my command into Missouri—infantry, artillery, cavalry, all; I would fight there and stay there. Do not deceive yourself. Lee is overpowered; Johnston is giving up county after county full of our corn and wheat fields; Atlanta is in danger, and Atlanta furnishes the powder; the end approaches; a supreme effort is necessary; the eyes of the East are upon the West, and with fifty thousand soldiers such as yours you can seize St. Louis, hold it, fortify it, and cross over into Illinois. It would be a diversion, expanding into a campaign—a blow that had destiny in it."

Smith listened, smiled, felt a momentary enthusiasm, ended the interview, and, later, sent eight thousand cavalry under a leader who marched twelve miles a day and had a wagon train as long as the tail of Plantamour's comet.

With the news of Lee's surrender there came a great paralysis. What had before been only indifference was now death. The army was scattered throughout Texas, Arkansas and Louisiana, but in the presence of such a calamity it concentrated as if by intuition. Men have this feeling in common with animals, that imminent danger brings the first into masses, the last into herds. Buffalo fight in a circle, soldiers form square. Smith came up from Shreveport, Louisiana, to Marshall, Texas. Shelby went from Fulton, Arkansas, to the same place. Hither came also other generals of note, such as Hawthorne, Buckner, Preston and Walker. Magruder tarried at Galveston, watching with quiet eyes a Federal fleet beating in from the Gulf. In addition to this fleet there were also transports blue with uniforms and black with soldiers. A wave of negro troops *was about to* inundate the department,

Some little reaction had begun to be manifested since the news of Appomattox. The soldiers, breaking away from the iron bands of a rigid discipline, had held meetings pleading against surrender. They knew Jefferson Davis was a fugitive, westward bound, and they knew Texas was filled to overflowing with all kinds of supplies and war munitions. In their simple hero faith they believed that the struggle could still be maintained. Thomas C. Reynolds was Governor of Missouri, and a truer and braver one never followed the funeral of a dead nation his commonwealth had revered and respected.

This Marshall conference had a two-fold object: first to ascertain the imminence of the danger, and, second to provide against it. Strange things were done there. The old heads came to the young one; the infantry yielded its precedence to the cavalry; The major-general asked the advice of the brigadier. There was no rank beyond that of daring and genius. A meeting was held, at which all were present except General Smith. The night was a Southern one, full of balm, starlight and flower odor. The bronzed men were gathered quietly and sat awhile, as Indians do who wish to smoke and go upon the war-path. The most chivalrous scalp-lock that night was worn by Buckner. He seemed a real Red Jacket in his war-paint and feathers. Alas! why was his tomahawk dug up at all? Before the ashes were cold about the embers of the council-fire, *it was buried.*

Shelby was called on to speak first, and if his speech astonished his audience, they made no sign:

"The army has no confidence in General Smith," he said, slowly and deliberately, "and for the movements proposed there must be chosen a leader whom they adore. We should concentrate everything upon the Brazos river. We must fight more and make fewer speeches. Fugitives from Lee and Johnson will join us by thousands. Mr. Davis is on his way here; he alone has the right to treat for surrender. Our intercouse with the French is perfect, and fifty thousand men with arms in their hands have overthrown, ere now, a dynasty, and established a kingdom. Every step to the Rio Grande must be fought over, and when the last blow has been struck that can be struck, we will march into Mexico and re-instate Juarez or espouse Maximilian. General Preston should go at once to Marshal Bazaine, and learn from him whether it is peace or war. Surrender is a word neither myself nor my division understand."

This bold speech had its effect.

"Who will lead us?" the listeners demanded.

"Who else but Buckner," answered Shelby. "He has rank, reputation, the confidence of the army, ambition, is a soldier of fortune, and will take his chances like the rest of us. Which one *of us can read the future and tell the kind of an empire our swords may carve out?*"

Buckner assented to the plan, so did Hawthorne, Walker, Preston and Reynolds. The compact was sealed with soldierly alacrity, each general answering for his command. But who was to inform General Smith of this sudden resolution—this semi-mutiny in the very whirl of the vortex?

Again it was Shelby, the daring and impetuous.

"Since there is some sorrow about this thing, gentlemen," he said, "and since men who mean business must have boldness, I will ask the honor of presenting this ultimatum to General Smith. It is some good leagues to the Brazos, and we must needs make haste. I shall march to-morrow to the nearest enemy and attack him. Have no fear. If I do not overthrow him I will keep him long enough at bay to give time for the movement southward."

Immediately after the separation, General Shelby called upon General Smith. There were scant words between them.

"The army has lost confidence in you, General Smith."

'I know it."

"They do not wish to surrender."

"Nor do I. What would the army have?"

"Your withdrawal as its direct commander, the appointment of General Buckner as its chief, its concentration upon the Brazos river, and war to the knife, General Smith."

The astonished man rested his head upon his hands in mute surprise. A shadow of pain passed rapidly over his face, and he gazed out through the night as one who was seeking a star or beacon for guidance. Then he arose as if in pain and came some steps nearer the young conspirator, whose cold, calm eyes had never wavered through it all.

"What do you advise, General Shelby?"

"Instant acquiescence."

The order was written, the command of the army was given to Buckner, General Smith returned to Shreveport, each officer galloped off to his troops, and the first act in the revolution had been finished. The next was played before a different audience and in another theater.

CHAPTER II.

GEN. SIMON BOLIVAR BUCKNER was a soldier handsome enough to have been Murat. His uniform was resplendent. Silver stars glittered upon his coat, his gold lace shone as if it had been washed by the dew and wiped with the sunshine, his sword was equaled only in brightness by the brightness of its scabbard, and when upon the streets women turned to look at him, saying, "That is a hero with a form like a war-god." General Buckner also wrote poetry. Some of his sonnets were set to music in scanty Confederate fashion, and when the red June roses were all ablow and the night at peace with bloom and blossom, they would float out from open casements as the songs of minstrel or troubadour. Sir Philip Sidney was also a poet who saved the English army at Gravelines, and though mortally wounded and dying of thirst, he bade his esquire give to a suffering comrade the water brought to cool his own parched lips. From all of which it was argued that the march to the Brazos would be but as the calm before the hurricane—that in the crisis the American poet would have devotion equal to the English poet. From the Marshall conference to the present time, however, the sky has been without a war cloud, the lazy cattle have multiplied by all the water-courses, and from pink to white the cotton has bloomed and blown and been harvested.

Before Shelby reached his division, away up on the prairies about Kaufman, news came that Smith had resumed command of the army, and that a flag-of-truce boat was ascending Red river to Shreveport. This meant surrender. Men whose *rendezvous* has been agreed upon, and whose campaigns have been marked out, had no business with flags of truce. By the end of the next day's march Smith's order of surrender came. It was very brief and very comprehensive. The soldiers were to be concentrated at Shreveport, were to surrender their arms and munitions of war, were to take paroles and transportation wherever the good Federal deity in command happened to think appropriate.

What of Buckner with his solemn promises, his recently conferred authority, his elegant new uniform, his burnished sword with its burnished scabbard, his sweet little sonnets, luscious as strawberries, his swart, soldierly face, handsome enough again for Murat? Thinking of his Chicago property, and contemplating the mournful fact of having been chosen to surrender the first and the last army of the Confederacy.

Smith's heart failed him when the crisis came. Buckner's heart was never fired at all. All their hearts failed them except the Missouri Governor's and the Missouri General's, and so the Brazos ran on to the sea without having watered a cavalry steed or reflected the gleam of a burnished bayonet. In the meantime, however, Preston was well on his way to Mexico. Later, it will be seen how Bazaine received him, and what manner of a conversation he had with the Emperor Maximilian touching Shelby's scheme at the Marshall conference.

Two plans presented themselves to Shelby the instant the news came of Smith's surrender. The first was to throw his division upon Shreveport by forced marches, seize the government, appeal to the army, and then carry out the original order of concentration. The second was to make all surrender impossible by attacking the Federal forces, wherever and whenever he could find them. To resolve with him was to execute. He wrote a proclamation destined for the soldiers, and for want of better material had it printed upon wall paper. It was a variegated thing, all blue and black and red, and unique as a circus advertisement.

"Soldiers, you have been betrayed. The generals whom you trusted have refused to lead you. Let us begin the battle again by a revolution. Lift up the flag that has been cast down dishonored. Unsheath the sword that it may remain unsullied and victorious. If you desire it, I will lead; if you demand it, I will follow. We are the army and the cause. To talk of surrender is to be a traitor. Let us seize the traitors and attack the enemy. Forward, for the South and Liberty!"

Man proposes and God disposes. A rain came out of the sky that was an inundation even for Texas. All the bridges in the West were swept away in a night. The swamps that had been dry land rose against the saddle girths. There were no roads, nor any spot of earth for miles and miles dry enough for a bivouac. Sleepless and undismayed, the brown-bearded, bronzed Missourian toiled on, his restless eyes fixed on Shreveport. There the drama was being enacted he had struggled like a giant to prevent; there division after division marched in, stacked their arms, took their paroles, and were disbanded. When, by superhuman exertions, his command had forced itself through from Kaufman to Corsicana, the fugitives began to arrive. Smith had again surrendered to Buckner, and Buckner in turn had surrendered to the United States. It was useless to go forward. If you attack the Federals, they pleaded, you will imperil our unarmed soldiers. It was not their fault. Do not hold them responsible for the sins of their officers. They were faithful to the last, and even in their betrayal they were true to their colors.

Against such appeals there was no answer. The hour for a *coup d'etat had passed*, and from a revolutionist Shelby was about to

become an exile. Even in the bitterness of his overthrow he was grand. He had been talking to uniformed things, full of glitter and varnish and gold lace and measured intonations of speech that sounded like the talk stately heroes have, but they were all clay and carpet-knights. Smith faltered, Buckner faltered, other generals, not so gay and gaudy, faltered, they all faltered. If war had been a woman, winning as Cleopatra, with kingdoms for caresses, the lips that sang sonnets would never have kissed her. After the smoke cleared away only Shelby and Reynolds stood still in the desert—the past a Dead Sea behind them, the future, what—the dark?

One more duty remained to be done. The sun shone, the waters had subsided, the grasses were green and undulating, and Shelby's Missouri Cavalry Division came forth from its bivouac for the last time. A call ran down its ranks for volunteers for Mexico. One thousand bronzed soldiers rode fair to the front, over them the old barred banner, worn now, and torn, and well nigh abandoned. Two and two they ranged themselves behind their leader, waiting.

The good-byes and the partings followed. There is no need to record them here. Peace and war have no road in common. Along the pathway of one there are roses and thorns; along the pathway of the other there are many thorns, with a sprig or two of laurel when all is done. Shelby chose the last and marched away with his one thousand men behind him. That night he camped over beyond Corsicana, for some certain preparations had to be made, and some valuable war munitions had to be gathered in.

Texas was a vast arsenal. Magnificent batteries of French artillery stood abandoned upon the prairies. Those who surrendered them took the horses but left the guns. Imported muskets were in all the towns, and to fixed ammunition there was no limit. Ten beautiful Napoleon guns were brought into camp and appropriated. Each gun had six magnificent horses and six hundred rounds of shell and canister. Those who were about to encounter the unknown began by preparing for giants. A complete organization was next affected. An election was held in due and formal manner, and Shelby was chosen colonel with a shout. He had received every vote in the regiment except his own. Misfortunes at least make men unanimous. The election of the companies came next. Some who had been majors came down to corporals, and more who had been lieutenants went up to majors. Rank had only this rivalry there, the rivalry of self-sacrifice. From the colonel to the rearmost men in the rearmost file it was a forest of Sharp's carbines. Each carbine had, in addition to the forty rounds the soldiers carried, three hundred rounds more in the wagon train. Four Colt's pistols each, dragoon size, and a heavy regulation sabre, completed the equipment. For the revolvers there were ten thousand rounds apiece. Nor was

this all. In the wagons there were powder, lead, bullet molds, and six thousand elegant new Enfields just landed from England, with the brand of the Queen's arms still upon them. Recruits were expected, and nothing pleases a recruit so well as a bright new musket, good for a thousand yards.

For all these heavy war materials much transportation was necessary. It could be had for the asking. General Smith's dissolving army, under the terms of the surrender, was to give up everything. And so they did, right willingly. Shelby took it back again, or at least what was needed. The march would be long, and he meant to make it honorable, and therefore, in addition to the horses, the mules, the cannon, the wagons, the fixed ammunition, and the muskets, Shelby took flour and bacon. The quantities were limited entirely by the anticipated demand, and for the first time in its history the Confederacy was lavish of its commissary stores.

When all these things were done and well done—these preparations, these tearings down and buildings up, these re-organizations and re-habilitations, this last supreme restoration of the equilibrium of rank and position, a council of war was called. The old ardor of battle was not yet subdued in the breast of the leader. Playfully calling his old soldiers young recruits, he wanted as a kind of purifying process, to carry them into battle.

The council fire was no larger than an Indian's, and around it were grouped Elliot, Gordon, Slayback, Williams, Collins, Langhorne, Crisp, Jackman, Blackwell and a host of others who had discussed weighty questions before upon eve of battle—questions that had men's lives in them as thick as sentences in a school book.

"Before we march southward," said Shelby, "I thought we might try the range of our new Napoleons."

No answer, save that quiet look one soldier gives to another when the firing begins on the skirmish line.

"There is a great gathering of Federals at Shreveport, and a good blow in that direction might clear up the military horizon amazingly."

No answer yet. They all knew what was coming, however.

"We might find hands, too," and here his voice was wistful and pleading; "we might find hands for our six thousand bright new Enfields. What do you say, comrades?"

They consulted some little time together and then took a vote upon the proposition whether, in view of the fact that there was a large number of unarmed Confederates at Shreveport awaiting transportation, it would be better to attack or not to attack. It was decided against the proposition, and without further discussion the enterprise was abandoned. These last days of the division were its best. For a week it remained preparing for the long and peril-

ous march, a week full of the last generous rites brave men could pay to a dead cause. Some returning and disbanded soldiers were tempted at times to levy contributions upon the country through which they passed, and at times to do some cowardly work under cover of darkness and drink. Shelby's stern orders arrested them in the act, and his swift punishment left a shield over the neighborhood that needed only its shadow to ensure safety. The women blessed him for his many good deeds done in those last dark days, deeds that shine out yet from the black wreck of things, a star.

This kind of occupation ended at last, however, and the column marched away southward. One man alone knew French, and they were going to a land filled full of Frenchmen. One man alone knew Spanish, and they were going to the land of the Spaniards. The first only knew the French of the schools which was no French, and the last had been bitten by a tawny tarantula of a senorita somewhere up in Sonora, and was worthless and valueless when most needed in the ranks that had guarded and protected him.

Before reaching Austin a terrible tragedy was enacted—one of those sudden and bloody things so thoroughly in keeping with the desperate nature of the men who witnessed it. Two officers—one a captain and one a lieutenant—quarreled about a woman, a fair young thing enough, lissome and light of love. She was the Captain's by right of discovery, the Lieutenant's by right of conquest. At the night encampment she abandoned the old love for the new, and in the struggle for possession the Captain struck the Lieutenant fair in the face.

"You have done a serious thing," some comrade said to him.

"It will be more serious in the morning," was the quiet reply.

"But you are in the wrong and you should apologize."

He tapped the handle of his revolver significantly, and made answer:

"This must finish what the blow has commenced. A woman worth kissing is worth fighting for."

I do not mention names. There are those to-day living in Marion County whose sleep in eternity will be lighter and sweeter if they are left in ignorance of how one fair-haired boy died who went forth to fight the battles of the South and found a grave when *her* battles were ended.

The Lieutenant challenged the Captain, but the question of its acceptance was decided even before the challenge was received. These were the terms: At daylight the principals were to meet one mile from the camp upon the prairie, armed each with a revolver and a saber. They were to be mounted and stationed twenty paces apart, back to back. At the word they were to wheel and fire, advancing if they chose or remaining stationary if they chose. In no event were they to pass beyond a line two hundred yards in the

rear of each position. This space was accorded as that in which the combatants might rein up and return again to the attack.

So secret were the preparations, and so sacred the honor of the two men, that, although the difficulty was known to 300 soldiers, not one of them informed Shelby. He would have instantly arrested the principals, and forced a compromise, as he had done once before under circumstances as urgent but in no ways similar.

It was a beautiful morning, all balm and bloom and verdure. There was not wind enough to shake the sparkling dew-drops from the grass, not wind enough to lift breast high the heavy odor of the flowers. The face of the sky was placid and benignant. Some red like a blush shone in the east, and some clouds, airy and gossamer, floated away to the west. Some birds sang, too, hushed and far apart. Two and two, and in groups, men stole away from the camp and ranged themselves on either flank. A few rude jokes were heard, but they died out quickly as the combatants rode up to the dead line. Both were calm and cool, and on the Captain's face there was a half smile. Poor fellow, there was already the scars of three honorable wounds upon his body; the fourth would be his death wound.

They were placed, and sat their horses like men who are about to charge. Each head was turned a little to one side, the feet rested lightly in the stirrups, the left hands grasped the reins well gathered up, the right hands held the deadly pistols, loaded fresh an hour before.

"Ready—*wheel!*" The trained steeds turned upon a pivot as one steed.

"Fire!"

The Lieutenant never moved from his tracks. The Captain dashed down upon him at a full gallop, firing as he came on. Three chambers were emptied, and three bullets sped away over the prairie, harmless. Before the fourth fire was given the Captain was abreast of the Lieutenant, and aiming at him at deadly range. Too late! The Lieutenant threw out his pistol until the muzzle almost touched the Captain's hair, and fired. The mad horse dashed away riderless, the Captain's life-blood upon his trappings and his glossy hide. There was a face in the grass, a widowed woman in Missouri, and a soul somewhere in the white hush and waste of eternity. A great dragoon ball had gone directly through his brain, and the Captain was dead before he touched the ground. They buried him before the sun rose, before the dew was dried upon the grass that grew upon his premature and bloody grave. There was no epitaph, yet this might have been lifted there, ere the grim soldiers marched away again to the South:

"Ah, soldier, to your honored rest,
Your truth and valor bearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

CHAPTER III.

At Houston, Texas, there was a vast depot of supplies filled with all kinds of quartermaster and commissary stores. Shelby desired that the women and children of *true* soldiers should have such of these as would be useful or beneficial, and so issued his orders. These were disputed by a thousand or so refugees or renegades whose heads were beginning to be lifted up everywhere as soon as the last mutterings of the war storm were heard in the distance.

He called to him two captains—James Meadow and James Wood—two men known of old as soldiers fit for any strife. The first is a farmer now in Jackson, the last a farmer in Pettis, both young, brave, worthy of all good luck or fortune.

They came speedily; they saluted and waited for orders.

Shelby said:

"Take one hundred men and march quickly to Houston. Gallop oftener than you trot. Proclaim to the Confederate women that on a certain day you will distribute to them whatever of cloth, flour, bacon, medicines, clothing or other supplies they may need or that are in store. Hold the town until that day, and then obey my orders to the letter."

"But if we are attacked?"

"Don't wait for that. Attack first."

"And fire ball cartridges?"

"And fire nothing else. Bullets first, speeches afterward."

They galloped away to Houston. Two thousand greedy and clamorous ruffians were besieging the warehouses. They had not fought for Texas and not one dollar's worth of Texas property should they have. Wood and Meadow drew up in front of them.

"Disperse!" they ordered.

Wild, vicious eyes glared out upon them from the mass, red and swollen by drink. They had rifled an arsenal, too, and all had muskets and cartridges.

"After we have seen what's inside this building, and taken what's best for us to take," the leader answered, "we will disperse. The war's over young fellows, and the strongest party takes the plunder. Do you understand our logic?"

"Perfectly," replied Wood, as cool as a grenadier, "and it's bad logic if you were a Confederate, good logic if you are a thief. Let *me* talk a little. We are Missourians, we are leaving Texas, we have no homes, but we have our orders and our honor.

Not so much as one percussion cap shall you take from this house until you bring a written order from Jo. Shelby, and one of Shelby's men along with you to prove that you did not forge that order. Do you understand *my* logic?"

They understood him well, and they understood better the one hundred stern soldiers, drawn up ten paces to the rear, with eyes to the front and revolvers drawn. Shrill voices from the outside of the crowd urged those nearest to the detachment to fire, but no weapon was presented. Such was the terror of Shelby's name, and such the reputation of his men for prowess, that not a robber stirred. By and by, from the rear, they began to drop away one by one, then in squads of tens and twenties, until, before an hour, the streets of Houston were as quiet and as peaceful as the cattle upon the prairies. These two determined young officers obeyed their instructions and rejoined their General.

Similar scenes were enacted at Tyler and Waxahatchie. At the first of these places was an arsenal guarded by Colonel Blackwell, and a small detachment consisting of squads under Captain Ward, Cordell, Rudd, Kirtley and Neale. They were surrounded in the night time by a furious crowd of mountain plunderers and shirking conscripts—men who had dodged both armies or deserted both. They wanted guns to begin the war on their neighbors after the real war was over.

"You can't have any," said Blackwell.

"We will take them."

"Come and do it. These are Shelby's soldiers, and they don't know what being taken means. Pray teach it to us."

This irony was had in the darkness, be it remembered, and in the midst of seven hundred desperate deer-hunters and marauders who had baffled all the efforts of the regular authorities to capture them. Blackwell's detachment numbered thirty eight. And now a deed was done that terrified the boldest in all that band grouped together in the darkness, and waiting to spring upon the little handful of devoted soldiers, true to that country which no longer had either thanks or praise to bestow. James Kirtley, James Rudd, Samuel Downing and Albert Jeffries seized each a keg of powder and advanced in front of the arsenal some fifty paces, leaving behind them from the entrance a dark and ominous train. Where the halt was had a little heap of powder was placed upon the ground, and upon each heap was placed a keg, the hole downward, or connected with the heap upon the ground. The mass of marauders surged back as if the earth had opened at their very feet.

"What do you mean?" they yelled.

"To blow you into hell," was Kirtley's quiet reply, "if you're within range while we are eating our supper. We have ridden *thirty miles*, we have good consciences, and therefore we are hungry.

Good night!" and the reckless soldiers went back singing. One spark would have half demolished the town. A great awe fell upon the clamoring hundreds, and they precipitately fled from the deadly spot, not a skulker among them remaining until the daylight.

At Waxahatchie it was worse. Here Maurice Langhorne kept guard. Langhorne was a Methodist turned soldier. He publishes a paper now in Independence, harder work, perhaps, than soldiering. Far be it from the author to say that the young Captain ever fell from grace. His oaths were few and far between, and not the great strapping oaths of the Baptists or the Presbyterians. They adorned themselves with black kids and white neckties, and sometimes they fell upon their knees. Yet Langhorne was always orthodox. His pistol practice was superb. During his whole five years' service he never missed his man.

He held Waxahatchie with such soldiers as John Kritzer, Martin Kritzer, Jim Crow Childs, Bud Pitcher, Cochran and a dozen others. He was surrounded by a furious mob who clamored for admittance into the building where the stores were.

"Go away," said Langhorne, mildly. His voice was soft enough for a preacher's, his looks bad enough for a backslider.

They fired on him a close, hot volley. Wild work followed, for with such men how could it be otherwise? No matter who fell, nor the number of dead and dying, Langhorne held the town that night, the day following and the next night. There was no more mob. A deep peace came to the neighborhood, and as he rode away there were many true, brave Confederates who came to his little band and blessed them for what had been done. In such guise did these last acts of Shelby array themselves. Scorning all who in the name of soldiers plundered the soldiers, he left a record behind him which, even to this day, has men and women to rise up and call it noble.

After Houston and Tyler and Waxahatchie came Austin. The march had become to be an ovation. Citizens thronged the roads, bringing with them refreshments and good cheer. No soldier could pay for any thing. Those who had begun by condemning Shelby's stern treatment of the mob, ended by upholding him.

Governor Murrah, of Texas, still remained at the capital of his State. He had been dying for a year. All those insidious and deceptive approaches of consumption were seen in the hectic cheeks, the large, mournful eyes, the tall, bent frame that quivered as it moved. Murrah was a gifted and brilliant man, but his heart was broken. In his life there was the memory of an unblessed and an unhallowed love, too deep for human sympathy, too sad and passionate for tears. He knew death was near to him, yet he put on his old gray uniform, and mounted his old, tried war-horse, and rode away dying to Mexico. Later, in Monterey, the red in his cheeks

had burnt itself out. The crimson had turned to ashen gray. He was dead with his uniform around him.

The Confederate government had a sub-treasury in Austin, in the vaults of which were three hundred thousand dollars in gold and silver. Operating about the city was a company of notorious guerrillas, led by Captain Rabb, half *ranchero* and half freebooter. It was pleasant pasturage over beyond the Colorado river, and thither the Regiment went, for it had marched far, and it was weary. Loitering late for wine and wassail, many soldiers halted in the streets and tarried till the night came—a misty, cloudy, ominous night, full of darkness and dashes of rain.

Suddenly a tremendous battering arose from the iron doors of the vaults in the State House where the money was kept. Silent horsemen galloped to and fro through the gloom; the bells of the churches were rung furiously; a home guard company mustered at their armory to the beat of the long role, and from beyond the Colorado there arose on the night air the full, resonant blare of Shelby's bugle sounding the well-known rallying call. In some few brief moments more the head of a solid column, four deep, galloped into the Square, reporting for duty to the Mayor of the city—a maimed soldier of Lee's army. Ward led them.

"They are battering down the Treasury doors," said the Mayor.

"I should think so," replied Ward. "Iron and steel must soon give way before such blows. What would you have?"

"The safety of the treasure."

"Forward, men!" and the detachment went off at a trot, and in through the great gate leading to the Capitol. It was surrounded. The blows continued. Lights shone through all the windows; there were men inside gorging themselves with gold. No questions were asked. A sudden, pitiless jet of flame spurted out from two score of Sharp's carbines; there was the sound of falling men on the echoing floor, and then a great darkness. From out the smoke and gloom and shivered glass and scattered eagles they dragged the victims forth—dying, bleading, dead. One among the rest, a great-framed, giant man, had a king's ransom about his person. He had taken off his pantaloons, tied a string around each leg at the bottom and had filled them. An epicure even in death, he had discarded the silver. These white heaps, like a wave, had inundated the room, more precious to fugitive men than food or raiment. Not a dollar was touched, and a stern guard took his post, as immutable as fate, by the silver heaps and the blood puddles. In walking his beat this blood splashed him to the knees.

Now this money was money of the Confederacy, it belonged to her soldiers, they should have taken it and divided it *per capita*. They did not do this because of this remark. Said Shelby, when they appealed to him to take it as a right:

"I went into the war with clean hands, and by God's blessing, I will go out of the war with clean hands.'

After that they would have starved before touching a silver picayune.

Ere marching the next morning, however, Murrah came to Shelby and insisted that as his command was the last organized body of Confederates in Texas, and that as they were on the eve of abandoning the country, he should take this Confederate property just as he had taken the cannon and the muskets. The temptation was strong, and the arguments were strong, but he never wavered. He knew what the world would say, and he dreaded its malice. Not for himself, however, but for the sake of that nation he had loved and fought so hard to establish.

"We are the last of the race," he said, a little regretfully, "but let us be the best as well."

And so he turned his back upon the treasury and its gold, penniless. His soldiers were ragged, without money, exiles, and yet at his bidding they set their faces as iron against the heaps of silver, and the broken doors of the treasury vaults, and rode on into the South.

When the line of demarkation was so clearly drawn between what was supposed, and what was intended—when, indeed, Shelby's line of march was so straight and so steadfast as to no longer leave his destination in doubt, fugitives began to seek shelter under his flag and within the grim ranks of his veterans. Ex-Governor and Ex-Senator Trusten Polk was one of these. He, like the rest, was homeless and penniless, and joined his fortune to the fortunes of those who had just left three hundred thousand dollars in specie in Austin. From all of which Trusten Polk might have argued:

"These fellows will carry me through, but they will find for me no gold or silver mines."

Somewhere in the State were other fugitives struggling to reach Shelby—fugitive generals, governors, congressmen, cabinet officers, men who imagined that the whole power of the United States Government was bent upon their capture. Smith was making his way to Mexico, so was Magruder, Reynolds, Parsons, Standish, Conrow, General Lyon, of Kentucky; Flournoy, Terrell, Clark, and Snead, of Texas; General John B. Clark, Sr., General Prevost, of Louisiana; Governor Henry W. Allen, Commodore M. F. Maury, General Bee, General Oscar Watkins, Colonel Wm M. Broadwell, Colonel Peter B. Wilks, and a host of others equally determined on flight and equally out at elbows. Of money they had scarcely fifty dollars to the man. Magruder brought his superb spirits and his soldierly heart for every fate; Reynolds, his elegant cultivation, and his cool, indomitable courage; Smith, his useless reminings and his *rigid West Point* courtesy; Allen, his electric enthusiasm and

his abounding belief in Providence; Maury, his learning and his foreign decorations; Clark, his inimitable drollery and his broad Southern humor; Prevost, his French gallantry and wit; Broadwell, his generosity and his speculative views of the future; Bee, his theories of isothermal lines and cotton planting; and Parsons, and Standish and Conrow the shadow of a great darkness that was soon to envelop them as in a cloud—the darkness of bloody and premature graves.

The command was within three days' march of San Antonio. As it approached Mexico, the grass gave place to *mesquite*—the wide, undulating prairies to matted and impenetrable stretches of *chapparal*. All the rigid requirements of war had been carried out—the picquet guard, the camp guard, the advanced posts, and the outlying scouts, aimless and objectless, apparently, but full of daring, and cunning, and guile.

Pasturage was scarce this night, and from water to grass was two good miles. The artillery and commissary teams needed to be fed, and so a strong guard was sent with them to the grazing place. They were magnificent animals, all fat and fine enough to put bad thoughts in the fierce natures of the cow-boys—an indigenous Texas growth—and the unruly borderers.

They had been gone an hour, and the sad roll of the tattoo had floated away on the night air. A scout—Martin Kritzer—rode rapidly up to Shelby and dismounted.

He was dusty and tired, and had ridden far and fast. As a soldier, he was all iron; as a scout, all intelligence; as a sentinel, unacquainted with sleep.

"Well, Martin," his General said.

"They are after the horses," was the sententious reply.

"What horses?"

"Those of the artillery."

"Why do they want them?"

The cavalry soldier looked at his General in surprise. It was the first time in his life he had ever lost confidence in him. Such a question from such a source was more than he could well understand. He repeated slowly, a look of honest credulity on his bronzed face:

"Why do they want them?—well, because they are fine, fat, trained in the harness, scarce to find, and worth half their weight in gold. Are these reasons enough?"

Shelby did not reply He ordered Langhorne to report to him, He came up as he always came, smiling.

"Take fifty men," were the curt instructions, 'and station them a good half mile in front of the pasturing-place. There must be no bullets dropping in among our stock, and they must have *plenty of grass room*. You were on duty last night, I believe."

"Yes, General."

"And did not sleep?"

"No, General."

"Nor will you sleep to-night. Station the men, I say, and then station yourself at the head of them. You will hear a noise in the night—late in the night—and presently a dark body of horsemen will march up, fair to see between the grass and the sky-line. You need not halt them. When the range gets good, fire and charge. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly."

In an hour Langhorne was at his post, silent as fate and terrible, couching there in his lair, with fifty good carbines behind him. About midnight a low note like thunder sprang up from toward San Antonio. The keen ear of the practiced soldier took in its meaning, as a sailor might the speech of the sea.

"Get ready—they are coming."

The indolent forms lifted themselves up from the great shadow of the earth. When they were still again they were mounted.

The thunder grew louder. What had before been noise was now shape and substance. Seventy-eight border men were riding down to raid the herders.

"Are you all loaded?" asked Langhorne.

"All. Have been for four years."

From the mass in front plain figures evolved themselves. Under the stars their gun-barrels shone.

"They have guns," sneered Langhorne, "but no scouts in front. What would Old Joe say to that?"

"He would dismount them and send them to the infantry," laughed John Kritzer.

The leading files were within fifty yards, near enough for a volley. They had not heard this grim by-play, rendered under the night and to the ears of an unseen death crouching in the prairie grass.

"Make ready!" Langhorne's voice had a gentleness in it, soft as a caress. The Methodist had turned lover.

Fifty dark muzzles crept out to the front, and waited there gaping.

"Take aim!" The softest things are said in whispers. The Methodist was about to deliver the benediction.

"Fire!"

A red cleft in the heart of the midnight—a murky shroud of dun and dark that smelt of sulphur—a sudden uprearing of staggering steeds and staggering riders—a wild, pitiful panic of spectres who had encountered the unknown—and fifty terrible men dashed down to the charge. Why follow the deadly work under the sky and the stars. *It was providence fulfilling a vow—fate restoring the equi-*

librium of justice—justice vindicating the supremacy of its immortal logic. Those who came to rob had been a scourge more dreaded than the pestilence—more insatiate than a famine. Defying alike civil and martial law, they had preyed alternately upon the people and the soldiers. They were desperadoes and marauders of the worst type, feared and hated or both. Beyond a few scattering shots, fired by the boldest of them in retreat, they made no fight. The dead were not buried. As the regiment moved on toward San Antonio, thirty-nine could have been counted lying out in the grass —booted and spurred, and waiting the Judgment Day.

CHAPTER IV.

SAN ANTONIO, in the full drift of the tide which flowed in from Mexico, was first an island and afterward an oasis. To the hungry and war-worn soldiers of SHELBY'S expedition it was a Paradise. Mingo, the unparalleled host of Mingo's Hotel, was the guardian angel, but there was no terror in his looks, nor any flaming sword in his hand. Here, everything that European markets could afford, was found in abundance. Cotton, magnificent even in its overthrow, had chosen this last spot as the city of its refuge and its caresses. Fugitive generals had gathered here, and fugitive senators and fugitive governors and fugitive desperadoes, as well, men sententious of speech and quick of pistol practice. These last had taken immediate possession of the city, and were rioting in the old royal fashion, sitting in the laps of courtesans and drinking wines fresh through the blockade from France. Those passers-by who jeered at them as they went to and fro received a fusillade for their folly. Seven even had been killed—seven good Texan soldiers—and a great tear had fallen upon the place, this antique, half-Mexican city which had seen Fannin's new Thermopylæ, and the black Spanish death-flag wind itself up into the Alamo. When the smoke had cleared away and the powder-pall had been lifted, the black had become crimson.

First a speck and then a vulture, until the streets had become dangerous with desperadoes. They had plundered a dozen stores, had sacked and burnt a commissary train, had levied a *prestamo* upon the citizens, and had gone one night to "smoke out Tom Hindman," in their rough border dialect. Less fortunate than Putnam, they found the wolf's den, and the wolf was within, but he showed his teeth and made fight. They hammered at his door furiously. A soft musical voice called out:

"What do you want?"

Hindman was a small man, having the will and the courage of a Highlander. Eloquent of speech, cool, a colloquial swordman whose steel had poison on it from point to hilt, audacious in plot, imperturbable in *finesse*, gray-eyed, proud at times to isolation, unsuccessful in the field, and incomparable in the cabinet, it was this manner of a man who had called out from behind his barricade.

The leader of the attacking party answered him:

"It is said that you have dealt in cotton, that you have gold, that you are leaving the country. We have come for the gold — that is all."

"Indeed!" and the soft voice was strangely harsh and guttural now. "Then, since you have come for the gold, suppose you take the gold. In the absence of all law, might makes right."

He spoke to them not another word that night, but no man advanced to the attack upon the building, and when the daylight came, Shelby was in possession of the city. A deputation of citizens had traveled nearly twenty miles that day to his camp, and besought him to hasten forward, that their lives and their property might be saved. The camp was in deep sleep, for the soldiers had traveled far, but they mustered to the shrill bugle call, and rode on through the long night afterwards, for honor and for duty.

Discipline is a stern, chaste queen—beautiful at times as Semiramis, ferocious as Medea. Her hands are those of the priest and the executioner. They excommunicate, which is a bandage over the eyes and a platoon of musketry; they make the sign of the cross, which is the acquittal of a drum-head court-martial. Most generally the excommunications outnumber the genuflections.

D. A. Williams did provost duty on one side of the river, A. W. Slayback upon the other. What slipped through the hands of the first fell into those of the last. What escaped both fell into the water. Some men are born to be shot, some to be hung, and some to be drowned. Even desperadoes have this fatality in common with the Christians, and thus in the ranks of the plunderers there is predestination. Peace came upon the city as the balm of a south-east trade-wind, and after the occupation there was an ovation. Women walked forth as if to a festival. The Plaza transformed itself into a *parterre*. Roses bloomed in the manes of the horses—these were exotic; roses bloomed in the faces of the maidens—these were divine. After Cannæ there was Capua. Shelby had read of Hannibal, the Carthagenian, and had seen Hannibal the elephant, and so in his mind there was no more comparison between the battle and the town than there was between the man and the animal. He would rest a little, much, many, glad and sunshiny days, filled full of dalliance, and dancing, and music.

Mingo's Hotel from a cloister had become to be a cantonment. It was noisy like a hive, vocal like a morning in May. Serenading parties improvised themselves. Jake Connor led them, an artillery officer, who sank like Mario and fought like Victor Emmanuel. In his extremes he was Italian. On the edge of all this languor and love, discipline, like a fringe, arrayed itself. Patrols paraded the streets, sentinels stood at the corners, from post to post martial feet made time, and in the midst of a flood of defeat, disaster, greed, overthrow, and rending asunder, there was one ark which floated hither and thither armed in a fashion unknown to Noah, bearing a strange barred banner at the fore—the Banner of the Bars. When its *Ararat was* found there was no longer any more Ark.

On the evening of the second day of occupation, an ambulance drew up in front of the Mingo House. Besides the driver, there alighted an old man, aged, bent, spent with fatigue, and dusty as a foot soldier. Shelby sat in the balcony watching him, a light of recognition in his calm, cold eyes. The old man entered, approached the register, and wrote his name. One having curiosity enough to look over his shoulder might have read:

"WILLIAM THOMPSON."

Fair enough name and honest. The old man went to his room and locked his door. The windows of his room looked out upon the plaza. In a few moments it was noticed that the blinds were drawn, the curtains down. Old men need air and sunlight; they do not commence hibernating in June.

When he had drawn his blinds, Shelby called up Connor.

"Get your band together, Lieutenant," was the order.

"For what, General?"

"For a serenade."

"A serenade to whom?"

"No matter, but a serenade just the same. Order, also as you go out by headquarters, that all the men not on duty, get under arms immediately and parade in front of the balcony."

The assembly blew a moment afterwards, and as the sun set a serried mass of soldiers, standing shoulder to shoulder, were in line, waiting. Afterwards the band marched into the open place reserved for it, Connor leading.

Shelby pointed up to the old man's window, smiling.

"Play 'Hail to the Chief,'" he said.

It was done. No answering signals at the window. The blinds from a look of silence had put on one of selfishness.

Shelby spoke again:

"Try 'Dixie,' boys. If the old man were dead it would bring him to life again."

The sweet, familiar strains rose up rapid and exultant, filling all the air with life and the pulses with blood. When they had died with the sunset, there was still no answer.

Shelby spoke again:

"That old man up there is Kirby Smith; I would know him among a thousand. Shout for him until you are hoarse."

A great roar burst forth like a tempest, shaking the house, and in the full torrent of the tide, and borne aloft as an awakening cry, could be heard the name of "Smith!" "Smith!"

The blinds flew open, the curtains were rolled up, and in plain view of this last remnant of his magnificent army of fifty thousand men, General E. Kirby Smith came forth undisguised, a look full of eagerness and wonderment on his weary and saddened face. He did not *understand* the greeting, the music, the armed men, the

eyes that had penetrated his disguise, the shouts that had invaded his retreat. Threatened with death by roving and predatory bands from Shreveport to San Antonio, he knew not whether one friend remained to him of all the regiments he had fed, clothed, flattered, and left unfought.

Shelby rose up in his place, a great respect and tenderness at work in his heart for this desolate and abandoned man who had lived the military life that was in him, and who—a stranger in a land filled full of his soldiers—had not so much as a broken flag staff to lean upon. Given not overmuch to speaking and brief of logic and rhetoric, he won the exile when he said to him:

"General Smith, you are the ranking officer in the Trans-Mississippi Department. These are your soldiers, and we are here to report to you. Command, and we obey; lead us and we will follow. In this public manner, and before all San Antonio, with music and with banners, we come to proclaim your arrival in the midst of that little band which knows neither dishonor nor surrender. You were seeking concealment, and you have found a noontide of soldierly obedience and devotion. You were seeking the night and the obscurity of self-appointed banishment and exile, and you have found guards to attend you, and the steadfast light of patriotism to make your pathway plain. We bid you good morning instead of good night, and await, as of old, your further orders."

Shouts arose upon shouts, triumphal music filled all the air again; thrice Smith essayed to speak, and thrice his tears mastered him. In an hour he was in the ranks of his happy soldiers as safe and as full of confidence as a king upon his throne.

There came also to San Antonio, before the march was resumed, an Englishman who was a mystery and an enigma. Some said he was crazy, and he might have been, for the line of demarkation is so narrow and so fine between the sound and the unsound mind, that analysis, however acute, fails often to ascertain where the first ends and the last begins. This Englishman, however, was different from most insane people in this—that he was an elegant and accomplished linguist, an extensive traveler, a soldier who had seen service in Algeria with the French, and in the Crimea with the British, and a hunter who had known Jules Girard and Gordon Cumming. His views upon suicide were as novel as they were logically presented. His knowledge of chemistry, and the intricate yet fascinating science of toxicology, surprised all who conversed with him. He was a man of the middle age, seemingly rich, refined in all of his habits and tastes, and singularly winning and fascinating in his intercourse with the men. Dudley, that eminent Kentucky physician, known of most men in America, declared, after the observations of a long life, that every man born of a woman was crazy upon some

one subject. This Englishman, therefore, if he was crazy at all, was crazy upon the subject of Railroad Accidents. He had a feverish desire to see one, be in one, enjoy one, and run the risk of being killed by one. He had traveled, he said, over two continents, pursuing a phantom which always eluded him. Now before and now behind him, and then again upon the route he had just passed over, he had never so much as seen an engine ditched. As for a real, first-class collision, he had long ago despaired of its enjoyment. His talk never ended of wrecked cars and shattered locomotives. With a sigh he abandoned his hopes of a luxury so peculiar and unnatural, and came as a private to an expedition which was taking him away from the land of railroads. Later, this strange Englishman, this traveler, linguist, soldier, philosopher, chemist—this monomaniac, too, if you will—was foremost in the battle of the Salinas, fighting splendidly, and well to the front. A musket ball killed his horse. He mounted another and continued to press forward. The second bullet shattered his left leg from the knee to the ankle. It was not known that he was struck until a third ball, entering the breast fairly, knocked him clear and clean from the saddle, dying. He lived until the sun went down—an hour and more. Before he died, however, the strangest part of his life was to come—that of his confession. When related, in its proper sequence, it will be found how prone the best of us are to forget that it is the heart which is oftener diseased than the head. He had suffered much in his stormy lifetime, had sinned not a little, and had died as a hunted wolf dies, viciously and at bay.

At San Antonio, also, Governor Reynolds and General Magruder joined the expedition. The first was a man whose character had to be tried in the fiery crucible of military strife and disaster, that it might stand out grand, massive and indomitable. He was a statesman and a soldier. Much residence abroad had made him an accomplished diplomatist. He spoke three foreign languages fluently. To the acute analysis of a cultivated and expanded mind, he had added the exacting logic of the law. Poetry, and all the natural and outward forms of beauty affected him like other imaginative men, but in his philosophy he discarded the ornate for the strong, the Oriental architecture for the Corinthian. Revolution stood revealed before him, stripped of all its glare and tinsel. As a skillful physician, he laid his hand upon the pulse of the war and told the fluctuations of the disease from the symptoms of the patient. He knew the condition of the Confederacy better than President, and worked like a giant to avert the catastrophe. Ebb fled before him as shadows before the sun. He heard no voice of patriotism, knew no word but devotion, had no ambition but his country, blessed no generals without victorious battle fields exiled himself before he would surrender. His faith was

in the sight of that God of battles in whom he put his trust, and his record shone out through all the long, dark days as a light that was set upon a hill.

Magruder was a born soldier, dead now and gone to heaven. He had a figure like a Mars divested of immortality. He would fight all day and dance all night. He wrote love songs and sang them, and won an heiress rich beyond comparison. The wittiest man in the old army, General Scott adored him. His speech had a lisp that was attractive, inasmuch as it lingered over its puns and caressed its rhetoric. Six feet in heigth, and straight as Tecumseh, Magruder, in full regimentals, was the handsomest soldier in the Confederacy. Not the fair, blonde beauty of the city, odorous of perfume and faultless in tailor-fashion, but a great, bronzed Ajax, mighty thewed, and as strong of hand as strong of digestion. He loved women, too, and was beloved by them. After Galveston, with blood upon his garments, a bullet wound upon his body, and victory upon his standards, he danced until there was daybreak in the sky and sunlight upon the earth. From the fight to the frolic it had been fifty-eight hours since he had slept. A boy at sixty-four, penniless, with a family in Europe, homeless, bereft of an avocation he had grown gray in following, having no country and no calling, he, too, had come to his favorite officer to choose his bivouac and receive his protection. The ranks opened eagerly for this wonderful recruit, who carried in his old-young head so many memories of the land towards which all were journeying.

CHAPTER V.

FROM San Antonio to Eagle pass was a long march made dreary by mesquite and chapparal. In the latter war laggards abounded, sleeping by day and devouring by night. These hung upon the flanks and upon the rear of the column, relying more upon force than stratagem—more upon surprises for capture, than sabre work or pistol practice. Returning late one night from extra duty, D. A. Williams with ten men met a certain Captain Bradford with thirty-two. Williams had seven mules that Bradford wanted, and to get them it was necessary to take them. This he tried from an ambush, carefully sought and cunningly planned—an ambush all the more deadly because the superb soldier Williams was riding campward under the moon, thinking more of women than of war.

In front, and back from the road upon the right, was a clump of mesquite too thick almost for a centipede to crawl through. When there was water, a stream bounded one edge of this undergrowth; when there was no water, the bed of this stream was a great ditch. When the ambushment was had, instead of water there was sand. On guard, however, more from the force of habit than from the sense of danger, Williams had sent a young soldier forward, to reconnoitre and to stay forward, watching well upon the right hand and upon the left. George R. Cruzen was his name, and a braver and better never awoke to the sound of the *reveille*. Cruzen had passed the mesquite, passed beyond the line of its shadows, passed out into the glare of a full harvest moon, when a stallion neighed fiercely to the right of him. He halted by instinct, and drew himself together listening. Thanks to the sand, his horse's feet had made no noise; thanks to the stallion, he had stopped before the open jaws of the defile had closed upon their prey. He rode slowly back into the chapparal, dismounted, tied his horse, and advanced on foot to the brink of the ravine just where it skirted the edge of the brush. As he held his breath he counted thirty stalwart men crouching in the moonlight. Two he did not see. These were on guard where the road crossed the dry bed of the creek. Cruzen's duty was plain before him. Regaining his horse speedily, he galloped back to where Williams had halted for a bit of rest. "Short greeting serves in time of strife," and Cruzen stated the case so plainly that Williams could almost see the men as they waited there for his little band. He bade his soldiers dismount, take a pistol in each hand, and follow him. Before doing this the horses and led mules were securely fastened.

Stealing round the point of the chapparal noiselessly as the flight of birds through the air, he came upon the left flank of the marauders, upon that flank which had been left unprotected and unguarded. He was within five paces of them before he was discovered. They fired a point blank volley full in his face, but his detachment fell forward and escaped untouched. As they arose they charged. The *melee* was close and suffocating. Three of Williams' soldiers died in the ravine, two scrambled out wounded to the death, one carries yet a bullet in his body. But he triumphed. Never was there a fight so small, so rapid and so desperate. Cruzen killed three, Cam. Boucher three, Williams four, Ras. Woods five with one pistol, a heavy English dragoon, and other soldiers of the ten two apiece. Out of the thirty-two, twenty-seven lay dead in a space three blankets might have covered. Shelby heard the firing, and sent swift succor back, but the terrible work was done. Williams rarely left a fight half finished. His deeds that night were the talk of the camp for many long marches thereafter.

The next day at noon, while halting for dinner, two scouts from the rear — James Kirtley and James Rudd — galloped in with the news that a Federal force, 3,000 strong, with a six gun battery, was marching to overtake the column.

"Who commands?" asked Shelby.

"Colonel Johnson," replied Rudd.

"How far in the rear did you see him?"

"About seventeen miles."

"Mount your horse again, Rudd, you and Kirtley, and await further orders."

Shelby then called one who had been his ordnance master, Maj. Jos. Moreland. Moreland came, polite, versatile, clothed all in red and gold lace. Fit for any errand, keen for any frolic, fond of any adventure, so only there were wine and shooting in it, Moreland reported.

"I believe," said Shelby, "you can turn the prettiest period, make the grandest bow, pay the handsomest compliment, and drink the pleasantest toast of any man in my command. Take these two soldiers with you, ride to the rear seventeen miles, seek an interview with Colonel Johnson, and give him this."

It was a note which he handed him—a note which read as follows:

"COLONEL: My scouts inform me that you have about three thousand men, and that you are looking for me. I have only one thousand men, and yet I should like to make your acquaintance. I will probably march from my present camp about ten miles further to-day, halting on the high road between San Antonio and Eagle *Pass.* Should you desire to pay me a visit, you will find me at home *until day after* to-morrow."

Moreland took the message and bore it speedily to its destination. Amid many profound bows, and a multitude of graceful and complimentary words, he delivered it. Johnson was a gentleman, and dismissed the embassy with many promises to be present. He did not come. That night he went into camp five miles to the rear, and rested there all the next day. True to his word, Shelby waited for him patiently, and made every prepraration for a stubborn fight. Once afterwards Colonel Johnson came near enough to indicate business, but he halted again at the eleventh hour and refused to pick up the gage of battle. Perhaps he was nearer right than his antagonist. The war was over, and the lives of several hundred men were in his keeping. He could afford to be lenient in this, the last act of the drama, and he was. Whatever his motives, the challenge remained unaccepted. As for Shelby, he absolutely prayed for a meeting. The old ardor of battle broke out like a hidden fire, and burnt up every other consideration. He would have staked all and risked all upon the issue of the fight—one man against three.

The march went rapidly on. But one adventure occurred after Williams' brief battle, and that happened in this wise: Some stores belonging to the families of Confederate soldiers had been robbed by renegades and deserters a few hours previous to Shelby's arrival in the neighborhood. A delegation of women came to his camp seeking restitution. He gave them retribution. Eleven miles from the plundered habitations was a rugged range of hills, inaccessible to most soldiers who had ridden and raided about its vicinity. Here, as another Rob Roy, the leader of the robber band had his rendezvous. This band numbered, all told, nearly three hundred, and a motley band it was, composed of Mexicans, deserters from both armies, Indians, men from Arizona and California, and desperate fugitives from justice, whose names were changed, and whose habitations had been forgotten. To these hills the property had been taken, and to these hills went Slayback with two hundred men. He found the goods piled up breast high, and in front of them, to defend them, were about two hundred robbers. They scarcely waited for a fire. Slayback charged them with a great rush, and with the revolver solely. The nature of the ground alone prevented the attack from becoming an extermination. Slayback finished his work, as he always did, thoroughly and well, and returned to the command without the loss of a man.

About this time three men came to Shelby and represented themselves as soldiers of Lee's army who where abandoning the country, and who wished to go with him to Mexico. They were enrolled at once and assigned to a company. In a day or two some suspicions were aroused from the fact of their being well acquainted with the Spanish language, speaking it fluently upon every occasion when an opportunity offered. Now Lee's soldiers had but scant time for the

acquirement of such accomplishments, and it became at last a question of some doubt as to the truth of the statements of these three men. To expose them fully it cost one of them his arm, the other two their lives, together with the lives of thirteen Mexicans who, guiltless in the intention, yet sinned in the act.

When within three days' journey of the Rio Grande, General Smith expressed a desire to precede the regiment into Mexico, and asked for an escort. This was cheerfully furnished, and Langhorn received his orders to guard the Commander-in-Chief of the Trans-Mississippi Department safely to the river, and as far beyond as the need might be, if it were to the Pacific ocean. There was not a drop of the miser's blood in Shelby's veins. In everything he was prodigal—of his money, when he had any, of his courage, of his blood, of his men, of his succor, of his influence, of his good deeds to his comrades and superior officers, and of his charities to others not so strong and so dauntless as himself. With Smith there went also, Magruder, Prevost, Wilcox, Bee, and a score of other officers, who had business with certain French and Mexican officers at Piedras Negras, and who were tired of the trained marching and the regular encampments of the disciplined soldiers.

Langhorn did his duty well. Rigid in all etiquette, punctilious in the performance of every obligation, as careful of his charge as he could have been of a post of honor in the front of battle, Smith said to him, when he bade him good-bye:

"With an army of such soldiers as Shelby has, and this last sad act in the drama of exile would have been left unrecorded."

CHAPTER VI.

EAGLE PASS is on one side of the Rio Grande river, Piedras Negras upon the other. The names indicate the countries. Wherever there is an American there is always an eagle. Two thousand Mexican soldiers held Piedras Negras—followers of Jaurez—quaint of costume and piratical of aspect. They saw the head of Shelby's column *debouching* from the *plateau* above the river—they saw the artillery planted and commanding the town—they saw the trained soldiers form up rapidly to the right and left, and they wondered greatly thereat. No boats would come over. Not a skiff ventured beyond the shade of the Mexican shore, and not a sign of life, except the waving of a blanket at intervals, or the glitter of a sombrero through the streets, and the low, squat adobes.

How to get over was the question. The river was high and rapid.

"Who can speak Spanish?" asked Shelby.

Only one man answered—him of the senorita of Senora—a recruit who had joined at Corsicana, and who had neither name nor lineage.

"Can you swim?" asked Shelby.

"Well."

"Suppose you try for a skiff, that we may open negotiations with the town."

"I dare not. I am afraid to go over alone."

Shelby opened his eyes. For the first time in his life such answer had been made by a soldier. He scarcely knew what the man was saying.

"*Afraid!*" This with a kind of half pity. "Then stand aside." This with a cold contempt. Afterwards his voice rang out with its old authority.

"Volunteers for the venture—swimmers to the front." Fifty stalwart men dashed down to the water, dismounted—waiting. He chose but two—Dick Berry and George Winship—two dauntless young hearts fit for any forlorn hope beneath the sun. The stream was wide, but they plunged in. No matter for the drowning. They took their chances as they took the waves. It was only one more hazard of battle. Before starting, Shelby had spoken to Collins:

"Load with canister. If a hair of their heads is hurt, not one stone upon another shall be lift in Piedras Negras."

The current was strong and beat the men down, but they mastered it, and laid hands upon a skiff whose owner did not come to

claim it. In an hour a flag of truce was carried into the town, borne by Colonel Frank Gordon, having at his back twenty-five men with side arms alone.

Governor Biesca, of the State of Coahuila, half soldier and half civilian, was in command—a most polished and elegant man, who quoted his smiles and italicised his gestures. Surrounded by a glittering staff, he dashed into the Plaza and received Gordon with much of pomp and circumstance. Further on in the day Shelby came over, when a long and confidential interview was held between the American and the Mexican—between the General and the Governor—one blunt, abrupt, a little haughty and suspicious—the other suave, voluble, gracious, in promises, and magnificent in offers and inducements.

Many good days before this interview—before the terrible tragedy at that Washington theatre where a President fell dying in the midst of his army and his capital—Abraham Lincoln had made an important revelation, indirectly, to some certain Confederate chieftains. This came through General Frank P. Blair to Shelby, and was to this effect: The struggle will soon be over. Overwhelmed by the immense resources of the United States, the Southern government is on the eve of an utter collapse. There will be a million of men disbanded who have been inured to the license and the passions of war, and who may be troublesome if nothing more. An open road will be left through Texas for all who may wish to enter Mexico. The Confederates can take with them a portion or all of the arms and war munitions now held by them, and when the days of their enlistment are over, such Federal soldiers as may desire shall also be permitted to join the Confederates across the Rio Grande, uniting afterwards in an effort to drive out the French and re-establish Juarez and the Republic. Such guarantees had Shelby received, and while on the march from Corsicana to Eagle Pass, a multitude of messages overtook him from Federal regiments and brigades, begging him to await their arrival—a period made dependent upon their disbandment. They wished above all things to take service with him, and to begin again a war upon imperialism after the war upon slavery.

Governor Biesca exhibited his authority as Governor of Coahuila, and as Commander-in-Chief of Coahuila, Tamaulipas and New Leon, and offered Shelby the military control of these three States, retaining to himself only the civil. He required of him but one thing, a full, free and energetic support of Benito Juarez. He suggested, also, that Shelby should remain for several months at Piedras Negras, recruiting his regiment up to a division, and that when he felt himself sufficiently strong to advance, he should move against Monterey, held by General Jeanningros, of the Third French *Zouaves, and some* two thousand soldiers of the Foreign Legion.

The picture, as painted by this fervid Mexican, was a most attractive one, and to a man like Shelby, so ambitious of military fame, and so filled with the romance and the adventure of his situation, it was doubly so. At least he was a devout Liberal. Having but little respect for Mexican promises or Mexican civilization, he yet knew that a corps of twenty thousand Americans could be easily recruited, and that after he once got a foothold in the country, he could preserve it for all time. His ideas were all of conquest. If he dreamed at all, his dreams were of Cortez. He saw the golden gates of Sonora rolled back at his approach, and in his visions, perhaps, there were glimpses of those wonderful mines guarded even now as the Persians guarded the sacred fire of their gods.

The destiny of the expedition was in this interview. Looking back now through the placid vista of the peace years, there are but few of all that rugged band who would speak out to-day as they did about the council board on the morrow after the American and the Mexican had shaken hands and went their separate ways.

The council was long, and earnest, and resolute. Men made brief speeches, but they counted as so much gold in the scales that had the weighing of the future. If Shelby was more elaborate and more eloquent, that was his wont, be sure there were sights his fervid fancy saw that to others were unrevealed, and that evolving itself from the darkness and the doubts of the struggle ahead, was the fair form of a new empire, made precious by knightly deeds, and gracious with romantic perils and achievements.

Shelby spoke thus to his followers, when silence had fallen, and men were face to face with the future:

"If you are all of my mind, boys, and will take your chances along with me, it is Juarez and the Republic from this on until we die here, one by one, or win a kingdom. We have the nucleus of a fine army—we have cannon, muskets, amunition, some good prospects for recruits, a way open to Sonora, and according to the faith that is in us will be the measure of our loss or victory. Determine for yourselves. You know Biesca's offer. What he fails to perform we will perform for ourselves, so that when the game is played out there will be scant laughter over any Americans trapped or slain by treachery."

There were other speeches made, briefer than this one by the leader, and some little of whispering apart and in eagerness. At last Elliott stood up—the spokesman. He had been a fighting colonel of the Old Brigade, he had been wounded four times, he was very stern and very true, and so the lot fell to him to make answer.

"General, if you order it, we will follow you into the Pacific Ocean; but we are all Imperialists, and would prefer service under Maximilian."

"Is this your answer, men?" and Shelby's voice had come back to its old cheery tones.

"It is."

"Final?"

"As the grave."

"Then it is mine, too. Henceforth we will fight under Maximilian. To-morrow, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the march shall commence for Monterey. Let no man repine. You have chosen the Empire, and, perhaps, it is well, but bad or good, your fate shall be my fate, and your fortune my fortune."

The comrade spoke then. The soldier had spoken at Marshall, at Corsicana, at San Antonio, and in the long interview held with Biesca. Time has revealed many things since that meeting in June, 1865—many things that might have been done and well done, had the frank speech of Elliott remained unspoken—had the keen feeling of sympathy between the French and the Confederates been less romantic. Shelby was wiser then than any man who followed him, and strong enough to have forced them in the pathway that lay before *his* eyes so well revealed, but he would not for the richest province in Mexico. And as the conference closed, he said, in passing out:

"Poor, proud fellows—it is principle with them, and they had rather starve under the Empire than feast in a republic. Lucky, indeed, for many of them if to famine there is not added a fusillade."

Governor Biesca's bland face blankly fell when Shelby announced to him the next morning the decision of the conference. He had slept upon the happiness of a *coup d' etat;* when he awoke it was a phantasy. No further arguments availed him, and he made none. When a Mexican runs his race, and comes face to face with the inevitable, he is the most indifferent man in the world. A muttered *bueana*, a folded cigarrito, a bow to the invisible, and he has made his peace with his conscience and his God, and lies or sighs in the days that come after as the humor of the fancy takes him.

Biesca had all of his nation's *nonchalance*, and so, when for his master's service he could not get men, he tried for munitions of war. Negotiations for the purchase of the arms, the artillery and the ammunition were begun at once. A *prestamo* was levied. Familiarity with this custom had made him an adept. Being a part of the national education, it was not expected that one so high in rank as a governor would be ignorant of its rudiments.

Between the Piedras Negras and Monterey the country was almost a wilderness. A kind of debatable ground—the robbers had raided it, the Liberals had plundered it, and the French had desolated it. As Shelby was to pass over it, he could not carry with *him his teams, his* wagons, his atillery and his supply trains. Be-

sides he had no money to buy food, even if food was to be had, and as it had been decided to abandon Juarez, it was no longer necessary to retain the war material. Hence the *prestamo*. A list of the merchants was made; the amount assessed to each was placed opposite his name; an adjutant with a file of soldiers called upon the interested party; bowed to him; wished him happiness and high fortune; pointed to the ominous figures, and waited. Generally they did not wait long. As between the silver and the guard-house the merchant chose the former, paid his toll, cursed the Yankees, made the sign of the cross, and went to sleep.

By dint of much threatening, and much mild persuasiveness—such persuasiveness as bayonets give—sixteen thousand dollars were got together, and, for safety were deposited in the custom house. On the morrow they were to be paid out.

The day was almost a tropical one. No air blew about the streets, and a white glare came over the sands and settled as a cloud upon the houses and upon the water. The men scattered in every direction, careless of consequences, and indifferent as to results. The cafes were full. Wine and women abounded. Beside the bronzed faces of the soldiers were the tawny faces of the senoritas. In the passage of the drinking-horns the men kissed the women. Great American oaths came out from the *tiendas*, harsh at times, and resonant at times. Even in their wickedness they were national.

A tragedy was making head, however, in spite of the white glare of the sun, and the fervid kisses under the rose. The three men, soldiers of Lee's army ostensibly—men who had been fed and sheltered—were tempting Providence beyond the prudent point. Having the hearts of sheep, they were dealing with lions. To their treachery they were about to add bravado—to the magazine they were about to apply the torch.

There is a universal Mexican law which makes a brand a Bible. From its truth there is no appeal. Every horse in the country is branded, and every brand is entered of record, just as a deed or legal conveyance. Some of these brands are intricate, some unique, some as fantastic as a jester's cap, some a single letter of the alphabet, but all legal and lawful brands just the same, and good to pass muster anywhere so only there are alcaldes and sandalled soldiers about. Their logic is extremely simple, too. You prove the brand and take the horse, no matter who rides him, nor how great the need for whip and spur.

In Shelby's command there were a dozen magnificent horses, fit for a king's race, who wore a brand of an unusual fashion—many-lined and intricate as a column of Arabesque. They had been obtained somewhere above San Antonio, and had been dealt with as only cavalry soldiers know how to deal with horses. These the

three men wanted. With their knowledge of Spanish, they had gone among the Mexican soldiers, poisoning their minds with tales of American rapine and slaughter, depicting, with not a little of attractive rhetoric, the long and weary march they had made with these marauders that their beloved steeds might not be taken entirely away from them.

The Mexicans listened, not from generosity, but from greed, and swore a great oath by the Virgin that the *gringos* should deliver up every branded horse across the Rio Grande.

Ike and Dick Berry rode each a branded horse, and so did Armistead, Kirtley, Winship, Henry Chiles, John Rudd, Yowell and two-score more, perhaps, equally fearless, and equally ignorant of any other law besides the law of possession.

The afternoon drill was over. The hot glare was still upon the earth and the sky. If anything, the noise from the cafes came louder and merrier. Where the musical voices were the sweetest, were the places where the women abounded with disheveled hair and eyes of tropical dusk.

Ike Berry had ridden one of these branded horses into the street running by regimental headquarters, and sat with one leg crossed upon the saddle, lazily smoking. He was a low, squat Hercules, free of speech and frank of nature. In battle he always laughed; only when eating was he serious. What reverence he had came from the appetite. The crumbs that fell from his long, yellow beard were his benediction.

Other branded horses were hitched about, easy of access and unnoted of owner. The three men came into the street, behind them a young Mexican captain handsome as Adonis. This captain led thirty-five soldiers, with eyes to the front and guns at a trail.

Jim Wood lounged to the door of a *cafe* and remarked them as they filed by. As he returned, he spoke to Martin Kritzer, toying with an Indian girl, beaded and beautiful.

"They are in skirmishing order. Old Joe has delivered the arms; it may be we shall take them back again."

One of the men went straight up to Ike Berry, as he sat cross-legged upon his horse, and laid his hand upon the horse's bridle.

Ike knew him and spoke to him cheerily:

"How now, comrade?"

Short answer, and curt:

"This is my horse; he wears my brand; I have followed him to Mexico. Dismount!"

A long white wreath of smoke curled up from Ike's meerschaum in surprise. Even the pipe entered a protest. The old battle-smile came back to his face, and those who were nearest and knew him best, knew that a dead man would soon lay upon the street. He *knocked the* ashes from his pipe musingly; he put the disengaged

foot back gently in the stirrup; he rose up all of a sudden the very incarnation of murder; there was a white gleam in the air; a heavy saber that lifted itself up and circled, and when it fell a stalwart arm was shredded away, as a girl might sever a silken chain or the tendrils of a vine. The ghastly stump, not over four inches from the shoulder, spouted blood at every heart throb. The man fell as one paralyzed. A shout arose. The Mexicans spread out like a fan, and when the fan closed it had surrounded Berry, and Williams, and Kirtley, and Collins, and Armistead, and Langhorne, and Henry Childs, and Jim Wood, and Rudd, and Moreland, and Boswell, and McDougall, and the brothers Kritzer. Yowell alone broke through the cordon and rushed to Shelby.

Shelby was sitting in a saloon discussing cognac and catalan with the Englishman. On the face of the last there was a look of sorrow. Could it have been possible that the sombre shadows of the Salinas were already beginning to gather about his brow?

A glance convinced Shelby that Yowell was in trouble.

"What is it?" he asked.

"They are after the horses."

"What horses?"

"The branded horses; those obtained from the Rosser ranche."

"Ah! and after we have delivered the arms, too, Mexican like—Mexican like."

He arose as he spoke and looked out upon the street. Some revolvers were being fired. These, in the white heat of the afternoon, sounded as the tapping of woodpeckers. Afterward a steady roar of rifles told how the battle went.

"The rally! the rally!—sound the rally!" Shelby cried to his bugler, as he dashed down to where the Mexicans were swarming about Berry and the few men nearest to him. "We have eaten of their salt, and they have betrayed us; we have come to them as friends, and they would strip us like barbarians. It is war again—war to the knife!"

At this moment the wild, piercing notes of an American bugle were heard—clear, penetrating, defiant—notes that told of sore stress among comrades, and pressing need of succor.

The laughter died in the *cafes* as a night wind when the morning comes. The bugle sobered all who were drunk with drink or dalliance. Its voice told of danger near and imminent—of a field needing harvesters who knew how to die.

The men swarmed out of every door-way—poured from under every *portal*—flushed, furious, ravenous for blood. They saw the Mexicans in the square, the peril of Berry and those nearest to him, and they asked no further questions. A sudden crash of revolvers came first, close and deadly; a yell, a shout, and then a fierce, hot charge. Ras. Woods, with a short Enfield rifle in his hand, stood

fair in the street looking up at the young Mexican Captain with his cold gray eyes that had in them never a light of pity. As the press gathered about him, the rifle crept straight to the front and rested there a moment, fixed as fate. It looked as if he was aiming at a flower—the dark olive beauty of the Spaniard was so superb.

"Spare him!" shouted a dozen reckless soldiers in a breath, "he is too young and too handsome to die."

In vain! A sharp, sudden ring was the response; the Captain tossed his arms high in the air, leaped up suddenly as if to catch something above his head, and fell forward upon his face, a corpse. A wail of women arose upon the sultry evening—such as may have been heard in David's household when back from the tangled brush-wood they brought the beautiful Absalom.

"The life upon his yellow hair,
But not within his eyes."

The work that followed was quick enough and deadly enough to appal the stoutest. Seventeen Mexicans were killed, including the Captain, together with the two Americans who had caused the encounter. The third, strange to say, recovered from his ghastly wound, and can tell to this day, if he still lives, of the terrible prowess of that American soldier who shredded his arm away as a scythe blade might a handful of summer wheat.

A dreadful commotion fell upon Piedras Negras after the battle in the street had been finished. The long roll was beaten, and the Mexican garrison rushed to arms. Shelby's men were infuriated beyond all immediate control, and mounted their horses without orders for a further battle. One detachment, led by Williams, swept down to where the artillery and ammunition wagons were packed and dispersed the guard after a rattling broadside. Langhorne laid hands upon the Custom-house and huddled its sentinels in a room as so many boys that needed punishment. Separate parties under Fell, Winship, Henry Chiles, Kirtley, Jim Wood and Martin Kirtzer seized upon the skiffs and the boats at the wharf. They meant to pillage and sack the town, and burn it afterward. Women went wailing through the streets; the church bells rang furiously; windows were darkened and barricaded; and over all the din and turmoil—the galloping of horses, and the clanking of steel—arose the harsh, gathering cry of the Mexican long roll—sullen, hoarse, discordant. Shelby stormed at his men, and threatened. For the first and the last time in his career, they had passed beyond his keeping. At a critical juncture Governor Biesca rushed down into the square, pale, his hat off, pleading in impassioned Spanish, apologizing in all the soft vowels known to that soft and sounding language.

Shelby would bow to him in great gravity, understanding not *one* word, conversing in English when the tide of Spanish had run *itself out:*

"It's mostly Greek to me, Governor, but the devil is in the boys, for all that."

Discipline triumphed at last, however, and one by one the men came back to their duty and their obedience. They formed a solid, ominous looking column in front of headquarters, dragging with them the cannon that had been sold, and the cannon they had captured from the enemy.

"We want to sleep to-night," they said, in their grim soldier humor, "and for fear of Vesuvius, we have brought the crater with us."

As the night deepened, a sudden calm fell upon the city. Biesca had sent his own troops to barracks, and had sworn by every saint in the calendar that for the hair of every American hurt he would sacrifice a hecatomb of Mexicans. He feared, and not without cause, the now thoroughly aroused and desperate men who were inflamed by drink, and who had good reason for much ill-will and hatred. To Shelby's assurances of safety he offered a multitude of bows, each one more profound and more lowly than the other, until at last, from the game of war, the two chiefs had become to play a game of diplomacy. Biesca wanted his cannon back, and Shelby wanted his money for them. In the end, both were satisfied.

The men had gone to quarters, and supper was being cooked. To the feeling of revenge had been added at last one of forgiveness. Laughter and songs issued again from the wine-shops. At this moment a yell was heard—a yell that was a cross between an Indian war-whoop and a Mexican cattle-call. A crowd of soldiers gathered hastily in the street. Again the yell was repeated, this time nearer, clearer, shriller than before. Much wonderment ensued. The day had been one of surprises. To a fusilade there was to be added a frolic. Up the street leading from the river, two men approached slowly, having a third man between them. When near enough, the two first were recognized as the soldiers, Joseph Moreland and William Fell. The other man, despite the swarthy hue of his countenance, was ghastly pale. He had to be dragged rather than led along. Fell had his sabre drawn, Moreland his revolver. The first was fierce enough to perform amputation; the last suave enough to administer chloroform.

When Moreland reached the edge of the crowd he shouted:

"Make way, Missourians, and therefore barbarians, for the only living and animated specimen of the *genus* Polyglott now upon the North American continent. Look at him, you heathens, and uncover yourselves. Draw nigh to him, you savages, and fall upon your knees. Touch him, you blood-drinkers, and make the sign of the cross."

"What did you call him?" asked Armistead.

"A Polyglott, you Fejee Islander; a living dictionary; a human mausoleum with the bones of fifty languages; a *lusus naturae* in a land of garlic, stilettos and straw hats."

The man himself was indeed a curiosity. Born of Creole parents in New Orleans, he had been everywhere and had seen everything. When captured he was a clerk in the custom house French, Spanish, English, Italian, German, modern Greek, Gumbo French, Arabic, Indian dialects without number, and two score or so of *patois* rolled off from his tongue in harsh or hurried accents accordingly as the vowels or the consonants were uppermost. He charmed Shelby from the beginning. When he felt that he was free his blood began to circulate again like quicksilver Invited to supper, he remained late over his wine, singing songs in all manner of languages, and boasting in all manner of tongues. When he bowed himself out his voice had in it the benediction that follows prayer.

That night he stole $2,000.

The money for the arms and the ammunition had been stored in the custom house and he had the key. The next morning a sack was missing. Biesca swore, Shelby seemed incredulous, the Polyglott only smiled. Between the oath and the smile there was this difference: the first came from empty pockets, the last from more money than the pockets could hold. Master of many languages, he ended by being master of the situation.

In the full flow of the Polyglott's eloquence, however, Shelby forgot his loss, and yielded himself again to the invincible charms of his conversation. When they parted for the last time Shelby had actually given him a splendid pistol, ivory-handled, and wrought about the barrel with gold and figure work. So much for erudition. Even in the desert there are date and palm trees.

The formal terms of the transfer were concluded at last. Biesca received his arms, paid his money, buried the dead soldiers, and blessed all who came into Piedras Negras and went out from it. His last blessings were his best. They came from his heart and from the happy consciousness that the Americans were about to depart forever from the midst of his post of honor and his possessions.

Marching southward from the town, the column had reached the rising ground that overlooked the bold sweep of the rapid river, the green shores of Texas beyond, the fort on the hill, from which a battered Confederate flag yet hung, and a halt was called. Rear and van the men were silent. All eyes were turned behind them. Some memories of home and kindred may have come then as dreams come in the night; some placid past may have outlined itself as a mirage against the clear sky of the distant north; some voice may have spoken even then to ears that heard and heeded, but the men made no sign. The bronzed faces never softened. As the ranks closed up,

waiting, a swift horseman galloped up from the town—a messenger. He sought the leader and found him by instinct.

"*Amigo,*" he said, giving his hand to Shelby.

"Friend, yes. It is a good name. Would you go with us?"

"No."

"What will you have?"

"One last word at parting. Once upon a time in Texas an American was kind to me. Maybe he saved my life. I would believe so, because I want a reason for what is done between us."

"Speak out fairly, man. If you need help, tell me."

"No help, Senor, no money, no horses, no friendship—none of these. Only a few last words."

"What are they?"

"*Beware of the Salinas!*"

The spectacle was horrible beyond comparison. Men hung suspended from door-facings literally flayed alive. Huge strips of skin dangled from them as tattered garments might hang. Under some a slow fire had been kindled, until strangulation came as a tardy mercy for relief. There were the bodies of some children among the slain, and one beautiful woman, not yet attacked by the elements, seemed only asleep. The men hushed their rough voices as they rode by her, and more than one face lit up with a strange pity that had in it the light of a terrible vengeance.

The village with its dead was left behind, and a deep silence fell upon the column, rear and van. The mood of the stranger Englishman grew sterner and sadder, and when the night and the camp came he looked more keenly to his arms than was his wont, and seemed to take a deeper interest in his horse.

Gen. Magruder rode that day with the men—the third of July. "To-morrow will be the Fourth, boys," he said, when dismounting, "and perhaps we shall have fire works."

Two deserters—two Austrians from the Foreign Legion under Jeanningros at Monterey—straggled into the picket lines before tattoo and were brought directly to Shelby. They believed death to be certain and so they told the truth.

"Where do you go?" asked Shelby.

"To Texas."

"And why to Texas?"

"For a home; for any life other than a dog's life; for freedom, for a country."

"You are soldiers, and yet you desert?"

"We were soldiers, and yet they made robbers of us. We do not hate the Mexicans. They never harmed Austria, our country."

"Where did you cross the Salinas?"

"At the ford upon the main road."

"Who were there and what saw you?"

"No living thing, General. Nothing but trees and rocks and water."

They spoke simple truth. Safer back from an Indian jungle might these men have come, than from a passage over the Salinas with a Lipan and Mexican ambushment near at hand.

It was early in the afternoon of the Fourth of July, 1865, when the column approached the Salinas river. The march had been long, hot and dusty. The men were in a vicious humor, and in excellent fighting condition. They knew nothing of the ambushment, and had congratulated themselves upon plentiful grass and refreshing water.

Shelby called a halt and ordered forward twenty men under command of Williams to reconnoitre. As they were being told off for the duty, the *commander* spoke to his subordinate:

"It may be child's play or warrior's work, but whatever it is, let me know quickly."

Williams' blue eyes flashed. He had caught some glimpses of the truth, and he knew there was danger ahead.

"Any further orders, General?" he asked as he galloped away.

"None. Try the ford and penetrate the brush beyond. If you find one rifle barrel among the trees, be sure there are five hundred close at hand. Murderers love to mass themselves."

Williams had ridden forward with his detachment some five minutes' space, when the column was again put in motion. From the halt to the river's bank was an hour's ride. Before commencing the ride, however, Shelby had grouped together his officers, and thus addressed them:

"You know as well as I do what is waiting for us at the river, which knowledge is simply nothing at all. This side Piedras Negras a friendly Mexican spoke some words at parting, full of warning, and doubtless sincere. He at least believed in danger, and so do I. Williams has gone forward to flush the game, if game there be, and here before separating I wish to make the rest plain to you. Listen, all. Above and below the main road, the road we are now upon, there are fords where men might cross at ease and horses find safe and certain footing. I shall try none of them. When the battle opens, and the bugle call is heard, you will form your men in fours and follow me. The question is to gain the further bank, and after that we shall see."

Here something of the old battle ardor came back to his face, and his eyes caught the eyes of the officers. Like his own they were full of fire and high resolve.

"One thing more," he said, "before we march. Come here, Elliott."

The scarred man came, quiet as the great horse he rode.

"You will lead the forlorn hope. It will take ten men to form it. That is enough to give up of my precious ones. Call for volunteers—for men to take the water first, and draw the first merciless fire. After that we will all be in at the death."

Ten were called for, two hundred responded. They had but scant knowledge of what was needed, and scantier care. In the ranks of the ten, however, there were those who were fit to fight for a kingdom. They were Maurice, Langhorne, James Wood, George Winship, William Fell, Ras. Woods, James Kirtley, McDougall, James Rudd, James Chiles and James Cundiff.

Cundiff is staid, and happy, and an editor *sans peur et sans reproche* to-day in St. Joseph. He will remember, amid all the multifarious work of his hands—his locals, his editorials, his type-setting, his ledger, his long nights of toil and worry—and to his last *day, that* terrible charge across the Salinas, water to the saddle-

girths, and seven hundred muskets pouring forth an unseen and infernal fire.

The march went on, and there was no news of Williams. It was three o'clock in the afternoon. The sun's rays seemed to penetrate the very flesh. Great clouds of dust arose, and as there was no wind to carry it away, it settled about the men and the horses as a garment that was oppressive.

Elliott kept right onward, peering straight to the front, watching. Between the advance and the column some two hundred paces intervened. When the ambush was struck this distance had decreased to one hundred paces—when the work was over the two bodies had become one. Elliott was wounded and under his dead horse, Cundiff was wounded, Langhorne was wounded, Winship was wounded, and Wood, and McDougall, and Fell. Some of the dead were never seen again. The falls below the ford received them and the falls buried them. Until the judgment day, perhaps, will they keep their precious sepulchres.

Over beyond the yellow dust a long green line arose against the horizon. This was the further edge of the Salinas, dense with trees, and cool in the distance. The column had reached its shadow at last. Then a short, sharp volley came from the front, and then a great stillness. One bugle note followed the volley. The column, moved by a viewless and spontaneous impulse, formed into fours and galloped on to the river—Elliott leading, and keeping his distance well.

The volley which came from the front had been poured suddenly into the face of Williams. It halted him. His orders were to uncover the ambush, not to attack it, and the trained soldier knew as well the number waiting beyond the river by the ringing of their muskets as most men would have known after the crouching forms had been seen and counted.

He retreated beyond range and waited. Elliott passed on beyond and formed his little band—the ten dauntless volunteers who were anxious to go first and who were not afraid to die.

Shelby halted the main column still further beyond rifle range and galloped straight up to Williams.

"You found them, it seems."

"Yes, General."

"How many?"

"Eight hundred at the least."

"How armed?"

"With muskets."

"Good enough. Take your place in the front ranks. I shall lead the column."

Turning to Elliott, he continued:

"Advance *instantly*, Colonel. The sooner over the sooner to *sleep. Take the water* as you find it, and ride straight forward.

Williams says there are eight hundred, and Williams is rarely mistaken. Forward!"

Elliott placed himself at the head of his forlorn hope and drew his saber. With those who knew him, this meant grim work somewhere. Cundiff spoke to Langhorne upon his right:

"Have you said your prayers, Captain?"

"Too late now. Those who pray best pray first."

From a walk the horses moved into a trot. Elliott threw his eyes backward over his men and cried out:

"Keep your pistols dry. It will be hot work on the other side:"

As they struck the water some Indian skirmishers in front of the ambush opened fire. The bullets threw the white foam up in front of the leading files, but did no damage. By and by the stray shots deepened into a volley.

Elliott spoke again, and no more after until the battle was finished:

"Steady men!"

Vain warning! The rocks were not surer and firmer. In the rear the column, four deep and well in hand, thundered after the advance. Struggling through the deep water, Elliott gained the bank unscathed. Then the fight grew desperate. The skirmishers were driven in pell-mell, the ten men pressing on silently. As yet no American had fired a pistol. A yell arose from the woods, long, wild, piercing—a yell that had exultation and murder in it. Wildly shrill and defiant, Shelby's bugle answered it. Then the woods in a moment started into infernal life. Seven hundred muskets flashed out from the gloom. A powder pall enveloped the advance, and when the smoke lifted Elliott was under his dead horse, badly wounded; Cundiff's left arm was dripping blood; Langhorne, and Winship, and McDougall were down and bleeding; Fell, shot through the thigh, still kept his seat, and Wood, his left wrist disabled, pressed on with the bridle in his teeth, and his right arm using his unerring revolver. Kirtley and Rudd and Chiles and Ras. Woods alone of the ten were untouched, and they stood over their fallen comrades, fighting desperately.

The terrible volley had reached the column in the river, and a dozen saddles were emptied. The dead the falls received; the wounded were caught up by their comrades and saved from death by drowning. Shelby pressed right onward. At intervals the stern notes of the bugles rang out, and at intervals a great hearty cheer came from the ranks of the Americans. Some horses fell in the stream never to rise again, for the bullets plowed up the column and made stark work on every side. None faltered. Pouring up from the river as a great tide the men galloped into line on the right and *left of the* road and waited under fire until the last man had made

his landing sure. The Englishman rode by Shelby's side, a battle-light on his fair face—a face that was, alas! too soon to be wan and gray and drawn with agony.

The attack was a hurricane. Thereafter no man knew how the killing went on. The battle was a massacre. The Mexicans first broke, and after them the Indians. No quarter was shown. "Kill," "kill," resounded from the woods, and the roar of the revolver volleys told how the Americans were at work. The Englishman's horse was killed. He seized another and mounted it. Fighting on the right of the road, he went ahead even of his commander. The mania of battle seemed to have taken possession of his brain. A musket ball shattered his left leg from the ankle to the knee. He turned deadly pale, but he did not halt. Fifty paces further, and another ball, striking him fair in the breast, knocked him clear from the saddle. This time he did not rise. The blood that stained all his garments crimson was his life's blood. He saw death creeping slowly towards him with outstretched skeleton hands, and he faced him with a smile. The rough, bearded men took him up tenderly and bore him backward to the river's edge. His wounds were dressed and a soft bed of blankets made for him. In vain. Beyond human care or skill, he lay in the full glory of the summer sunset, waiting for something he had tried long and anxiously to gain.

The sounds of the strife died away. While pursuit was worth victims, the pursuit went on—merciless, vengeful, unrelenting. The dead were neither counted nor buried. Over two hundred fell in the chapparal and died there. The impenetrable nature of the undergrowth alone saved the remainder of the fugitives. Hundreds abandoned their horses and threw away their guns. Not a prisoner remained to tell of the ambush or the number of the foe. The victory was dearly bought, however. Thirty-seven wounded on the part of Shelby needed care; nineteen of his dead were buried before the sun went down; and eight the waters of the river closed over until the judgment day.

An hour before sunset the Englishman was still alive.

"Would you have a priest?" Shelby asked him, as he bent low over the wounded man, great marks of pain on his fair, stern face.

"None. No word nor prayer can avail me now. I shall die as I have lived."

"Is there any message you would leave behind? Any token to those who may watch and wait long for your coming? Any farewell to those beyond the sea, who know and love you?"

His eyes softened just a little, and the old hunted look died out from his features.

"Who among you speaks French?" he asked.

"Governor Reynolds," was the reply.

"Send him to me, *please*."

It was done. Governor Reynolds came to the man's bedside, and with him a crowd of soldiers. He motioned them away. His last words on earth were for the ears of one man alone, and this is his confession, a free translation of which was given the author by Governor Reynolds, the original being placed in the hands of the British Minister in Mexico, Sir James Scarlett:

"I was the youngest son of an English Baron, born, perhaps, to bad luck, and certainly to ideas of life that were crude and unsatisfactory. The army was opened to me, and I entered it. A lieutenant at twenty-two in the Fourth Royals, I had but one ambition, that to rise in my profession and take rank among the great soldiers of the nation. I studied hard, and soon mastered the intricacies of the art, but promotion was not easy, and there was no war.

"In barracks the life is an idle one with the officers, and at times they grow impatient and fit for much that is reprehensible and unsoldierly. We were quartered at Tyrone, in Ireland, where a young girl lived who was faultlessly fair and beautiful. She was the toast of the regiment. Other officers older and colder than myself admired her and flattered her; I praised her and worshiped her. Perhaps it was an infatuation; to me at least it was immortality and religion.

"One day, I remember it yet, for men are apt to remember those thing which change the whole current of the blood, I sought her out and told her of my love. Whether at my vehemence or my desperation, I know not, but she turned pale and would have left me without an answer. The suspense was unbearable, and I pressed the poor thing harder and harder. At last she turned at bay, wild, tremulous, and declared through her tears that she did not and could not love me. The rest was plain. A young cornet in the same regiment, taller by a head than I, and blonde and boyish, had baffled us all, and had taken from me, what in my bitter selfishness, I could not see that I never had.

"Maybe, my brain has not been always clear. Sometimes I have thought that a cloud would come between the past and present and that I could not see plainly what had taken place in all the desolate days of my valueless life. Somtimes I have prayed, too. I believe even the devils pray no matter how impious or useless such prayer may be.

"I need not detail all the ways a baffled lover has to overthrow the lover who is successful. I pursued the cornet with insults and bitter words, and yet he avoided me. One day I struck him, and such was the indignation exhibited by his comrades, that he no longer considered. A challenge followed the blow, and then a meeting. Good people say that the devil helps his own. Caring very little for God or devil, I fought him at daylight and killed him. Since then I have been an outcast and a wanderer. Tried by a

military commission and disgraced from all rank. I went first to India and sought desperate service wherever it was to be found. Wounded often and scorched by fever, I could not die. In the Crimea the old, hard fortune followed me, and it was the same struggle with bullets that always gave pain without pain's antidote. No rest anywhere. Perhaps I lived the life that was in me. Who knows? Let him who is guiltless cast the first stone. There is much blood upon my hands, and here and there a good deed that will atone a little, it may be, in the end. Of my life in America it is needless to talk. Aimless, objectless, miserable, I am here dying to-day as a man dies who has neither fear nor hope. I thank you very much for your patience, and for all these good men would have done for me, but the hour has come. Good-bye."

He lifted himself up and turned his face fair to the west. Some beams of the setting sun, like a benediction, rested upon the long blonde hair, and upon the white set lips, drawn now and gray with agony. No man spoke in all the rugged band, flushed with victory, and weary with killing. In the trees a little breeze lingered, and some birds flitted and sang, though far apart.

For a few moments the Englishman lay as one asleep. Suddenly he roused himself and spoke:

"It is so dreary to die in the night. One likes to have the sunlight for this."

Governor Reynolds stooped low as if to listen, drew back and whispered a prayer. The man was dead!

CHAPTER VIII.

Evil tidings have wings and fly as a bird. Through some process, no matter what, and over some roads, no matter where, the news was carried to General Jeánningros, holding outermost watch at Monterey, that Shelby had sold all his cannon and muskets, all his ammunition and war supplies, to Governor Biesca, a loyal follower of Benito Juarez. Staightway the Frenchman flew into a passion and made some vows that were illy kept.

"Let me but get my hands upon these Americans," he said, "these *canaille*, and after that we can see."

He did get his hands upon them, but in lieu of the sword they bore the olive branch.

The march into the interior from the Salinas river was slow and toilsome. Very weak and sore, the wounded had to be waited for and tenderly carried along. To leave them would have been to murder them, for all the country was up in arms, seeking for some advantage which never came to gain the mastery over the Americans. At night and from afar, the outlying guerrillas would make great show of attack, discharging platoons of musketry at intervals, and charging upon the picquets at intervals, but never coming seriously to blows. This kind of warfare, however, while it was not dangerous, was annoying. It interfered with the sleep of the soldiers and kept them constantly on the alert. They grew sullen in some instances and threatened reprisals. Shelby's unceasing vigilance detected the plot before it had culminated, and one morning before reaching Lampasas, he ordered the column under arms that he might talk to the men.

"There are some signs among you of bad discipline," he said, "and I have called you out that you may be told of it. What have you to complain about? Those who follow on your track to kill you? Very well, complain of them if you choose, and fight them to your heart's content, but lift not a single hand against the Mexicans who are at home and the non-combatants. We are invaders, it is true but we are not murderers. Those who follow me are incapable of this; those who are not shall not follow me. From this moment forward I regard you all as soldiers, and if I am mistaken in my estimate, and if amid the ranks of those who have obeyed me for four years some marauders have crept in, I order now that upon these a soldier's work be done. Watch them well. He who robs, he who insults women, he who oppresses the unarmed and the aged, is an outcast to all the good fellowship of this com-

mand and shall be driven forth as an enemy to us all. Hereafter be as you have ever been, brave true and honorable."

There was no longer any more mutiny. The less disciplined felt the moral pressure of their comrades and behaved themselves. The more unscrupulous set the Mexicans on one side and the Americans on the other, and elected to remain peaceably in the ranks which alone could shelter and protect them. The marches became shorter and the bivouacs less pleasant and agreeable. Although it was not yet time for the rainy season, some rain fell in the more elevated mountain ranges, and some chilling nights made comfort impossible. Now and then some days of camping, too, were requisite — days in which arms were cleaned and ammunition inspected jealously. The American horses were undergoing acclimatization, and in the inevitable fever which develops itself the affectionate cavalryman sits by his horse night and day until the crisis is passed. Well nursed, this fever is not dangerous. At the crisis, however, woe to the steed who loses his blanket, and woe to the rider who sleeps while the cold night air is driving in death through every pore. Accordingly as the perspiration is checked or encouraged is the balance for or against the life of the horse. There horses were gold, and hence the almost paternal solicitude.

Dr. John S. Tisdale, the lord of many patients and pill-boxes to-day in Platte, was the veterinary surgeon, and from the healer of men he had become to be the healer of horses. Shaggy-headed and wide of forehead in the regions of ideality, he had a new name for every disease, and a new remedy for every symptom. An excellent appetite had given him a hearty laugh. During all the long night watches he moved about as a Samaritan, his kindly face set in its frame-work of gray—his fifty years resting as lightly upon him as the night air upon the mountains of San Juan de Aguilar. He prayeth well who smoketh well, and the good Doctor's supplications went up all true and rugged many a time from his ancient pipe when the hoar frosts fell and deep sleep came down upon the camp as a silent angel to scatter sweet dreams of home and native land.

Good nursing triumphed. The crisis of the climate passed away, and from the last tedious camp the column moved rapidly on toward Lampasas. Dangers thickened. Content to keep the guerrillas at bay, Shelby had permitted no scouting parties and forbidden all pursuit.

"Let them alone," he would say to those eager for adventure, "and husband your strength. In a land of probable giants we have no need to hunt possible chimeras."

These guerrillas, however, became emboldened. On the trail of a timid or wounded thing they are veritable wolves. Their long gallop can never *tire*. In the night they are superb. Upon the

flanks, in the front or rear, it is one eternal ambush—one incessant rattle of musketry which harms nothing, but which yet annoys like the singing of mosquitos. At last they brought about a swift reconing—one of those sudden things which leave little behind save a trail of blood and a moment of savage killing.

The column had reached to within two day's journey of Lampasas. Some spurs of the mountain ran down to the road, and some clusters of palm trees grouped themselves at intervals by the wayside. The palm is a pensive tree, having a voice in the wind that is sadder than the pine—a sober, solemn voice, a voice like the sound of ruffled cerements when the corpse is given to the coffin. Even in the sunlight they are dark; even in the tropics no vine clings to them, no blossom is born to them, no bird is housed by them, and no flutter of wings makes music for them. Strange and shapely, and coldly chaste, they seem like human and desolate things, standing all alone in the midst of luxurious nature, unblessed of the soil, and unloved of the dew and the sunshine.

In a grove of these the column halted for the night. Beyond them was a pass guarded by crosses. In that treacherous land these are a growth indigenous to the soil. They flourish nowhere else in such abundance. Wherever a deed of violence is done, a cross is planted; wherever a traveler is left upon his face in a pool of blood, a cross is reared; wherever a grave is made wherein lies the murdered one, there is seen a cross. No matter who does the deed —whether Indian, or don, or commandante, a cross must mark the spot, and as the pious wayfarer journeys by he lays all reverently a stone at the feet of the sacred symbol, breathing a pious prayer and telling a bead or two for the soul's salvation.

On the left a wooded bluff ran down abruptly to a stream. Beyond the stream and near the palms, a grassy bottom spread itself out, soft and grateful. Here the blankets were spread, and here the horses grazed their fill. A young moon, clear and white, hung low in the west, not sullen nor red, but a tender moon full of the beams that lovers seek, and full of the voiceless imagery which gives passion to the songs of the night, and pathos to deserted and dejected swains.

As the moon set the horses were gathered together and tethered in amid the palms. Then a deep silence fell upon the camp, for the sentinels were beyond its confines, and all withinside slept the sleep of the tired and healthy.

It may have been midnight; it certainly was cold and dark. The fires had gone out, and there was a white mist like a shroud creeping up the stream and settling upon the faces of the sleepers. On the far right a single pistol shot arose, clear and resonant. Shelby, who slumbered like a night bird, lifted himself up from his blankets and spoke in an undertone to Thrailkill:

"Who has the post at the mouth of the pass?"

"Jo. Macey."

"Then something is stirring. Macey never fired at a shadow in his life."

The two men listened. One a grim guerrilla himself, with the physique of a Cossack and the hearing of a Comanche. The other having in his hands the lives of all the silent and inert sleepers lying still and grotesque under the white shroud of the mountain mist.

Nothing was heard for an hour. The two men went to sleep again, but not to dream. Of a sudden and unseen the mist was lifted, and in its place a sheet of flame so near to the faces of the men that it might have scorched them. Two hundred Mexicans had crept down the mountain, and to the edge of the stream, and had fired point blank into the camp. It seemed a miracle, but not a man was touched. Lying flat upon the ground and wrapped up in their blankets, the whole volley, meant to be murderous, had swept over them.

Shelby was the first upon his feet. His voice rang out clear and faultless, and without a tremor:

"Give them the revolver. Charge!"

Men awakened from deep sleep grapple with spectres slowly. These Mexicans were spectres. Beyond the stream and in amid the sombre shadows of the palms, they were invisible. Only the powder-pall was on the water where the mist had been.

Unclad, barefooted, heavy with sleep, the men went straight for the mountain, a revolver in each hand, Shelby leading. From spectres the Mexicans had become to be bandits. No quarter was given or asked. The rush lasted until the game was flushed, the pursuit until the top of the mountain was gained. Over ragged rock and cactus and dagger-trees the hurricane poured. The roar of the revolvers was deafening. Men died and made no moan, and the wounded were recognized only by their voices. When it was over the Americans had lost in killed eleven and in wounded seventeen, most of the latter slightly, thanks to the darkness and the impetuosity of the attack. In crawling upon the camp the Mexicans had tethered their horses upon the further side of the mountain. The most of these fell into Shelby's hands, together with the bodies of the two leaders, Juan Anselmo, a renegade priest, and Antonio Flores, a young Cuban who had sold his sister to a wealthy *hacendaro* and turned robber, and sixty-nine of their followers.

It was noon the next day before the march was resumed—noon with the sun shining upon the fresh graves of eleven dauntless Americans sleeping their last sleep, amid the palms and the crosses, until the resurrection day.

There was a grand *fandango* at Lampasas when the column reached the city. The bronzed, foreign faces of the strangers

attracted much of curiosity and more of comment; but no notes in the music jarred, no halt in the flying feet of the dancers could be discovered. Shelby camped just beyond the suburbs, unwilling to trust his men to the blandishments of so much beauty, and to the perils of so much nakedness.

Stern camp guards soon sentinelled the soldiers, but as the night deepened their devices increased, until a good company had escaped all vigilance and made a refuge sure with the sweet and swarthy *senoritas* singing:

"O ven! ama!
Eres alma,
Soy corazon."

There were three men who stole out together in mere wantonness and exuberance of life—obedient, soldierly men—who were to bring back with them a tragedy withbut a counterpart in all their history. None saw Boswell, Walker and Crockett depart—the whole command saw them return again, Boswell slashed from chin to waist, Walker almost dumb from a bullet through cheeks and tongue, and Crockett, sober and unhurt, yet having over him the somber light of as wild a deed as any that stands out from all the lawless past of that lawless land.

These men, when reaching Lampases, floated into the flood tide of the fandango, and danced until the red lights shone with an unnatural brilliancy—until the fiery *catalan* consumed what little of discretion the dancing had left. They sallied out late at night, flushed with drink, and having over them the glamour of enchanting women. They walked on apace in the direction of the camp, singing snatches of Bacchanal songs, and laughing boisterously under the moonlight which flooded all the streets with gold. In the doorway of a house a young Mexican girl stood, her dark face looking out coquettishly from her fringe of dark hair. The men spoke to her, and she, in her simple, girlish fashion, spoke to the men. In Mexico this meant nothing. They halted, however, and Crockett advanced from the rest and laid his hand upon the girl's shoulder. Around her head and shoulders she wore a *rebosa*. This garment answers at the same time for bonnet and bodice. When removed the head is uncovered and the bosom is exposed. Crockett meant no real harm, although he asked her for a kiss. Before she had replied to him, he attempted to take it.

The hot Southern blood flared up all of a sudden at this, and her dark eyes grew furious in a moment. As she drew back from him in proud scorn, the *rebosa* came off, leaving all her bosom bare, the long, luxuriant hair falling down upon and over it as a cloud that would hide its purity and innocence. Then she uttered a low, feminine cry as a signal, followed instantly by a rush of men who drew *knives* and pistols as they came on. The Americans had no

weapons. Not dreaming of danger, and being within sight almost of camp, they had left their revolvers behind. Boswell was stabbed three times, though not seriously, for he was a powerful man, and fought his assailants off. Walker was shot through his tongue and both cheeks, and Crockett, the cause of the whole *melee*, escaped unhurt. No pursuit was attempted after the first swift work was over. Wary of reprisals, the Mexicans hid themselves as suddenly as they had sallied out. There was a young man, however, who walked close to Crockett—a young Mexican who spoke no word, and who yet kept pace with the American step by step. At first he was not noticed. Before the camp guards were reached Crockett, now completely sobered, turned upon him and asked:

"Why do you follow me?"

"That you may lead me to your General."

"What do you wish with my General?"

"Satisfaction."

At the firing in the city a patrol guard had been thrown out who arrested the whole party and carried it straight to Shelby. He was encamped upon a wide margin of bottom land, having a river upon one side, and some low mountain ridges upon the other. The ground where the blankets were spread was velvety with grass. There was a bright moon; the air blowing from the grape gardens and the apricot orchards of Lampasa was fragrant and delicious, and the soldiers were not sleeping.

Under the solace of such surroundings Shelby had relaxed a little of that grim severity he always manifested toward those guilty of unsoldierly conduct, and spoke not harshly to the three men. When made acquainted with their hurts, he dismissed them instantly to the care of Dr. Tisdale.

Crockett and the Mexican still lingered, and a crowd of some fifty or sixty had gathered around. The first told his story of the *melee*, and told it truthfully. The man was too brave to lie. As an Indian listening to the approaching footsteps of one whom he itends to scalp, the young Mexican listened as a granite pillar vitalized to the whole recital. When it was finished he went up close to Shelby, and said to him, pointing his finger at Crockett:

"That man has outraged my sister. I could have killed him, but I did not. You Americans are brave, I know; will you be generous as well, and give me satisfaction?"

Shelby looked at Crockett, whose bronzed face, made sterner in the moonlight, had upon it a look of curiosity. He at least did not understand what was coming.

"Does the Mexican speak truth, Crockett?" was the question asked by the commander of his soldier.

"Partly; but I meant no harm to the woman. I am incapable of that. *Drunk I know I was*, and reckless, but not willfully guilty, *General.*"

Shelby regarded him coldly. His voice was so stern when he spoke again that the brave soldier hung his head:

"What business had you to lay your hands upon her at all? How often must I repeat to you that the man who does these things is no follower of mine? Will you give her brother satisfaction?"

He drew his revolver almost joyfully and stood proudly up, facing his accuser.

"No! no! not the pistol!" cried the Mexican; "I do not understand the pistol. The knife, Senor General; is the American afraid of the knife?"

He displayed, as he spoke, a keen, glittering knife and held it up in the moonlight. It was white, and lithe, and shone in contrast with the dusky hand which grasped it.

Not a muscle of Crockett's face moved. He spoke almost gently as he turned to his General:

"The knife, ah! well, so be it. Will some of you give me a knife?"

A knife was handed him and a ring was made. About four hundred soldiers formed the outside circle of this ring. These, bearing torches in their hands, cast a red glare of light upon the arena. The ground under foot was as velvet. The moon, not yet full, and the sky without a cloud, rose over all, calm and peaceful in the summer night. A hush, as of expectancy, fell upon the camp. Those who were asleep, slept on; those who were awake seemed as under the influence of an intangible dream.

Shelby did not forbid the fight. He knew it was a duel to the death, and some of the desperate spirit of the combatants passed into his own. He merely spoke to an aide:

"Go for Tisdale. When the steel has finished the surgeon may begin."

Both men stepped fearlessly into the arena. A third form was there, unseen, invisible, and even in *his* presence the traits of the two nations were uppermost. The Mexican made the sign of the cross, the American tightened his sabre belt. Both may have prayed, neither, however, audibly.

They had no seconds; perhaps none were needed. The Mexican took his stand about midway the arena and waited. Crockett grasped his knife firmly and advanced upon him. Of the two, he was the taller by a head and physically the strongest. Constant familiarity with danger for four years had given him a confidence the Mexican may not have felt. He had been wounded three times, one of which wounds was scarcely healed. This took none of his manhood from him, however.

Neither spoke. The torches flared a little in the night wind, now beginning to rise, and the long grass rustled curtly under foot. *Afterward* its green had become crimson.

Between them some twelve inches of space now intervened. The men had fallen back upon the right and the left for their commander to see, and he stood looking fixedly at the two as he would upon a line of battle. Never before had he gazed upon so strange a sight. That great circle of bronzed faces, eager and fierce in the flare of torches, had something monstrous yet grotesque about it. The civilization of the century had been rolled back, and they were in a Roman circus, looking down upon the arena, crowded with gladiators and jubilant with that strangest of war-cries: *Morituri te salutant!*

The attack was the lightning's flash. The Mexican lowered his head, set his teeth hard, and struck fairly at Crockett's breast. The American made a half face to the right, threw his left arm forward as a shield, gathered the deadly steel in his shoulder to the hilt and struck home. How pitiful!

A great stream of blood spurted in his face. The tense form of the Mexican bent as a willow wand in the wind, swayed helplessly, and fell backward lifeless, the knife rising up as a terrible protest above the corpse. The man's heart was found.

Cover him up from sight. No need of Dr. Tisdale here. There was a wail of women on the still night air, a shudder of regret among the soldiers, a dead man on the grass, a sister broken-hearted and alone for evermore, and a freed spirit somewhere out in eternity with the unknown and the infinite.

CHAPTER IX.

GENERAL JEANNINGROS held Monterey with a garrison of five thousand French and Mexican soldiers. Among them was the Foreign Legion—composed of Americans, English, Irish, Arabs, Turks, Germans and Negroes—and the Third French Zouaves, a regiment unsurpassed for courage and discipline in any army in any nation on earth. This regiment afterward literally passed away from service at Gravelotte. Like the old Guard at Waterloo, it was destroyed.

Jeanningros was a soldier who spoke English, who had gray hair, who drank absinthe, who had been in the army thirty years, who had been wounded thirteen times, and who was only a general of brigade. His discipline was all iron. Those who transgressed, those who were found guilty at night were shot in the morning. He never spared what the court martial had condemned. There was a ghastly dead wall in Monterey, isolated, lonesome, forbidding terrible, which had seen many a stalwart form shudder and fall, many a young, fresh, dauntless face go down stricken in the hush of the morning. The face of this wall, covered all over with warts, with excrescences, with scars, had about it a horrible small-pox. Where the bullets had plowed it up were the traces of the pustules. The splashes of blood left by the slaughter dried there. In the sunlight these shone as sinister blushes upon the countenance of that stony and inanimate thing, peering out from an inexorable ambush —waiting.

Speaking no word for the American, and setting down naught to the credit side of his necessities or his surroundings, those who had brought news to Jeanningros of Shelby's operations at Piedras Negras had told him as well of the cannon sold as of the arms and ammunition. Jeanningros had waited patiently and had replied to them:

"Wait awhile. We must catch them before we hang them."

While he was waiting to lay hands upon them, Shelby had marched to within a mile of the French outposts at Monterey. He came as a soldier, and he meant to do a soldier's work. Pickets were thrown forward, the horses were fed, and Governor Reynolds put in most excellent French this manner of a note:

GENERAL JEANNINGROS, Commander at Monterey.—General: I have the honor to report that I am within one mile of your fortifications with my command. Preferring exile to surrender, I have left my own country to seek service in that held by His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor Maximilian. Shall it be peace or war between us? If the former, and with your permission, I shall enter your lines at once, claiming at your hands that courtesy due from one soldier to another. If the latter, I propose to attack you immediately. Very respectfully, yours,

JO. O. SHELBY.

Improvising a flag of truce, two fearless soldiers, John Thrailkill and Rainy McKinney, bore it boldly into the public square at Monterey. This flag was an apparition. The long roll was beaten, the garrison stood to their arms, mounted orderlies galloped hither and thither, and Jeanningros himself, used all his life to surprises, was attracted by the soldierly daring of the deed. He received the message and answered it favorably, remarking to Thrailkill, as he handed him the reply:

"Tell your general to march in immediately. He is the only soldier that has yet come out of Yankeedom."

Jeanningros' reception was as frank and open as his speech. That night, after assigning quarters to the men, he gave a banquet to the officers. Among those present were General Magruder, Ex-Senator Trusten Polk, Ex-Governor Thomas C. Reynolds, General T. C. Hindman, General E. Kirby Smith, General John B. Clark, General Shelby, and many others fond of talk, wine and adventure. Jeanningros was a superb host. His conversation never tired of the Crimea, of Napoleon III.'s *coup d'etat*, of the Italian campaign, of the march to Pekin, of Algeria, of all the great soldiers he had known, and of all the great campaigns he had participated in. The civil war in America was discussed in all of its vivid and somber lights, and no little discussion carried on as to the probable effect peace would have upon Maximilian's occupation of Mexico. Jeanningros was emphatic in all of his declarations. In reply to a question asked by Shelby concerning the statesmanship of the Mexican Emperor, the French General replied:

"Ah! the Austrian; you should see him to understand him. More of a scholar than a king, good at botany, a poet on occasions, a traveler who gathers curiosities and writes books, a saint over his wine and a sinner among his cigars, in love with his wife, believing more in manifest destiny than drilled battalions, good Spaniard in all but deceit and treachery, honest, earnest, tender-hearted and sincere, his faith is too strong in the liars who surround him, and his soul is too pure for the deeds that must be done. He can not kill as we Frenchmen do. He knows nothing of diplomacy. In a nation of thieves and cut-throats, he goes devoutly to mass, endows hospitals, laughs a good man's laugh at the praises of the blanketed rabble, says his prayers and sleeps the sleep of the gentleman and the prince. Bah! his days are numbered; nor can all the power of France keep his crown upon his head, if, indeed, it can keep that head upon his shoulders."

The blunt soldier checked himself suddenly. The man had spoken over his wine; the courtier never speaks.

"Has he the confidence of Bazaine?" asked General Clark.

Jeanningros gave one of those untranslatable shrugs which are a volume, and drained his goblet before replying.

not, nor any man born of woman. There was a little light in the east and a little brandy in the bottle. But the letters had all been written, and the poor woman in France would get her just due after all.

Turn out the guard!

For what end? No need of soldiers there—rather the coffin, the prayer of the priest, the grave that God blessed though by man decreed unhallowed. French to the last, the Lieutenant had waited for the daylight, had finished his bottle, and had scattered his brains over the cold walls of his desolate prison. Jeanningros heard the particulars duly related, and had dismissed the Adjutant with an epigram:

"Clever fellow. He was entitled to two bottles instead of one."

Such is French discipline. All crimes but one may be condoned—desertion never.

Preceding Shelby's arrival in Monterey, there had come also Col. Francois Achille Dupin, a Frenchman who was known as "The Tiger of the Tropics." What he did would fill a volume. Recorded here, no reader would believe it—no Christian would imagine such warfare possible. He was past sixty, tall as Tecumseh, straight as a rapier, with a seat in the saddle like an English guardsman, and a waist like a woman. For deeds of desperate daring he had received more decorations than could be displayed upon the right breast of his uniform. His hair and beard, snowy white, contrasted strangely with a stern, set face that had been bronzed by the sun and the wind of fifty campaigns.

In the Chinese expedition this man had led the assault upon the Emperor's palace, wherein no defender escaped the bayonet and no woman the grasp of the brutal soldiery. Sack and pillage and murder and crimes without a name all were there, and when the fierce carnage was done, Dupin, staggering under the weight of rubies and pearls and diamonds, was a disgraced man. The inexorable jaws of a French court martial closed down upon him, and he was dismissed from service. It was on the trial that he parodied the speech of Warren Hastings and declared:

"When I saw mountains of gold and precious stones piled up around me, and when I think of the paltry handfuls taken away, by G—d, Mr. President, I am astonished at my own moderation."

As they stripped his decorations and his ribbons from his breast he drew himself up with a touching and graceful air, and said to the officer, saluting:

"They have left me nothing but my scars."

Such a man, however, tiger and butcher as he was, had need of the army and the army had need of him. The Emperor gave him back his rank, his orders, his decorations, and gave him as well his exile into Mexico.

Maximilian refused him; Bazaine found work for his sword. Even then that fatal quarrel was in its beginning which, later, was to leave a kingdom defenseless, and an Emperor without an arsenal or a siege-gun. Dupin was ordered to recruit a regiment of Contre Guerillas, that is to say a regiment of Free Companions who were to be superbly armed and mounted, and who were to follow the Mexican guerrillas through copse and chapparal, through lowland and lagoon, sparing no man upon whom hands were laid, fighting all men who had arms in their hands, and who could be found or brought to bay.

Murder with Dupin was a fine art. Mistress or maid he had none. That cold, brown face, classic a little in its outlines, and retaining yet a little of its fierce southern beauty, never grew soft save when the battle was wild and the wreck of the carnage ghastly and thick. On the eve of conflict he had been known to smile. When he laughed or sang his men made the sign of the cross. They knew death was ready at arm's length, and that in an hour he would put his sickle in amid the rows and reap savagely a fresh harvest of simple yet offending Mexicans. Of all things left to him from the sack of that Pekin palace, one thing alone remained, typical of the tiger thirst that old age, nor disgrace, nor wounds, nor rough foreign service, nor anything human, had power potent enough to quench or assuage. Victor Hugo, in his "Toilers of the Sea," has woven it into the story after this fashion, looking straight, perhaps, into the eyes of the cruel soldier who, in all his life, has never listened to prayer or priest:

"A piece of silk stolen during the last war from the palace of the Emperor of China represented a shark eating a crocodile, who is eating a serpent, who is devouring an eagle, who is preying on a swallow, who is in his turn eating a caterpillar. All nature which is under our observation is thus alternately devouring and devoured. They prey, prey on each other."

Dupin preyed upon his species. He rarely killed outright. He had a theory, often put into practice, which was diabolical.

"When you kill a Mexican," he would say, "that is the end of him. When you cut off an arm or a leg, that throws him upon the charity of his friends, and then two or three must support him. Those who make corn can not make soldiers It is economy to amputate."

Hundreds thus passed under the hands of his surgeons. His maimed and mutilated were in every town from Mier to Monterey. On occasions when the march had been pleasant and the wine generous, he would permit chloroform for the operation. Otherwise not. It distressed him for a victim to die beneath the knife.

"You bunglers endanger my theory," he would cry out to his surgeons. "Why can't you cut without killing?"

The "Tiger of the Tropics" also had his playful moods. He would stretch himself in the sun, overpower one with gentleness and attention, say soft things in whispers, quote poetry on occasions, make of himself an elegant host, serve the wine, laugh low and lightsomely, wake up all of a sudden a demon, and — *kill.*

One instance of this is yet a terrible memory in Monterey.

An extremely wealthy and influential Mexican, Don Vincente Ibarra, was at home upon his *hacienda* one day about noon as Dupin marched by. Perhaps this man was a Liberal; certainly he sympathized with Juarez and had done much for the cause in the shape of recruiting and resistance to the predatory bands of Imperialists. As yet, however, he had taken up no arms, and had paid his proportion of the taxes levied upon him by Jeanningros.

Dupin was at dinner when his scouts brought Ibarra into camp. In front of the tent was a large tree in full leaf, whose spreading branches made an extensive and most agreeable shade. Under this the Frenchman had a camp-stool placed for the comfort of the Mexican.

"Be seated," he said to him in a voice no harsher than the wind among the leaves overhead. "And, waiter, lay another plate for my friend."

The meal was a delightful one. Dupin talked as a subject who had a prince for his guest, and as a lover who had a woman for his listener. In the intervals of the conversation he served the wine. Ibarra was delighted. His suspicious Spanish heart relaxed the tension of its grim defense, and he even stroked the tiger's velvet skin, who closed his sleepy eyes and purred under the caress.

When the wine was at its full cigars were handed. Behind the white cloud of the smoke, Dupin's face darkened. Suddenly he spoke to Ibarra, pointing up to the tree:

"What a fine shade it makes, Senor? Do such trees ever bear fruit?"

"Never, Colonel. What a question."

"Never? All things are possible with God, why not with a Frenchman?"

"Because a Frenchman believes so little in God, perhaps."

The face grew darker and darker.

"Are your affairs prosperous, Senor?"

"As much so as these times will permit."

"Very good. You have just five minutes in which to make them better. At the end of that time I will hang you on that tree so sure as you are a Mexican. What ho! Captain Jacan, turn out the guard!".

Ibarra's deep olive face grew ghastly white, and he fell upon his knees. No prayers, no agonizing entreaty, no despairing supplication wrung *from a strong* man in his agony availed him aught.

brother officers and to the men over whom he was placed in command. His brother-in-law, Colonel Standish, was his chief of staff, and a frank, fearless young officer, whom the Missourians knew and admired. Capt. Aaron H. Conrow had, before the war, represented Caldwell county in the Legislature, and had, during the war, been elected to the Confederate Congress. With these three men were three brave and faithful young Irish soldiers, James Mooney, Patrick Langdon and Michael Monarthy—six in all, who, for the crime of being Americans, had to die.

Following in the rear of Shelby's expedition in the vain hope of overtaking it, they reached the neighborhood of Pedras Negras too late to cross the Rio Grande there. A strong body of guerrillas had moved up into the town and occupied it immediately after Shelby's withdrawal. Crossing the river, however, lower down, they had entered Mexico in safety, and had won their perilous way to Monterey without serious loss or molestation. Not content to go further at that time, and wishing to return to Camargo for purposes of communication with Texas, they availed themselves of the protection of a train of supply wagons sent by Jeanningros, heavily guarded by Imperial Mexican soldiers, to Matamoras. Jeanningros gave them safe conduct as far as possible, and some good advice as well, which advice simply warned them against trusting anything whatever to Mexican courage or Mexican faith.

The wagon train and its escort advanced well on their way to Matamoras—well enough at least to be beyond the range of French succor should the worst come to the worst. But on the evening of the fourth day, in a narrow defile at the crossing of an exceedingly rapid and dangerous stream, the escort was furiously assailed by a large body of Juaristas, checked at once, and finally driven back. General Parsons and his party retreated with the rest until the night's camp was reached, when a little council of war was called by the Americans. Conrow and Standish were in favor of abandoning the trip for the present, especially as the whole country was aroused and in waiting for the train, and more especially as the guerrillas, attracted by the scent of plunder, were swarming upon the roads and in ambush by every pass and beside the fords of every stream. General Parsons overruled them, and determined to make the venture as soon as the moon arose, in the direction of Camargo.

None took issue with him further. Accustomed to exact obedience, much of the old soldierly spirit was still in existence, and so they followed him blindly and with alacrity. At daylight the next morning the entire party was captured. Believing, however, that the Americans were but the advance of a larger and more formidable party, the Mexicans neither dismounted nor disarmed them. While at breakfast, and at the word of command from General Parsons, the whole six galloped off under a fierce fire of musketry,

speak. Death finished the sentence ere it was commenced. Monarthy required the *coup de grace*. A soldier went close to him, rested the muzzle of his musket against his head and fired. He was very quiet then; the murder was done; five horrible corpses lay in a pool of blood; the shadows deepened; and the cruel eyes of Figueroa roamed, as the eyes of a tiger, from the ghastly faces of the dead to the stern, set face of the living. General Parsons felt that for him, too, the supreme moment had come at last.

Left in that terrible period alone, none this side eternity will ever know what he suffered and endured. Waiting patiently for his sentence, a respite was granted. Some visions of ransom must have crossed Figueroa's mind. Clad in the showy and attractive uniform of a Confederate major-general, having the golden stars of his rank upon his collar, magnificently mounted, and being withal a remarkably handsome and commanding-looking soldier himself, it was for a time at least thought best to hold him a prisoner. His horse even was given back to him, and for some miles further toward Matamoras he was permitted to ride with those who had captured him. The Captain of the guard immediately in charge of his person had also a very fine horse, whose speed he was continually boasting of. Fortunately this officer spoke English, thus permitting General Parsons to converse with him. Much bantering was had concerning the speed of the two horses. A race was at length proposed. The two men started off at a furious gallop, the American steadily gaining upon the Mexican. Finding himself in danger of being distanced, the Captain drew up and ordered his competitor in the race to halt. Unheeding the command, General Parsons dashed on with the utmost speed, escaping the shots from the revolver of the Mexican, and eluding entirely Figueroa and his command. Although in a country filled with treacherous and blood-thirsty savages, and ignorant of the roads and the language, General Parsons might have reduced the chances against him in the proportion of ten to one, had he concealed himself in some neighboring chapparal and waited until the night fell. He did not do this, but continued his flight rapidly down the broad highway which ran directly from Monterey to Matamoras. There could be but one result. A large scouting party of Figueroa's forces returning to the headquarters of their chief met him before he had ridden ten miles, again took him prisoner, and again delivered him into the hands of the ferocious bandit.

Death followed almost instantly. None who witnessed the deed have ever told how he died, but three days afterward his body was found stripped by the wayside, literally shot to pieces. Some Mexicans then buried it, marking the unhallowed spot with a cross. Afterward Figueroa, dressed in the full uniform of General Parsons, was in occupation of Camargo, while the same Colonel Johnson,

who had followed Shelby southwardly from San Antonio, held the opposite shore of the Rio Grande on the American side. Figueroa, gloating over the savageness of the deed, and imagining, in his stolid Indian cunning, that the Federal officers would pay handsomely for the spoils of the murdered Confederate, proffered to deliver to him General Parsons' coat, pistols and private papers for a certain specified sum, detailing, at the same time, with revolting accuracy, the merciless particulars of the butchery. Horrified at the cool rapacity of the robber, and thinking only of General Parsons as an American and a brother, Colonel Johnson tried for weeks to entice Figueroa across the river, intending to do a righteous vengeance upon him. Too wily and too cowardly to be caught, he moved back suddenly into the interior, sending a message afterward to Colonel Johnson full of taunting and defiance.

Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his own blood be shed. Dupin's avengers were on the track, imbued with Dupin's spirit, and having over them the stern memory of Dupin's laconic orders. Leave not one stone upon another. And why should there be habitations when the inhabitants were scattered or killed.

Las Flores was a flower-town, beautiful in name, and beautiful in the blue of the skies which bent over it; in the blue of the mountains which caught the morning and wove for it a gossamer robe of amethyst and pearl; in the song and flow of running water, where women sat and sang, and combed their dusky hair; and in the olden, immemorial groves, filled with birds that had gold for plumage, and sweet seed and sunshine for mating and wooing songs.

Hither would come Figueroa in the lull of the long marches, and in the relaxation of the nights of ambush, and the days of watching and starving. Booty and beauty, and singing maidens all were there. There red gold would buy right royal kisses, and there feasting and minstrelsy told of the pillage done, and the rapine and slaughter beyond the sweep of the mountains that had cut the sky line.

God help all of them who tarried till the American squadron charged into the town, one hundred rank and file, Frank Moore leading—all who had beard upon their faces or guns within their hands. A trusty guide had made the morning a surprise. It was not yet daylight. Some white mist, like a corpse abandoning a bier, was creeping up from the lowlands. The music and the lights had died out in the streets. The east, not yet awakened, had on its face the placid pallor of sleep. What birds flew were weary of wing and voiceless in the sober hush of dreamless nature.

Leave not one stone upon another. And the faces of the Americans were set as a flint and the massacre began. Never were six men so terribly avenged. It need not be told what flames were there, what harsh and gutteral oaths, what tawny faces blanched and grew white, what cries and vollies and shrieks, and deaths

that made no moan arose on the morning, and scared the mist from the water, the paradise birds from their bowers amid the limes and the orange trees. It was over at last. Call the roll and gather up the corpses. Fifteen Americans dead, eleven wounded, and so many Mexicans that you could not count them. Las Flores, the City of the Flowers, had become to be Las Cruces, the City of the Crosses.

When the tale was told to Dupin, he rubbed his brown bare hands and lent his arm on his subaltern's shoulder.

"Tell me about it again," he ordered.

The tale was told.

"Oh! brave Americans!" he shouted. "Americans after my own heart. You shall be saluted with sloping standards and uncovered heads."

The bugles rang out "to horse," the regiment got under arms, the American squadron passed in review along the ranks, the flags were lowered and inclined, officers and men uncovered as the files marched down the lines; there were greetings and rejoicings, and from the already lengthened life of the white-haired commander five good years of toil and exposure had been taken. For a week thereafter he was seen to smile and to be glad. After that the old wild work commenced again.

has no love for your French occupation of Mexico. If diplomacy can't get you out, infantry divisions will. I left a large army concentrating upon the banks of the Rio Grande, and all the faces of all the men were looking straight forward into Mexico. Will France fight? For one, I hope so; but it seems to me that if your Emperor had meant to be serious in this thing, his plan should have been to have formed an alliance long ago, offensive and defensive, with Jefferson Davis. This, in the event of success, would have guaranteed you the whole country, and obliged you as well to have opened the ports of Charleston, Savannah and New Orleans. Better battles could have been fought on the Potomac than on the Rio Grande; surer results would have followed from a French landing at Mobile than at Tampico or Vera Cruz. You have waited too long. Flushed with a triumphant termination of the war, American diplomacy now means the Monroe doctrine, pure and simple, with a little of Yankee brutality and braggadocio thrown in. Give me a port as a basis of operations, and I can organize an American force capable of keeping Maximilian upon his throne. If left discretionary with me, that port shall be either Guaymas or Mazatlan. The Californians love adventure, and many leaders among them have already sent messengers to me with overtures. My agent at the capital has not yet reported, and, consequently, I am uninformed as to the wishes of the Emperor; but one thing is certain, the French can not remain, and he can not rule over Mexicans with Mexicans. Without foreign aid he is lost. You know Bazaine better than I do, and so what would Bazaine say to all this?"

Jeanningros heard him patiently to the end, answering Shelby as frankly as he had been addressed:

"There will be no war between France and the United States, and of this you may rest assured. I can not answer for Marshal Bazaine, nor for his wishes and intentions. There is scant love, however, between his excellency and Maximilian, because one is a scholar and the other is a soldier; but I do not think the Marshal would be averse to the employment of American soldiers in the service of the Empire. You have my full permission to march to the Pacific, and to take such other steps as will seem best to you in the matter of which you have just spoken. The day is not far distant when every French soldier in Mexico will be withdrawn, although this would not necessarily destroy the Empire. Who will take their places? Mexicans. Bah! beggars ruling over beggars, cut-throats lying in wait for cut-throats, traitors on the inside making signs for traitors on the outside to come in. Not thus are governments upheld and administered. Healthy blood must be poured through every effete and corrupted vein of this effete and *corrupted* nation ere the Austrian can sleep a good man's sleep in *his palace* of Chepultepec."

The interview ended, and Shelby marched northward to Saltillo. The first camp beyond was upon the battle field of Buena Vista. It was sunset when the column reached the memorable and historic field. A gentle rain in the morning had washed the grass until it shone, had washed the trees until the leaves glistened and smelt of perfume. After the bivouac was made, silence and twilight, as twin ghosts, crept up the glade together. Nest spoke unto nest in the gloaming, and bade good-night as the moon arose. It was an harvest moon, white and splended and large as a tent-leafed palm. Away over to the left a mountain arose, where the mist gathered and hung dependent as the locks of a giant. The left of the American army had rested there. In its shadows had McKee fallen, and there had Hardin died, and there had the lance's point found Yell's dauntless heart, and there had the young Clay yielded up his precious life in its stainless and its spotless prime. The great ravine still cut the level plain asunder. Rank mesquite grew all along the crest of the deadly hill where the Mississippians formed, and where, black-lipped and waiting, Bragg's battery crouched in ambush at its feet. Shining as a satin band, the broad highway lay white under the moonlight toward Saltillo—the highway to gain which Santa Anna dashed his desperate army in vain —the highway which held the rear and the life and the fame of the Northern handful.

General Hindman, a soldier in the regiment of Col. Jefferson Davis, explored the field under the moon and the stars, having at his back a regiment of younger Americans who, although the actors in a direr and more dreadful war, yet clung on to their earliest superstitions and their spring time faith in the glory and the carnage of Buena Vista. He made the camp a long to be remembered one. Here a squadron charged; there a Lancer regiment, gaily caparisoned in scarlet and gold, crept onward and onward until the battery's dun smoke broke as a wave over pennant and plume; here the grim Northern lines reeled and rallied; there the sandaled Mexicans, rent into fragments, swarmed into the jaws of the ravine, crouching low as the hot temptest of grape and canister rushed over and beyond them; yonder, where the rank grass is greenest and freshest, the uncoffined dead were buried; and everywhere upon the right and the left, the little mounds arose, guarding for evermore the sacred dust of the stranger slain.

The midnight came, and the harvest moon, as a spectral boat, was floating away to the west in a tide of silver and gold. The battle-field lay under the great, calm face of the sky—a sepulchre. Looking out from his bivouac who knows what visions came to the musing soldier, as grave after grave gave up its dead, and as spirit after spirit put on its uniform and its martial array. Pale squadrons galloped again through the gloom of the powder-pall; again the

deep roar of the artillery lent its mighty voice to swell the thunder of the gathering battle; again the rival flags rose and fell in the "hot, lit foreground of the fight;" again the Lancers charged; piercing and sweet and wildly shrill, the bugles again called out for victory; and again from out the jaws of the cavernous ravine a tawny tide emerged, clutching fiercely at the priceless road, and falling there in giant windrows as the summer hay when the scythe of the reapers takes the grass that is rankest.

The moon went down. The mirage disappeard, and only the silent and deserted battle-field lay out under the stars, its low trees waving in the night wind, and its droning katydids sighing in the grasses above the graves.

CHAPTER XI.

FROM Parras there was a broad, national highway running directly to Sonora, and so Shelby marched from Saltillo to Parras, intending to rest there a few days and then continue on to the Pacific, keeping steadily in view the advice and the information given him by General Jeanningros.

His entrance into the city was stormy, and his reception there had neither sunlight nor temperate air about it. Indeed, none of the Parras winds blew him good. When within two days' march of Parras a sudden rain storm came out of the sky, literally inundating the ground of the bivouac. The watch fires were all put out. Sleep was banished, and in the noisy jubilation of the wind a guerrilla band stole down upon the camp. Dick Collins, James Kirtley, George Winship and James Meadow were on picquet duty at the mouth of a canyon on the north. They were peerless soldiers and they knew how to keep their powder dry. The unseen moon had gone down, and the rain and the wind warred with each other. Some black objects rose up between the eyes of Winship on the outermost post, and the murky clouds, yet a little light, above the darker jaws of the canyon. Weather proof, Winship spoke to Collins:

"There is game afoot. No peaceful thing travels on such a devil's night as this."

The four men gathered closer together, watching. Of a sudden a tawny and straggling kind of flame leaped out from the canyon and showed the faces of the Americans, one to another. They were all resolute and determined. They told how the dauntless four meant to stand there and fight there and die there, if needs be, until the sleeping camp could get well upon its feet. Sheltered a little by the darkness, and more by the rocks before and around them, they held desperately on, four men fighting two hundred. The strange combat waxed hotter and closer. Under the murky night the guerrillas crawled ever nearer and nearer. Standing closely together the Americans fired at the flashes of the Mexican muskets. As yet they had not resorted to their revolvers. Trained to perfection in the use of Sharp's carbines, their guns seemed always loaded. Collins spoke first in his quaint, characteristic way:

"Boys, it's hot despite the rain."

"It will be hotter," answered Winship.

Then the wild work commenced again. This time they could not load their carbines. The revolvers had taken part in the *melee*.

Kirtley was hit badly in the left arm, Collins was bleeding from an ugly wound in the right shoulder, Meadow and Winship each were struck slightly, and the guerrillas were ready for the death grapple. Neither thought of giving one inch of ground. The wind blew furiously and the rain poured down. At the moment when the final rush had come, the piercing notes of Shelby's bugle were heard, and clearer and nearer and deadlier the great shout of an oncoming host, leaping swiftly forward to the rescue. Past the four men on guard, Shelby leading, the tide poured into the pass. What happened there the daylight revealed. It was sure enough and ghastly enough to satisfy all, and better for some if the sunlight had never uncovered to kindred eyes the rigid corpses lying stark and stiff where they had fallen.

All at once a furious fire of musketry was heard in the rear and in amid the tethered horses. Again the bugle's notes were heard, and again Shelby's rallying voice rang out:

"Countermarch for your lives. Make haste!—make haste!—the very clouds are raining Mexicans to-night."

It was a quarter of a mile to the camp. The swiftest men got there first. Sure enough the attack had been a most formidable one. Slayback and Cundiff held the post in the rear and were fighting desperately. On foot, in the darkness, and attacked by four hundred guerrillas well acquainted with the whole country, they had yet neither been surprised nor driven back. Woe unto the horses if they had, and horses were as precious gold. Attracted only by the firing, and waiting for no orders, there had rushed to the rearward post McDougall, Fell, Dorsey, Macey, Ras Wood, Charley Jones, Vines, Armistead and Elliott. Some aroused from their blankets, were hatless and bootless. Inglehardt snatched a lighted torch from a sheltered fire and attempted to light the way. The rain put it out. Henry Chiles, having his family to protect, knew, however, by instinct that the rear was in danger, and pressed forward with Jim Wood and the Berry brothers. Langhorne, from the left, bore down with John and Martin Kritzer, where he had been all night with the herd, keeping vigilant watch. In the impenetrable darkness the men mistook each other. Moreland fired upon George Hall and shot away the collar of his overcoat. Hall recognized his voice and made himself known to him. Jake Connor, with the full swell and compass of his magnificent voice, struck up, "Tramp, tramp, the boys are marching," until, guided by the music of the song, the detached parties came together in the gloom and pressed on rapidly to the rear.

It was time. Slayback and Cundiff, having only a detachment of twelve men, nine of whom were killed or wounded, were half surrounded. They, too, had refused to fall back. In the rain, in the darkness, having no authorized commander, fired on from

three sides, ignorant of the number and the positions of their assailants, they yet charged furiously in a body and drove everything before them. When Shelby arrived with reinforcements the combat was over. It had been the most persistent and bloody of the expedition. Calculating their chances well, the guerrillas had attacked simultaneously from front and rear, and fought with a tenacity unknown before in their history. The horses were the prize, and right furiously did they struggle for them. Close, reckless fighting alone saved the camp and scattered the desperate robbers in every direction among the mountains.

Colonel Depreuil, with the Fifty-second of the French line, held Parras, an extreme outpost on the north—the key, in fact, of the position toward Chihuahua and Sonora. Unlike Jeanningros in many things, he was, yet a fine soldier, a most overbearing and tyrannical man. Gathered together at Parras also, and waiting permission to march to Sonora, was Colonel Terry, one of the famous principals in the Broderick duel, and a detachment of Texans numbering, probably, twenty-five. Terry's own account of this memorable duel was all the more interesting because given by one who, of all others, knew best the causes and the surroundings which rendered it necessary. In substance the following contains the main points of the narrative:

"The political contest preceding the duel was exceptionally and bitterly personal. Broderick recognized the code fully, and had once before fought and wounded his man. He was cool, brave, dangerous and very determined. His influence over his own immediate followers and friends was more marked and emphatic than that exercised by any other man that I have ever known. He excelled in organization and attack, and possessed many of the most exalted qualities of a successful commander. As an orator he was rugged, yet inspired, reminding me somewhat of my own picturings of Mirabeau, without the gigantic persistence and intellect of Mirabeau. I do not desire to enter into even the details which led to the unfortunate meeting, for these have been given again and again in as many false and unnatural ways as possible. After the terms had all been fully discussed and agreed upon, and the time and place of the combat settled, I said confidentially to a friend of mine that I did not intend to kill Broderick. This friend seemed greatly surprised, and asked me after a few moments' reflection, what I *really* intended to do in the matter. My answer was that I simply desired to save my own life, and that I should only disable him. 'It is a dangerous game you are playing,' he replied, 'and one likely to bring you trouble. Broderick is no trifling antagonist. He shoots to kill every time.' When I arrived on the field I had not changed my mind, but when I looked into his eyes, I saw murder there as plainly as murder was ever depicted, and then I knew that

Shelby went calmly from his presence. He talked about various things, but never about the difficulty until he found Governor Reynolds.

"Come apart with me a few moments, Governor," he said.

Reynolds was alone with him for an hour. When he came out he went straight to the quarters of Col. Depreuil. It did not take long thereafter to arrange the terms of a meeting. Governor Reynolds was both a diplomatist and a soldier, and so at daylight the next morning they were to fight with pistols at ten paces. In this the Frenchman was chivalrous, notwithstanding his overbearing and insulting conduct at the interview. Shelby's right hand and arm had been disabled by a severe wound, and this Depreuil had noticed. Indeed, while he was an expert with the sword, Shelby's wrist was so stiff that to handle a sword at all would have been impossible. Depreuil, therefore, chose the pistol, agreed to the distance, talked some brief moments pleasantly with Governor Reynolds, and went to bed. Shelby, on his part, had even fewer preparations to make than Depreuil. Face to face with death for four long years, he had seen him in so many shapes, and in so many places, that this last aspect was one of his least uncertain and terrifying.

The duel, however, never occurred. That night, about ten o'clock, a tremendous clattering of sabres and galloping of horses were heard, and some who went out to ascertain the cause returned with the information that General Jeanningros, on an inspecting tour of the entire northern line of outposts, had arrived in Parras with four squadrons of the Chasseurs d'Afrique. It was not long before all the details of the interview between Depreuil and Shelby were related to him. His quick French instinct divined in a moment that other alternative waiting for the daylight, and in an instant Depreuil was in arrest, the violation of which would have cost him his life. Nor did it end with arrest simply. After fully investigating the circumstances connected with the whole affair, Jeanningros required Depreuil to make a free and frank apology, which he did most cordially and sincerely, regretting as much as a sober man could the disagreeable and overbearing things did when he was drunk.

How strange a thing is destiny. About one year after this Parras difficulty, Depreuil was keeping isolated guard above Queretero, threatened by heavy bodies of advancing Juaristas, and in imminent peril of destruction. Shelby, no longer a soldier now but a trader, knew his peril and knew the value of a friendly warning given while it was yet time. Taking all risks, and putting to the hazard not only his own life, but the lives of forty others, Shelby rode one hundred and sixty-two miles in twenty-six hours, saved Depreuil, rescued his detachment, and received in a general order from *Bazaine* the thanks of the French army.

CHAPTER XII.

Both by education and temperament there were but few men better fitted to accept the inevitable gracefully than General Shelby. It needed not Depreuil's testimony, nor the immediate confirmation thereof by Jeanningros, to convince him that Bazaine's order was imperative. True enough, he might have marched forth from Parras free to choose whatsoever route he pleased, but to become *en rapport* with the Government it was necessary to obey Bazaine. So when the good-byes were said, and the column well in motion, it was not toward the Pacific that the foremost horsemen rode along.

As the expedition won well its way into Mexico, many places old in local song and story, arose, as it were, from the past, and stood out, clear-cut and crimson, against the background of a history filled to the brim with rapine, and lust, and slaughter. No other land under the sun had an awakening so storm begirt, a christening so bloody and remorseless. First the Spaniards under Cortez—swart, fierce, long of broad-sword and limb; and next the revolution, wherein no man died peacefully or under the shade of a roof. There was Hidalgo, the ferocious priest—shot. Morelos, with these words in his mouth—shot: "Lord, if I have done well. Thou knowest it; if ill, to Thy infinite mercy I commend my soul." Leonardo Bravo, scorning to fly—shot. Nicholas Bravo, his son, who had offered a thousand captives for his father's life—shot. Matamoras—shot. Mina—shot. Guerrera—shot. Then came the Republic—bloodier, bitterer, crueller. Victoria, its first president—shot. Mexia—shot. Pedraza—shot. Santmanet—shot by General Ampudia, who cut off his head, boiled it in oil, and stuck it up on a pole to blacken in the sun. Herrera—shot. Paredes—shot. All of them shot, these Mexican presidents, except Santa Anna, who lost a leg by the French and a country by the Americans. Among his game-cocks and his mistresses to-day in Havana, he will see never again, perhaps, the white brow of Orizava from the southern sea, and rest never again under the orange and the banana trees about Cordova.

It was a land old in the world's history that these men rode into, and a land stained in the world's crimes—a land filled full of the sun and the tropics. What wonder, then, that a deed was done on the fifth day's marching that had about it the splendid dash and bravado of mediæval chivalry.

Keeping outermost guard one balmy evening far beyond the silent camp of the dreaming soldiers, James Wood and Yandell Blackwell did vigilant duty in front of the reserve. The fire had gone out when the cooking was done, and the earth smelt sweet with grasses, and the dew on the grasses. A low pulse of song

broke on the bearded faces of the cacti, and sobbed in fading cadences as the waves that come in from the salt sea, seeking the south wind. This was the vesper strain of the katydids, sad, solacing, rhythmical.

Before the wary eyes of the sentinels a figure rose up, waving his blanket as a truce flag. Encouraged, he came into the lines, not fully assured of his bearings—frightened a little, and prone to be communicative by way of propitiation.

Had the Americans heard of Encarnacion?

No, they had not heard of Encarnacion. What was Encarnacion?

The Mexican, born robber and devout Catholic, crossed himself. Not to have heard of Encarnacion was next in infamy to have slaughtered a priest. Horror made him garrulous. Fear, if it does not paralyze, has been known to make the dumb speak.

Encarnacion was a *hacienda*, and a *hacienda*, literally translated, is a plantation with royal stables, and acres of corral, and abounding water, and long rows of male and female slave cabins, and a Don of an owner, who has music, and singing maidens, and pillars of silver dollars, and a passionate brief life, wherein wine and women rise upon it at last and cut it short. Even if no ill luck intervenes, the pace to the devil is a terrible one, and superb riders though they are, the best sent in the saddle sways heavily at last, and the truest hand on the rein relaxes ere manhood reaches its noon and the shadows of the west.

Luis Enrico Rodriguez owned Encarnacion, a Spaniard born, and a patron saint of all the robbers who lived in the neighboring mountains, and of all the senoritas who plaited their hair by the banks of his *arroyos* and hid but charily their dusky bodies in the limpid waves. The hands of the French had been laid upon him lightly. For forage and foray Dupin had never penetrated the mountain line which shut in his guarded dominions from the world beyond. When strangers came he gave them greeting; when soldiers came, he gave them of his flocks and herds, his wines and treasures.

There was one pearl, however, a pearl of great price, whom no stranger eyes had ever seen, whom no stranger tongue had ever spoken a fair good morning. The slaves called it a spirit, the confessor a sorceress, the lazy gossips a Gringo witch, the man who knew best of all called it wife, and yet no sprinkling of water or blessing of church had made the name a holy one.

Rodriguez owned Encarnacion and Encarnacion owned a skeleton. This much James Wood and Yandell Blackwell knew when the half goat-herder and robber had told but half his story. When he had finished his other half, this much remained of it:

Years before in Sonora a California hunter of gold had found

his way to some streams where a beautiful Indian woman lived with her tribe. They were married, and a daughter was born to them, having her father's Saxon hair, and her mother's eyes of tropical dusk. From youth to womanhood this daughter had been educated in San Francisco. When she returned she was an American, having nothing of her Indian ancestry but its color. Even her mother's language was unknown to her. One day in Guaymas, Rodriguez looked upon her as a vision. He was a Spaniard and a millionaire, and he believed all things possible. The wooing was long, but the web, like the web of Penelope, was never woven. He failed in his eloquence, in his money, in his passionate entreaties, in his stratagems, in his lyings in wait — in everything that savored of pleading or purchase. Some men come often to their last dollar — never to the end of their audacity. If fate should choose to back a lover against the world, fate would give long odds on a Spaniard.

At last, when everything else had been tried, Rodriguez determined upon abduction. This was a common Mexican custom, dangerous only in its failure. No matter what the risk, no matter how monstrous the circumstances, no matter how many corpses lay in the pathway leading up from plotting to fulfillment, so only in the end the lusts of the man triumphed over the virtue of the woman. Gathering together hastily a band of bravos whose devotion was in exact proportion to the dollars paid, Rodriguez seized upon the maiden, returning late one night from the opera, and bore her away with all speed toward Encarnacion. The Californian, born of a tiger race that invariably dies hard, mounted such few men as loved him and followed on furiously in pursuit. Bereft of his young, he had but one thing to do — *kill*.

Fixed as fate and as relentless, the race went on. Turning once fairly at bay, pursued and pursuers met in a death-grapple. The Californian died in the thick of the fight, leaving stern and stark traces behind of his terrible prowess. What cared Rodriguez, however, for a bravo more or less? The woman was safe, and on his own garments nowhere did the strife leave aught of crimson or dust. Once well in her chamber—a mistress, perhaps—a prisoner, certainly, she beat her wings in vain against the strong bars of her palace, for all that gold could give or passion suggest had been poured out at the feet of Inez Walker. Servants came and went at her bidding. The priest blessed and beamed upon her. The captor was fierce by turns, and in the dust at her shrine, by turns, but amid it all the face of a murdered father rose up in her memory, and prayers for vengeance upon her father's murderer broke ever from her unrelenting lips. At times fearful cries came out from the woman's chamber. The domestics heard them and crossed themselves. Once in a terrible storm she fled from her thraldom and wandered frantically about until she sank down

insensible. She was found alone with her beauty and her agony. Rodriquez lifted her in his arms and bore her back to her chamber. A fever followed, scorching her wan face until it was pitiful, and shredding away her Saxon hair until all its gloss was gone and all its silken rippling stranded. She lived on, however, and under the light of a Southern sky, and by the fitful embers of a soldier's bivouac, a robber goat-herd was telling the story of an American's daughter to an American's son.

"Was it far to Encarnacion?"

Jim Wood asked the question in his broken Spanish way, looking out to the front, musing.

"By to-morrow night, Senor, you will be there."

"Have you told the straight truth, Mexican?"

"As the Virgin is true, Senor."

"So be it. You will sleep this night at the outpost. To-morrow we shall see."

The Mexican smoked a cigarrito and went to bed. Whether he slept or not, he made no sign. Full confidence very rarely lays hold of an Indian's heart.

Replenishing the fire, Wood and Blackwell sat an hour together in silence. Beyond the sweeping, untiring glances of the eyes, the men were as statues. Finally Blackwell spoke to Wood:

"Of what are you thinking?"

"Encarnacion. And you?"

"Inez Walker. It is the same."

The Mexican turned in his blanket, muttering. Wood's revolver covered him:

"Lie still," he said, "and muffle up your ears. You may not understand English, but you understand this," and he waved the pistol menacingly before his eyes. "One never does know when these yellow snakes are asleep."

"No matter," said Blackwell, sententiously; "they never sleep."

It was daylight again, and although the two men had not unfolded their blankets, they were as fresh as the dew on the grasses—fresh enough to have planned an enterprise as daring and as desperate as anything ever dreamed of in romance or set forth in fable.

The to-morrow night of the Mexican had come, and there lay Encarnacion in plain view under the starlight. Rodriguez had kept aloft from the encampment. Through the last hours of the afternoon wide hatted rancheros had ridden up to the corral in unusual numbers, had dismounted and had entered in. Shelby, who took note of everything took note also of this.

"They do not come out," he said. "There are some signs of preparation about, and some fears manifested against a night attack. By whom? Save our grass and goats I know of no reason why *foraging* should be heavier now than formally."

Twice Jim Wood had been on the point of telling him the whole story, and twice his heart had failed him. Shelby was getting sterner of late, and the reins were becoming to be drawn tighter and tighter. Perhaps it was necessary. Certainly since the last furious attack by the guerrillas over beyond Parras, those who had looked upon discipline as an ill-favored mistress, had ended by embracing her.

As the picquets were being told off for duty, Wood came close to Blackwell and whispered:

"The men will be ready by twelve. They are volunteers and splendid fellows. How many of them will be shot?"

"*Quien sabe?* Those who take the sword shall perish by the sword."

"Bah! When you take a text, take one without a woman in it."

"I shall not preach to-night. Shelby will do that to-morrow to all who come forth scathless."

With all his gold, and his leagues of cattle and land, Rodriguez had only for eagle's nest an adobe eyrie. Hither his dove had been carried. On the right of this long row of cabins ran the quarters of his peons. Near to the great gate were acres of corral. Within this saddled steeds were in stall, lazily feeding. A Mexican loves his horse, but that is no reason why he does not starve him. This night, however, Rodriguez was bountiful. For fight and flight both men and animals must not go hungry. On the top of the main building a kind of tower lifted itself up. It was roomy and spacious and flanked by steps that clung to it tenaciously. In the tower a light shone, while all below and about it was hushed and impenetrable. High adobe walls encircled the mansion, the cabins, the corral, the acacia trees, the fountain that splashed plaintively, and the massive portal which had mystery written all over its rugged outlines.

It may have been twelve o'clock. The nearest picquet was beyond Encarnacion, and the camp guards were only for sentinel duty. Free to come and go, the men had no watchword for the night. None was needed.

Suddenly, and if one had looked up from his blankets, he might have seen a long, dark line standing out against the sky. This line did not move.

It may have been twelve o'clock. There was no moon, yet the stars gave light enough for the men to see each other's faces and to recognize one another. It was a quarter of a mile from the camp to the *hacienda*, and about the same distance to the picquet posts from where the soldiers had formed. In the ranks one might have seen such campaigners—stern and rugged and scant of speech in danger—as McDougall, Boswell, Armistead, Winship, Ras Woods, Macey, Vines, Kirtley, Blackwell, Tom Rudd, Crockett, Collins,

Jack Williams, Owens, Timberlake, Darnall, Johnson and the two Berrys, Richard and Isaac. Jim Wood stood forward by right as leader. All knew he would carry them far enough; some may have thought, perhaps, that he would carry them too far.

The line, hushed now and ominous, still stood as a wall. From front to rear Wood walked along its whole length, speaking some low and cheering words.

"Boys," he commenced, "none of us know what is waiting inside the corral. Mexicans fight well in the dark, it is said, and see better than wolves, but we must have that American woman safe out of their hands, or we must burn the buildings. If the hazard is too great for any of you, step out of the ranks. What we are about to do must needs be done quickly. Shelby sleeps little of late, and may be, even at this very moment, searching through the camp for some of us. Let him find even so much as one blanket empty, and from the heroes of a night attack we shall become its criminals."

Sweeny, a one-armed soldier who had served under Walker in Nicaragua, and who was in the front always in hours of enterprise or peril, replied to Wood:

"Since time is valuable, lead on."

The line put itself in motion. Two men sent forward to try the great gate, returned rapidly. Wood met them.

"Well?" he said.

"It is dark all about there, and the gate itself is as strong as a mountain."

"We shall batter it down."

A beam was brought—a huge piece of timber wrenched from the upright fastenings of a large irrigating basin. Twenty men manned this and advanced upon the gate. In an instant thereafter there were tremendous and resounding blows, shouts, cries, oaths and musket shots. Before this gigantic battering-ram adobe walls and iron fastenings gave way. The bars of the barrier were broken as reeds, the locks were crushed, the hinges were beaten in, and with a fierce yell and rush the Americans swarmed to the attack of the main building. The light in the tower guided them. A legion of devils seemed to have broken loose. The stabled steeds of the Mexicans reared and plunged in the infernal din of the fight, and dashed hither and thither, masterless and riderless.

The camp where Shelby rested was alarmed instantly. The shrill notes of the bugle were heard over all the tumult, and with them the encouraging voice of Wood.

"Make haste! make haste, men, for in twenty minutes we will be between two fires!"

Crouching in the stables, and pouring forth a murderous fire from their ambush in the darkness, some twenty *rancheros* made sud-

den and desperate battle. Leading a dozen men against them, Macy and Ike Berry charged through the gloom and upon the unknown, guided only by the lurid and fitful flashes of the muskets. When the work was over the corral no longer vomited its flame. Silence reigned there—that fearful and ominous silence fit only for the dead who died suddenly.

The camp, no longer in sleep, had become menacing. Short words of command came out of it, and the tread of men forming rapidly for battle. Some skirmishers, even in the very first moments of the combat, had been thrown forward quite to the *hacienda*. These were almost nude, and stood out under the starlight as white spectres, threatening yet undefined. They had guns at least, and pistols, and in so much they were mortal. These spectres had reason, too. Close upon the fragments of the great gate, and looking in upon the waves of the fight as they rose and fell, they yet did not fire They believed, at least, that some of their kindred and comrades were there.

For a brief ten minutes more the combat raged evenly. Cheered by the voice of Rodriguez, and stimulated by his example, his retainers clung bitterly to the fight. The doors were as redoubts. The windows were as miniature casemates. Once on the steps of the tower Rodriguez showed himself for a second. A dozen of the best shots in the attacking party fired at him. No answer save a curse of defiance so harsh and savage that it sounded unnatural even in the roar of the furious hurricane.

There was a lull. Every Mexican combatant outside the main building had been killed or wounded. Against the massive walls of the adobes the rifle bullets made no headway. It was murder longer to oppose flesh to masonry. Tom Rudd was killed, young and dauntless; Crockett, the hero of the Lampasas duel, was dead; Rogers was dead; the boy Provines was dead; Matterhorn, a stark giant of a German, shot four times, was breathing his last; and the wounded were on all sides, some hard hit, and some bleeding, yet fighting on.

"Once more to the beam," shouted Wood.

Again the great battering-ram crashed against the great door leading into the main hall, and again there was a rending away of iron and wood and mortar. Through splintered timber and over crumbling and jagged masonry the besiegers poured. The building was gained. Once well withinside, the storm of revolver balls was terrible. There personal prowess told, and there the killing was quick and desperate. At the head of his hunted following, Rodriguez fought like the Spaniard he was, stubbornly, and to the last. No lamps lit the savage *melee*. While the Mexicans stood up to be shot at, they were shot where they stood. The most of them died there. Some few broke away toward the

last and escaped, for no pursuit was attempted, and no man cared how many fled nor how fast. It was the woman the Americans wanted. Gold and silver ornaments were everywhere, and precious tapestry work, and many rare and quaint and woven things, but the powder-blackened and blood-stained hands of the assailants touched not one of these. It was too dark to tell who killed Rodriguez. To the last his voice could be heard cheering on his men, and calling down God's vengeance on the Gringos. Those who fired at him specially fired at his voice, for the smoke was stifling, and the sulphurous fumes of the gunpowder almost unbearable.

When the *hacienda* was won Shelby had arrived with the rest of the command. He had mistaken the cause of the attack, and his mood was of that kind which but seldom came to him, but which, when it did come, had several times before made some of his most hardened and unruly followers tremble and turn pale. He had caused the *hacienda* to be surrounded closely, and he had come alone to the doorway, a look of wrathful menace on his usually placid face.

"Who among you have done this thing?" he asked, in tones that were calm yet full and vibrating.

No answer. The men put up their weapons.

"Speak, some of you. Let me not find cowards instead of plunderers, lest I finish the work upon you all that the Mexicans did so poorly upon a few."

Jim Wood came forward to the front then. Covered with blood and powder-stains, he seemed in sorry plight to make much headway in defense of the night's doings, yet he told the tale as straight as the goat-herd had told it to him, and in such simple soldier fashion, taking all the sin upon his own head and hands, that even the stern features of his commander relaxed a little, and he fell to musing. It may have been that the desperate nature of the enterprise appealed more strongly to his own feelings than he was willing that his men should know; or it may have been that his set purpose softened a little when he saw so many of his bravest and best soldiers come out from the darkness and stand in silence about their leader, Wood, some of them sorely wounded, and all of them covered with the signs of the desperate fight, but certain it is that when he spoke again his voice was more relenting and assuring:

"And where is the woman?"

Through all the terrible moments of the combat the light in the tower had burned as a beacon. Perhaps in those few seconds when Rodriguez stood alone upon the steps leading up to the doves' nest, in a tempest of fire and smoke, the old love might have been busy at his heart, and the old yearning strong within him to make at last some peace with her for whom he had so deeply sinned, and for whose sake he was soon to so dreadfully suffer. Death makes many a sad atonement, and though late in coming at times to the evil and

the good alike, it may be that when the records of the heart are writ beyond the wonderful river, much that was dark on earth will be bright in eternity, and much that was cruel and fierce in finite judgment will be made fair and beautiful when it is known how *love* gathered up the threads of destiny, and how all the warp that was blood-stained, and all the woof that had bitterness and tears upon it, could be traced to a woman's hand.

Grief-stricken, prematurely old, yet beautiful even amid the loneliness of her situation, Inez Walker came into the presence of Shelby, a queen. Some strands of gray were in her glossy, golden hair. The liquid light of her large dark eyes had long ago been quenched in tears. The form that had once been so full and perfect, was now bent and fragile; but there was such a look of mournful tenderness in her eager, questioning face that the men drew back from her presence instinctively and left her alone with their General He received her commands as if she were bestowing a favor upon him, listening as a brother might until all her wishes were made known. These he promised to carry out to the letter, and how well he did so, this narrative will further tell. For the rest of that night she was left alone with her dead. Recovered somewhat from the terrors of the wild attack, her woman came back to her, weeping over the slain and praying piteously for their souls as well.

When the dead had been buried, when the wounded had been cared for, and when Wood had received a warning which he will remember to his dying day, the column started once more on its march to the south. With the guard of honor regularly detailed to protect the families of those who were traveling with the expedition, there was another carriage new to the men. None sought to know its occupant. The night's work had left upon all a sorrow that was never entirely obliterated—a memory that even now, through the lapse of long years, comes back to all who witnessed it as a memory that brings with it more of real regret than gladness.

was held by a French garrison numbering five hundred of the Eighty-second Infantry of the line—a weak detachment enough for such an exposed outpost. These five hundred Frenchmen were commanded by Major Henry Pierron, an officer of extreme youth and dauntless enterprise.

Shelby called a council of his officers at once. The peons had further told him that the besieging force was composed of about two thousand guerrillas, under Colonel Escobeda, brother of that other one who laughed and was glad exceedingly, when, Maximilian fell butchered and betrayed, at Queretero. At daylight the garrison was to be attacked again, and so what was to be done had great need to be done quickly.

The officers came readily, and Shelby addressed them.

"We have marched far, we have but scant money, our horses are foot-sore and much in need of shoes, and Matehuala is across the only road for scores of miles in any direction that leads to Mexico. Shall we turn back and take another?"

"No! no!" in a kind of angry murmur from the men.

"But there are two thousand Mexican soldiers, or robbers, who are next of kin, across this road, and we may have to fight a little. Are you tired of fighting?"

"Lead us on and see," was the cry, and this time his officers had begun to catch his meaning. They understood now that he was tempting them. Already determined in his own mind to attack the Mexicans at daylight, he simply wished to see how much of his own desire was in the bosoms of his subordinates.

"One other thing," said Shelby, "before we separate. From among you I want a couple of volunteers—two men who will take their lives in their hands and find an entrance into Matehuala. I must communicate with Pierron before daylight. It is necessary that he should know how near there is succor to him, and how furiously we mean to charge them in the morning. Who will go?

All who were present volunteered, stepping one pace nearer to their commander in a body. He chose but two—James Cundiff and Elias Hodge—two men fit for any mission no matter how forlorn or desperate.

By this time they had learned enough of Spanish to buy meat and bread—not enough to pass undetected an outlying guerrilla with an eye like a lynx and an ear keener than a coyote's. They started, however, just the same. Shelby would write nothing.

"A document might hang you," he said, "and besides, Pierron can not, in all probability, read my English. Go, and may God protect you."

These two dauntless men then shook hands with their commander, and with the few comrades nearest. After that they disappeared in the unknown. It was a cloudy night and some wind

blew. In this they were greatly favored. The darkness hid the clear outlines of their forms, and the wind blended the tread of their footsteps with the rustling of the leaves and the grasses. Two revolvers and a Sharps' carbine each made up the equipment. Completely ignorant of the entire topography of the country, they yet had a kind of vague idea of the direction in which Matehuala lay. They knew that the main road was hard beset by guerrillas, and that upon the right a broken and precipitous chain of mountains encircled the city and made headway in that direction well nigh impossible. They chose the left, therefore, as the least of three evils.

It was about midnight, and it was two long miles to Matehuala. Shelby required them to enter into the city; about their coming back he was not so particular. Cundiff led, Hodge followed in Indian fashion. At intervals both men would draw themselves up and listen, long and anxiously. At last after crossing a wide field, intersected by ditches and but recently plowed, they came to a road which had a mesquite hedge on one side, and a fence with a few straggling poles in it, on the other. Gliding stealthily down this road, the glimmering of a light in front warned them of immediate danger. In avoiding this they came upon another house, and in going still further to the left to avoid this also, they found themselves in the midst of a kind of extended village, one of those interminable suburbs close to yet disconnected from all Mexican cities.

Wherever there was a *tienda*—that is to say, a place where the fiery native drink of the country is sold—two or three saddle horses might have been seen. In whispers, the men conferred together.

"They are here," said Hodge.

"They seem to be everywhere," answered Cundiff.

"What do you propose?"

"To glide quietly through. I have a strong belief that beyond this village we shall find Matehuala."

They struck out boldly again, passing near to a *tienda* in which there were music and dancing. When outside of the glare of the light which streamed from its open door, the sound of horses' feet coming down the road they had just traveled called for instant concealment. They crouched low behind a large maguey plant and waited. The horsemen came right onward, laughing loud and boisterously. They did not halt in the village, but rode on by the ambush and so close that they could have touched the Americans with a sabre.

"A scratch," said Hodge, breathing more freely.

"Hush," said Cundiff, crouching still closer in the shadow of the maguey, "the worst is yet to come."

And it was. From where the Americans had hidden to the *tienda* in which the Mexicans were carousing it was probably fifteen

paces. The sudden galloping of the horsemen through the village had startled the revelers. If they were friends, they called out to each other, they would have tarried long enough for a stirrup cup; if they are enemies we shall pursue.

The Mexicans were a little drunk, yet not enough so to make them negligent. After mounting their horses, they spread out in skirmishing order, with an interval, probably, of five feet between each man. Against the full glare that streamed out from the lighted doorway the picturesque forms of five guerrillas outlined themselves. The silver ornaments on their bridles shone, the music of the spurs penetrated to the ambush, and the wide *sombreros* told all too well the calling of those mounted robbers who are wolves in pursuit and tigers in victory. None have ever been known to spare.

Hodge would talk, brave as he was, and imminent as was his peril. Even in this extremity his soldierly tactics came uppermost.

"There are five," he said, "and we are but two. We have fought worse odds."

"So we have," answered Cundiff, "and may do it again before this night's work is over. Lie low and wait."

The guerrillas came right onward. At a loss to understand fully the nature of the men who had just ridden through the village, they were maneuvering now as if they expected to meet them in hostile array at any moment. There were fifty chances to five that some one of the skirmishers would discover the ambush.

Although terrible, the suspense was brief. Between the maguey plant and the road, two of the guerrillas filled up the interval. This left the three others to the left and rear. They had their musquetoons in their hands, and were searching keenly every clump of grass or patch of underbrush. Those nearest the road had passed on, and those upon the left were just abreast of the ambush. The Americans did not breathe. Suddenly, and with a fierce shout, the third skirmisher in the line yelled out:

"What ho! comrades, close up—close up—here are two skulking Frenchmen. *Per Dios*, but we will have their hearts' blood."

As he shouted he leveled his musket until its muzzle almost touched the quiet face of Cundiff, the rest of the Mexicans rushing up furiously to the spot.

CHAPTER XIV.

If it be true, that when a woman hesitates she is lost, the adage applies with a ten-fold greater degree of precision to a Mexican guerrilla, who has come suddenly upon an American in ambush and who, mistaking him for a French soldier, hesitates to fire until he has called around him his comrades. A revolver to a Frenchman is an unknown weapon. Skill in its use is something he never acquires. Rarely a favorite in his hands no matter how great the stress, nor how frightful the danger, it is the muzzle-loader that ever comes uppermost, favored above all other weapons that might have been had for the asking.

Cundiff, face to face with immiment death, meant to fight to the last. His orders were to go into Matehuala, and not to give up as a wolf that is taken in a trap. His revolver was in his hand, and the Mexican took one second too many to run his eye along the barrel of his musquetoon. With a motion as instantaneous as it was unexpected, Cundiff fired fair at the Mexican's breast, the bullet speeding true and terrible to its mark. He fell forward over his horse's head with a ghastly cry, his four companions crowding around his prostrate body, frightened, it may be, but bent on vengeance. As they grouped themselves together, Hodge and Cundiff shot into the crowd, wounding another guerrilla and one of the horses, and then broke away from cover and rushed on toward Matehuala. The road ran directly through a village This village was long and scattering, and alive with soldiers. A great shout was raised; ten thousand dogs seemed to be on the alert, more furious than the men, and keener of sight and scent. The fight became a hunt. The houses sent armed men in pursuit. The five guerrillas, reduced now to three, led the rush, but not desperately. Made acquainted with the stern prowess of the Americans, they had no heart for a close grapple without heavy odds. At intervals Cundiff and Hodge would halt and fire back with their carbines, and then press forward again through the darkness. Two men were keeping two hundred at bay, and Cundiff spoke to Hodge:

"This pace is fearful. How long can you keep it up?"

"Not long. There seems, however, to be a light ahead."

And there was. A large fire, distance some five hundred yards, came suddenly in sight. The rapid firing coming from both pursuers and pursued had created commotion in front. There were the rallying notes of a bugle, and the sudden forming of a line of men immediately in front of the camp-fire seen by the Americans. Was it a French outpost? Neither knew, but against this unforeseen

danger now outlined fully in the front that in the rear was too near and too deadly to permit of preparation.

"We are surrounded," said Hodge.

"Rather say we are in the breakers, and that in trying to avoid Scylla we shall be wrecked upon Charybdis," replied Cundiff, turning cooly to his comrade, after firing deliberately upon the nearest of the pursuers, and halting long enough to reload his carbine. "It all depends upon a single chance."

"And what is that chance?"

"To escape the first close fusillade of the French."

"But are they French—those fellows in front of us?"

"Can't you swear to that? Did you not mark how accurately they fell into line, and how silent everything has been since? Keep your ears wide open, and when you hear a single voice call out, fall flat upon the ground. That single voice will be the leader's ordering a volley."

It would seem that the Mexicans also had begun to realize the situation. A last desperate rush had been determined upon, and twenty of the swiftest and boldest pursuers charged furiously down at a run, firing as they came on. There was no shelter, and Cundiff and Hodge stood openly at bay, holding, each, his fire, until the oncoming mass was only twenty yards away. Then the revolver volleys were incessant. At a distance they sounded as if a company were engaged; to the guerrillas the two men had multiplied themselves to a dozen.

The desperate stand made told well. The fierce charge expended itself. Those farthest in the front slackened their pace, halted, fell back, retreated a little, yet still kept up an incessant volley.

"Come," said Cundiff, "and let's try the unknown. These fellows in the rear have had enough."

Instead of advancing together now, one skirted the road on the left and the other on the right. The old skirmishing drill was beginning to re-assert itself again—a sure sign that the danger in the rear had transferred itself to the front. Of a sudden a clear, resonant voice came from the direction of the fire. Cundiff and Hodge fell forward instantly upon their faces, a hurricane of balls swept over and beyond them, and for reply the loud, calm shout of Hodge was heard in parley:

"Hold on, men, hold on. We are but two and we are friends. See, we come into your lines to make our words good. We are Americans and we have tidings for Captain Pierron."

Four French soldiers came out to meet them. Explanations were mutually had, and it was long past midnight when the commander of the garrison had finished his conference with the daring scouts, and had been well assured of his timely and needed succor.

Pierron offered them food and lodging.

rificed themselves. These the daylight revealed perfectly. Between the hills and the village was a plain, and in this plain, the Mexican forces were drawn up, three lines deep, having as a *point d'appui* a heavy six-gun battery.

Understanding at last that while the column coming down from the rear was not Frenchmen, it was not friendly, the Mexicans made some dispositions to resist it. Too late! Caught between two inexorable jaws, they were crushed before they were aware of the peril. Shelby's charge was like a thunder-cloud. Nothing could live before the storm of its revolver bullets. Lurid, canopied in smoke-wreaths, pitiless, keeping right onward, silent in all save the roar of the revolvers, there was first a line that fired upon it, and then a great upheaving and rending asunder. When the smoke rolled away the battery had no living thing to lift a hand in its defense, and the fugitives were in hopeless and helpless flight toward the mountains on the right and toward the village upon the left. Pursuit Shelby made none, but God pity all whom the French cuirassiers overtook, and who, cloven from *sombrero* to sword-belt, fell thick in all the streets of the village, and died hard among the dagger-trees and the precipices of the stony and unsheltering mountains.

Pierron came forth with his entire garrison to thank and welcome his preservers. The freedom of the city was extended to Shelby, the stores of the post were at his disposal, money was offered and refused, and for three long and delightful days the men rested and feasted. To get shoes for his horses Shelby had fought a battle, not bloodless, however, to him, but a battle treasured to-day in the military archives of France — a battle which won for him the gratitude of the whole French army, and which, in the end, turned from him the confidence of Maximilian and rendered abortive all his efforts to recruit for the Austrian a corps that would have kept him upon his throne. Verily, man proposes and God disposes.

CHAPTER XV.

PIERRON made Matehuala a paradise. There were days of feasting and mirth and minstrelsy, and in the balm of fragrant nights the men dallied with the women. So when the southward march was resumed, many a bronzed face was set in a look of sadness, and many a regretful heart pined long and tenderly for the dusky hair that would never be plaited again, for the tropical lips that for them would never sing again the songs of the roses and the summer time.

Adventures grew thick along the road as cactus plants. Villages multiplied, and as the ride went on, larger towns and larger populations were daily entered into. The French held all the country. Everywhere could be seen the picturesque uniforms of the Zouaves, the soberer garments of the Voltigeurs, the gorgeous array of the Chasseurs, and the more somber and forbidding aspect of the Foot Artillery. The French held all the country, that is to say, wherever a French garrison had stationed itself, or wherever a French expeditionary force, or scouting force, or reconnoitering force had camped or was on the march, such force held all the country within the range of their cannon and their chassepots. Otherwise not. Guerrillas abounded in the mountains; robbers fed and fattened by all the streams; spies swarmed upon the haciendas, and cruel and ruthless scourges from the marshes rode in under the full of the tropical moons, and slew for a whole night through, and on many a night at intervals thereafter, whoever of Mexican or Punic faith had carried truth or tidings of Liberal movements to the French.

It was in Dolores, the home of Hidalgo—priest, butcher, revolutionist—that those wonderful blankets were made which blend the colors of the rainbow with the strength of the north wind. Soft, warm, gorgeous, flexible, two strong horses can not pull them asunder—two weeks of an east rain can not find a pore to penetrate. Marvels of an art that has never yet been analyzed or transferred; Dolores, a century old, has yet an older secret than itself, the secret of their weaving.

Shelby's discipline was now sensibly increasing. As the men marched into the south, and as the soft airs blew for them, and the odorous blossoms opened for them, and the dusky beauties were gay and gracious for them, they began to chafe under the iron rule of the camp, and the inexorable logic of guard and picquet duty. Once a detachment of ten, told off for the grand guards, refused to stir from the mess-fire about which an elegant supper was being prepared.

And in such guise did the word come to Shelby.

"They refuse?" he asked.

"Peremptorily, General."

"Ah! And for what reason?"

"They say it is unnecessary."

"And so, in addition to rank mutiny, they would justify themselves? Call out the guard"

The guard came, Jo. Macey at its head—twenty determined men, fit for any work a soldier might do. Shelby rose up and went with it to where the ten mutineers were feasting and singing. They knew what was coming, and their leader, brave even to desperation, laid his hand upon his revolver. There was murder in his eyes, that wicked and wanton murder which must have been in Sampson's heart when he laid hold of the pillar of the Temple and felt the throes of the crushing edifice as it swayed and toppled and buried all in a common ruin.

Jo. Macey halted his detachment within five feet of the mess fire. He had first whispered to Shelby:

"When you want me speak. I shall kill nine of the ten the first broadside."

It can do no good to write the name of the leader of the mutineers. He sleeps to-day in the golden sands of a Sonora stream; sleeps forgiven by all whose lives he might have given away—given away without cause or grievance. When he dared to disobey, either this man or the Expedition had to be sacrificed. Happily, both were saved.

Shelby walked into the midst of the mutineers, looking into the eyes of all. His voice was deep and very grave.

"Men, go back to your duty. I am among you all, an adventurer like yourself, but I have been charged to carry you through to Mexico City in safety, and this I will do, so surely as the good God rules the universe. I don't seek to know the cause of this thing. I ask no reason for it, no excuse for it, no regrets nor apologies for it. I only want your soldierly promise to obey."

No man spoke. The leader mistook the drift of things and tried to advance a little. Shelby stopped him instantly.

"Not another word," he almost shouted; "but if within fifteen seconds by the watch you are not in line for duty, you shall be shot like the meanest Mexican dog in all the Empire. Cover these men, Macey, with your carbines."

Twenty gaping muzzles crept straight to the front, waiting. The seconds seemed as hours. In that supreme moment of unpitying danger the young mutineer, if left to himself, would have dared the worst, dying as he had lived; but the others could not look full into the face of the grim skeleton and take the venture for a cause so disgraceful. They yielded to the inevitable, and went forth to

their duty bearing their leader with them. Thereafter no more faithful and honorable soldiers could be found in the ranks of all the Expedition.

The column had gone southward from Dolores a long day's journey. The whole earth smelt sweet with spring. In the air was the noise of many wings, on the trees the purple and pink of many blossoms. Summer lay with bare breast upon all the fields—a queen whose rule had never known an hour of storm or overthrow. It was a glorious land filled full of the sun and of the things that love the sun.

Late one afternoon, tired, hot and dusty, Dick Collins and Ik Berry halted by the wayside for a little rest and a little gossip. In violation of orders this thing had been done, and Mars is a jealous and a vengeful god. They tarried long, smoking a bit and talking a bit, and finally fell asleep.

A sudden scout of guerrillas awoke the gentlemen, using upon Collins the back of a saber, and upon Berry, who was larger and sounder of slumber, the butt of a musquetoon. There were six of them—swart, soldierly fellows, who wore gilded spurs and bedecked *sombreros*.

"*Francaises*, eh!" they muttered one to another.

Berry knew considerable Spanish—Collins not so much. To lie under the imputation of being French was to lie within the shadow of sudden death. Berry tried to keep away from that. He answered:

"No, no, Senors, not *Francaises* but *Americanos*."

The Mexicans looked at each other and shrugged their shoulders.

Berry had revealed to them that he spoke Spanish enough to be dangerous.

Their pistols were taken from them; their carbines, their horses, and whatever else could be found, including a few pieces of silver in Berry's pocket. Then they felt of Collins' pantaloons. It had been so long since they echoed to the jingle of either silver or gold, that even the pockets issued a protest at the imputation. Afterward the two men were marched across the country to a group of adobe buildings among a range of hills, far enough removed from the route of travel to be safe from rescue. They were cast into a filthy room where there was neither bed nor blanket, and bade to rest there. Two of the guard, with musquetoons in hand and revolvers at waist, occupied the same room. With them, the dirt and the fleas were congenial companions.

Collins fell a musing.

"What are you thinking about, Dick?" Berry asked.

"Escape. And you?"

"Of something to eat."

Here was a Hercules who was always hungry.

A Mexican, in his normal condition must have drink. A stone ewer of fiery Catalan was brought in, and as the night deepened, so did their potations. Before midnight the two guards were drunk. An hour later, and one of them was utterly oblivious to all earthly objects. The other amused himself by pointing his cocked gun at the Americans, laughing low and savagely when they would endeavor to screen themselves from his comic mirth.

His drunken comrade was lying on his back, with a scarf around his waist, in which a knife was sticking.

Collins looked at it until his eyes glittered. He found time to whisper to Berry:

"You are as strong as an ox. Stand by me when I seize that knife and plunge it in the other Mexican's breast. I may not kill him the first time, and if I do not, then grapple with him. The second stab shall be more fatal."

"Unto death," replied Berry. "Make haste."

For one instant the guard took his eyes from the movements of the Americans. Collins seized the knife and rose up—stealthy, menacing, terrible. They advanced upon the Mexican. He turned as they came across the room and threw out his gun. Too late. Aiming at the left side, Collins' blow swerved aside, the knife entering just below the breast bone and cutting a dreadful gash. With the spring of a tiger-cat Berry leaped upon him and hurled him to the floor. Again the knife arose—there was a dull, penetrating thud, a quiver of relaxing limbs, a groan that sounded like a curse, and beside the drunken man there lay another who would never touch Catalan again this side eternity.

Instant flight was entered into. Stripping the arms from the living and the dead, the Americans hurried out. They found their horses unguarded; the wretched village was in unbroken sleep, and not anywhere did wakeful or vigilant sentinel rise up to question or restrain. By the noon of the next day they had reported to Shelby, and for many days thereafter a shadow was seen on Collins' face that told of the desperate blow struck in the name of self-defense and liberty. After that the two men never straggled again.

Crosses are common in Mexico. Lifting up their penitential arms, however, by the wayside, and in forlorn and gloomy places, if they do not affright one, they at least put one to thinking. There where they stand, ghastly and weather-beaten under the sky, and alone with the stars and the night, murder has been done. There at the feet of them—in the yellow dust of the roadway—innocent, it may be, and true, and too young to die—a dead man has lain with his face in a pool of blood. Sometimes flowers adorn the crosses, and votive offerings, and many a rare and quaint conceit to lighten the frown on the face of death, and fashion a few links in the chain of memory that shall make even the dead claim kinship with all the *glad and sweet-growing* things of the wonderful summer weather.

One tall spire, like the mighty standard of a king, arose through the lances of the sunset. San Miguel was in sight, a city built upon a hill. Around its forbidding base the tide of battle had ebbed and flowed, and there had grim old Carterac called out, the cloud of the cannon's smoke and the cloud of his beard white together.

"My children, the Third know how to die. One more victory and one more cross for all of you. Forward!"

This to the Third Zouaves as they were fixing bayonets on the crest of a charge with which all the empire rang. Afterward, when Carterac was buried, shot foremost in the breach, the natives came to view the grave and turned away wondering what manner of a giant had been interred therein. He had gone but a little way in advance of his children. What San Miguel had spared Gravelotte finished. Verily war has its patriarchs no less renowned than Israel's.

From out the gates of the town, and down the long paven way leading northward, a gallant regiment came gaily forth to welcome Shelby. The music of the sabers ran through the valley. Pennons floated wide and free, the burnished guns rose and fell in the dim, undulating swing of perfect horsemen, and the rays of the setting sun shone upon the gold of the epaulettes until, as with fire, they blazed in the delicious haze of the evening.

Some paces forward of all the goodly company rode one who looked a soldier. Mark him well. That regiment there is known as the Empress' Own. The arms of Carlota are on the blue of the uniforms. That silken flag, though all unbaptized by blood or battle, was wrought by her gentle hands—hands that wove into the tapestry of time a warp and woof sadder than aught of any tragedy ever known before the king-craft or conquest. She was standing by a little altar in the palace of Chepultepec on an afternoon in May. The city of Montezuma was at her feet in the delicious sleep of its siesta.

"Swear," she said, putting forth the unfolded standard until the sweep of its heavy fringes canopied the long, lustrous hair of the Colonel, "swear to be true to king and country."

The man knelt down.

"To king and *queen* and country," he cried, "while a sword can be drawn or a squadron mustered."

She smiled upon him and gave him her hand as he arose. This he *stooped* low to kiss, repeating again his oath, and pledging again all a *soldier's* faith to the precious burden laid upon his honor.

Look at him once more as he rides up from the town through the *sunset*. At his back is the regiment of Carlota, and over this *regiment* the stainless banner of Carlota is floating. The face is very *fair for a* Mexican's, and a little Norman in its handsome outlines. *Some curls* were in the lustrous hair, not masculine curls, but royal

enough, perhaps, to recall the valorous deeds that were done at Flodden, when from over seas the beautiful Queen of France, beloved of all gallant gentlemen, sent to the Scottish monarch

> "A turquoise ring and glove,
> And charged him as her knight and love,
> To march three miles on English land,
> And strike three strokes with Scottish brand,
> And bid the banners of his band
> In English breezes dance."

He gave Shelby cordial greeting, and made him welcome to San Miguel in the name of the Empire. His eyes, large and penetrating, wore yet a sinister look that marred somewhat the smile that should have come not so often to the face of a Spaniard. He spoke English well, talked much of New York which he had visited, predicted peace and prosperity to Maximilian and his reign after a few evil days, and bowed low in salute when he separated.

That man was Col Leonardo Lopez, the traitor of Queretero, the spy of Escobedo, the wretch who sold his flag, the coward who betrayed his regiment, the false knight who denied his mistress, and the decorated and ennobled thing who gave up his emperor to a dog's death. And the price—thirty thousand dollars in gold. Is it any wonder that his wife forsook him, that his children turned their faces away from him, that the church refused him asylum, that a righteous soldier of the Liberal cause smote him upon either cheek in presence of an army on parade, and that even the very *lazzaroni* of the streets pointed at him as he passed, and shouted in voluble derision :

" The Traitor ! the Traitor !"

And yet did all these things happen to the handsome horseman who rode up quietly to the Expedition in front of San Miguel, and bade it welcome in the name of hospitality and the Empire.

Gen. Felix Douay held San Luis Potosi, the great granary of Mexico. It was the brother of this Douay who, surrounded and abandoned at Weissembourg, marched alone and on foot toward the enemy, until a Prussian bullet found his heart. Older and calmer and wiser, perhaps, than his brother, Gen. Felix Douay was the strong right arm of Bazaine and Maximilian. Past sixty, gray-bearded and gaunt, he knew war as the Indian knows a trail. After assigning quarters to the men, he sent at once for Shelby.

"You have come among us for an object," he commenced in perfect English, "and as I am a man of few words, please state to me frankly what that object is."

"To take service under Maximilian," was the prompt reply.

"What are your facilities for recruiting a corps of Americans?"

"So ample, General, that if authority is given me, I can pledge to you the services of fifty thousand in six months."

Some other discourse was had between them, and Douay fell to musing a little. When he was done he called an aide to his side, wrote a lenghty communication, bade the staff officer take it and ride rapidly to the City of Mexico, returning with the same speed when he had received his answer.

As he extended his hand to Shelby in parting, he said to him:

"You will remain here until further orders. It may be that there shall be work for your hands sooner than either of us expect."

Southward from San Luis Potosi, and running far down to the Gulf, even unto Tampico, was a low, level sweep of land, where marshes abounded and retreats that were almost unknown and well nigh inaccessible. In the fever months, the fatal months of August and September these dismal fens and swamps were alive with guerrillas. *Vomito* lurked in the long lagoons, and lassitude, emaciation and death peered out from behind every palm tree and cypress root. Foreigners there were none who could abide that dull greyish exhalation which wrought for the morning a winding-sheet, and for the French it was not only the valley, but the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Bazaine's light troops, his Voltigeurs and his Chasseurs of Vincennes, had penetrated there and died. Most of the Foreign Legion had gone in there and perished. Two battalions of Zouaves —great, bearded, medaled fellows, bronzed by Syrian night winds, and tempered to steel in the sap and siege of Sebastopol—had borne their eagles backward from the mist, famishing because of a fever came with the morning and the fog.

No matter how, the guerrillas fattened. Reptiles need little beside the ooze and the fœtid vegetation of the lowlands, and so when the rains came and the roads grew wearisome and long, they rose upon the convoys night after night, massacring all that fell into their hands, even the women and the live stock.

Figueroa was the fell spirit of the marshes—a Mexican past forty-five, one-eyed from the bullet of an American's revolver, tall for his race, and so bitter and unrelenting in his hatred of all foreigners, especially Americans, that when he dies he will be canonized. If in all his life he ever knew an hour of mercy or relenting, no record in story or tradition stands as its monument. Backward across the Rio Grande there have been borne many tales of Escobedo and Carabajal, Martinez and Cortina, Lozado the Indian and Rodriguez the renegade priest; but for deeds of desperate butchery and vengeance, the fame of all these is as the leaves that fell last autumn.

No matter his crimes, however, he fought as few of them do for his native land, and dreaded but two things on earth—Dupin and his Contre-Guerrillas. Twice they had brought him to bay, and twice he had retired deeper and deeper into his jungles, sacrificing all the flower of his following, and pressed so furiously and fast that at no time thereafter could he turn as a hunted tiger and rend the foremost of his pursuers.

Figueroa lay close to the high national road running from San Luis Potosi to Tampico, levying such tribute as he could collect by night and in a manner that left none on the morrow to demand recompense or reckoning. Because it was a post in possession of the French it was necessary for Douay to have safe and constant intercourse with Tampico. This was impossible so long as Figueroa lived in the marshes and got fat on the fog that brought only fever and death to the Frenchman and the foreigner Three expeditions had been sent down into the Valley of the Shadow of Death and had returned; those that were left of them soldiers no longer, but skeletons whose uniforms served only to make the contrast ghastly. The road was still covered with ambushments, and creeping and crawling forms that murdered when they should have slept.

With the arrival of Shelby a sudden resolution had come to Douay. He meant to give him service in the French army, send him down first to fight the fog and Figueroa, and afterward—well, the future gives generally but small concern to a Frenchman—but afterward there could have been no doubt of Douay's good intentions, and of a desire to reward all liberally who did his bidding and who came out of the swamps alive. For permission to do this he had sent forward to consult Bazaine, and had halted Shelby long enough to know the Marshal's wishes.

The aid-de-camp returned speedily, but he brought with him only a short, curt order:

"Bid the Americans march immediately to Mexico."

There was no appeal. Douay marshaled the expedition, served it with rations and wine, spoke some friendly and soldierly words to all of its officers, and bade them a pleasant and a prosperous journey. Because he possessed no *baton* is no reason why he should not have interpreted aright the future, and seen that the auspicious hours were fast hastening away when it would be no longer possible to recruit an army and attach to the service of Maximilian a powerful corps of Americans. Bazaine had mistrusted their motives from the first, and had been more than misinformed of their movements and their numbers since the expedition had entered the Empire. As for the Emperor his mind had been poisoned by his Mexican counselors, and he was too busy then with his botany and his butterflies to heed the sullen murmurings of the gathering storm in the north, and to understand all the harsh, indomitable depths of that stoical Indian character which was so soon to rush down from Chihuahua and gratify its ferocious appetite in the blood of the uptorn and uprooted dynasty. They laughed at Juarez then, the low, squat Indian, his sinister face scarred with the small pox like Mirabeau's, and his sleuth-hound ways that followed the trail of the Republic, though in the scent there was pestilence and famine and death.

One day the French lines began to contract as a wave that is baffled and broken. The cliff followed up the wave, and mariners like Douay and Jeanningros, looking out from the quarter-deck, saw not only the granite, but the substance, the granite typified; they saw Juarez and his forty thousand ragged followers, hungry, brutal, speaking all dialects, grasping bright American muskets, having here and there an American officer in uniform, unappeasable, oncoming—murderous. Again the waves receded and again there was Jaurez. From El Paso to Chihuahua, from Chihuahua to Matamoras, from Matamoras to Monterey, to Matehuala, to Dolores Hidalgo, to San Miguel, to the very spot on which Douay stood at parting, his bronzed face saddened and his white hair waving in the winds of the summer morning.

It was no war of his, however. What he was sent to do he did. Others planned. Douay executed. It might have been better if the fair-haired sovereign had thought more and asked more of the gray-haired subject.

It was on the third day's march from San Luis Potosi that an ambulance broke down, having in its keeping two wounded soldiers of the Expedition. The accident was near the summit of the Madre mountains—an extended range between San Luis Potosi and Penamason—and within a mile of the village of Sumapetla. The rear guard came within without it. In reporting, before being dismissed for the night, Shelby asked the officer of the ambulance.

"It is in Sumapetla," the Captain answered.

"And the wounded?"

"At a house with one attendant."

His face darkened. The whole Madre range was filled with robbers, and two of his best men, wounded and abandoned, were at the mercy of the murderers.

"If a hair of either head is touched," he cried out to the officer, "it will be better that you had never crossed the Rio Grande. What avails all the lessons you have learned of this treacherous and deceitful land that you should desert comrades in distress and ride up to tell me the pleasant story of your own arrival and safety? Order Kirtley to report instantly with twenty men."

Capt. James B. Kirtley came—a young, smooth-faced, dauntless officer, tried in the front of fifty battles, a veteran and yet a boy. The men had ridden thirty miles that day, but what mattered it? Had the miles been sixty, the same unquestioned obedience would have been yielded, the same soldierly spirit manifested of daring and adventure.

"Return to Sumapetla," Shelby said, "and find my wounded. Stay with them, wait for them, fight for them, get killed, if need be, for them, but whatever you do, bring or send them back to me. I shall wait for you a day and a night."

A pale-faced man, with his eyes drooping and his form bent, rode up to Shelby. He plucked him by the sleeve and pleaded.

"General, let me go too. I did not think when I left them. I can fight. Try me, General. Tell Kirtley to take me. It is a little thing I am asking of you, but I have followed you for four years, and I think, small as it is, it will save me."

All Shelby's face lit up with a pity and tenderness that was absolutely winning. He grasped his poor, tried soldier's hand, and spoke to him low and softly:

"Go, and come back again. I was harsh, I know, and over cruel, but between us two there is neither cloud nor shadow of feeling. I do forgive you from my soul."

There were tears in the man's eyes as he road away, and a heart beneath his uniform that was worth a diadem.

It was ten long miles to Sumapetla, and the night had fallen. The long, swinging trot that Kirtley struck would carry him there in two hours at farthest, and if needs be, the trot would grow into a gallop.

He rode along his ranks and spoke to his men:

"Keep quiet, be ready, be loaded. You heard the orders. I shall obey them or be even beyond the need of the ambulance we have been sent back to succor."

Sumapetla was reached in safety. It was a miserable squalid village, filled full of Indians and beggars and dogs. In the largest house the wounded men were found—not well cared for, but comfortable from pain. Their attendant, a blacksmith, was busy with the broken ambulance.

Kirtley threw forward picquets and set about seeking for supper. While active in its preparation a sudden volley came from the front—keen, dogged, vicious. From the roar of the guns Kirtly knew that his men had fired at close range and all together. It was a clear night, yet still quite dark in the mountains. Directly a picquet rode rapidly up, not the least excited yet very positive.

"There is a large body in front of us and well armed. They tried a surprise and lost five. We did not think it well to charge, and I have come back for orders. Please say what they are quick, for the boys may need me before I can reach them again."

This was the volunteer who had commanded the rear guard of the day's march.

Skirmishing shots now broke out ominously. There were fifteen men in the village and five on outpost.

"Mount, all," cried Kirtley, "and follow me."

The relief took the road at a gallop.

The space between the robbers and their prey was scarcely large enough for Kirtley to array his men upon. From all sides there came the steady roar of musketry, telling how complete the ambus-

cade, and how serviceable the guns. Some fifty paces in the rear of the outpost the road made a sudden turn, leaving at the apex of the acute angle a broken zig-zag piece of rock-work capable of much sturdy defense, and not flanked without a rush and a moment or two of desperate in-fighting that is rarely the choice of the guerrillas. This Kirtley had noticed with the eye of a soldier and the quickness of a man who meant to do a soldier's duty first and a comrade's duty afterward. Because the wounded men had to be saved was no reason why those who were unwounded should be sacrificed.

He fell back to the rocky ledge facing the robbers. Word sent to the blacksmith in the village to hurry, to make rapid and zealous haste, for the danger was pressing and dire, got for an answer in return:

"Captain Kirtley, I am doing my best. A Mexican's blacksmith shop is an anvil without a hammer, a forge without a bellows, a wheel without its felloes; and I have to make, instead of one thing, a dozen things. It will be two hours before the ambulance is mended."

Very laconic and very true. Kirtley never thought a second time, during all the long two hours, of the smithy in the village, and the swart, patient smith who, within full sound of the struggling musketry, wrought and delved and listened now and then in the intervals of his toil to the rising and falling of the fight, laughing, perhaps, low to himself, as his practiced ear caught the various volleys, and knew that neither backward nor forward did the Americns recede nor advance a stone's throw.

The low reach of rock, holding fast to the roots of the trees that grew up from it, and bristling with rugged and stunted shrubs, transformed itself into a citadel. The road ran by it like an arm that encircles a waist. Where the elbow was the Americans stood at bay. They had dismounted and led their horses still further to the rear—far enough to be safe, yet near at hand. From the unknown it was impossible to tell what spectres might issue forth. The robbers held on. From the volume of fire their numbers were known as two hundred—desperate odds, but it was night, and the night is always in league with the weakest.

Disposed among the rocks, about the roots and the trunks of the trees, the Americans fired in skirmishing order and at will. Three rapid and persistent times the rush of the guerrillas came as a great wave upon the little handful, a lurid wreath of light all along its front, and a noise that was appalling in the darkness. Nothing so terrifies as the oscillation and the roar of a hurricane that is invisible. Hard by the road, Kirtley kept his grasp upon the rock. Nothing shook that—nothing shook the tension of its grim endurance.

The last volley beat full into the faces of all. A soldier fell forward *into the darkness.*

"Who's hurt?" and the clear voice of Kirtley rang out without a tremor.

"It's me, Jim; it's Walker. Hard hit in the shoulder; but thank God for the breech loader, a fellow can load and fire with one sound arm left."

Bleeding through the few rags stuffed into the wound, and faint from much weakness and pain, Walker mounted again to his post and fought on till the struggle was ended.

Time passed, but lengthily. Nine of the twenty were wounded, all slightly, however, save Walker—thanks to the darkness and the ledge that seemed planted there by a Providence that meant to succor steadfast courage and devotion. The ambulance was done and the wounded were placed therein.

"It can travel but slowly in the night," said Kirtley, to William Fell, who had stood by his side through all the bitter battle, "and we must paralyze pursuit a little."

"Paralyze it—how?"

"By a sudden blow, such as a prize fighter gives when he strikes below the belt. By a charge some good hundred paces in the midst of them."

Fell answered laconically:

"Desperate but reasonable. I have seen such things done. Will it take long?"

"Twenty minutes all told, and there will be but eleven of us. The nine who are wounded must go back."

The horses were brought and mounted. Walker could scarcely sit in his saddle. As he rode to the rear, two of his comrades supported him. The parting was ominous—the living, perhaps, taking leave of the dead.

Far into the night and the unknown the desperate venture held its way. Two deep the handful darted out from behind the barricade, firing at the invisible. Specter answered specter, and only the ringing of the revolvers was real. The impetus of the charge was such that the line of the robbers' fire was passed before, reined up and countermarching, the forlorn hope could recede as a wave that carried the undertow. The reckless gallop bore its planted fruit. Back through the pass unharmed the men rode, and on by the ledge, and into Sumapetla. No pursuit came after. The fire of the guerrillas ceased ere the charge had been spent, and when the morning came there was the camp, and a thousand blessings for the bold young leader who had held his own so well, and kept his faith as he had kept the fort on its perch among the mountains.

It was a large city set upon a hill that loomed up through the mists of the evening—a city seen from afar and musical with many vesper bells. Peace stood in the ranks of the sentinel corn, and *fed with the* cattle that browsed by the streams in the meadows.

Peace came on the wings of the twilight and peopled the grasses with songs that soothed, and many toned voices that made for the earth a symphony. Days of short parade and longer merry-making dawned for the happy soldiery. The sweet, unbroken south wind brought no dust of battle from the palms and the orange blossoms by the sea. Couriers came and went, and told of peace throughout the realm; of robber bands surrendering to the law; of railroads planned and parks adorned; of colonists arriving and foreign ships in all the ports; of roads made safe for travel, and public virtue placed at premium in the market lists; of prophecies that brightened all the future, and to the Empire promised an Augustan age. The night and the sky were at peace as the city grew larger and larger on its hill, and a silence came to the ranks of the Expedition that was not broken until the camp became a bivouac with the goddess of plenty to make men sing of fealty and obeisance.

It was the City of Queretaro.

Yonder ruined convent, its gateway crumbling to decay, its fountains strewn with bits of broken shrubs and flowers, held the sleeping Emperor the night the traitor Lopez surrendered all to an Indian vengeance and compassion. When that Emperor awoke he had been dreaming. Was it of Miramar and "poor Carlota?"

The convent was at peace then, and the fountains were all at play. Two bearded Zouaves stood in its open door, looking out curiously upon the serried ranks of the Americans as they rode slowly by.

Yonder, on the left where a hill arises, the capture was made; yonder the Austrian cried out in the agony of this last desertion and betrayal:

"Is there then no bullet for me?"

Later, when the bullets found his heart, they found an image there that entered with his spirit into heaven—the image of "Poor Carlota."

CHAPTER XVI.

QUITE a large concentration of Americans had taken place in the City of Mexico. Many of these were penniless; all of them were soldiers. As long as they believed in the luck, or the fortune, or the good destiny of Shelby—and that, being a born soldier, the Empire must needs see and recognize those qualities which even his enemies had described as magnificent—they were content to wait for Shelby's arrival, living no man knew how, hungry always, sometimes sad, frequently in want of a roll or a bed—but turning ever their faces fair to the sunrise, saying, it may be a little reproachfully, to the sun: "What hast thou in store for us this day, oh! King?"

Maximilian was like a man who had a desperate race before him, and who had started out to win it. The pace in the beginning was therefore terrible. So firm was the stride, so tense were the muscles, so far in the rear were all competitiors, that opposition had well-nigh abandoned the contest and resistance had become so enfeebled as to be almost an absolute mockery.

In the noonday of the struggle a halt was had. There were so many sweet and odorous flowers, so many nights that were almost divine, so much of shade and luxury and ease, so much of music by the wayside, and so many hands that were held out to him for the grasping, that the young Austrian, schooled in the luxuries of literature and the pursuits of science, sat himself down just when the need was sorest and smoked and dreamed and planned and wrote and—died.

Maximilian was never a soldier. Perhaps he was no statesman as well. Most certainly all the elements of a politician were wanting in his character, which was singularly sweet, trusting and affectionate. To sign a death warrant gave him nights of solitude and remorse. Alone with his confessor he would beseech in prayer the merciful God to show to him that mercy he had denied to others. On the eve of an execution he had been known to flee from his capital as if pursued by some horrible nightmare. He could not kill, when, to reign as a foreigner, it was necessary to kill, as said William the Conqueror, until the balance is about even between those who came over with you and those whom you found upon your arrival.

The Emperor had given shelter to some honored and august Americans. Commodore M. F. Maury, who had preceded the Expedition, and who had brought his great fame and his transcend-

ent abilities to the support of the Empire, had been made the Imperial Commissioner of Immigration. Entering at once upon an energetic discharge of his duties, he had secured a large and valuable grant of land near the city of Cordova, which, even as early as September, 1865, was being rapidly surveyed and opened up for civilization. Agents of colonization had been sent to the United States, and reports were constantly being received of their cordial and sometimes enthusiastic reception by the people, from New Orleans to Dubuque, Iowa, and from New York westward to San Antonio, Texas. There was a world of people ready to emigrate. One in five of all the thousands would have been a swart, strapping fellow, fit for any service but best for the service of a soldier.

Therefore, when these things were told to Shelby, riding down from the highlands about Queretero to the lowlands about Mexico, he rubbed his hands as one who feels a steady flame by the bivouac-fire of a winter's night, and spoke out gleefully to Langhorne·

"We can get forty thousand and take our pick. Young men for war, and only young men emigrate. This Commodore Maury seems to sail as well upon the land as upon the water. It appears to me that we shall soon see the sky again. What do *you* say, Captain?"

Langhorne answered him laconically:

"The French are not friendly—that is to say, they want no soldiers from among us. You will not be permitted to recruit even so much as a front and a rear rank; and if this is what you mean by seeing the sky, then the sky is as far away as ever."

It was not long before the sequel proved which of the two was right.

Gen. John B. Magruder, who had also preceded the Expedition, and who had known Marshal Bazaine well in the Crimea, was commissioned Surveyor-General of the Empire through French influence, and assigned to duty with Commodore Maury. He had spoken twice to the Marshal in behalf of Shelby, and spoken frankly and boldly at that. He got in reply what Jeanningros had got and Depreuil and Douay and all of them. He got this sententious order:

"Bid Shelby march immediately to Mexico."

General Preston, who through much peril and imminent risk by night and day had penetrated to the Capital, even from Piedras Negras, had begged and pleaded for permission to return with such authority vouchsafed to Shelby as would enable him to recruit his corps. Preston fared like the rest. For answer he also got the order:

"Bid Shelby march immediately to Mexico"

And so he marched on into the glorious land between Queretaro and the Capital, and into the glorious weather, no guerrillas now to

keep watch against, no robbers anywhere about the hills or the fords. The Freneh were everywhere in the sunshine. Their picquets were upon all the roads. The villages contained their cantonments. There was peace and prosperity and a great rest among all the people. The women laughed in the glad land, and the voices of many children told of peaceful days and of the fatness of the field and the vine—of the streams that ran to the sea, and uplands green with leaf or gray with ripening grain.

Maybe Fate rests its head upon its two hands at times, and thinks of what little things it shall employ to make or mar a character—save or lose a life—banish beyond the light or enter into and possess forevermore a Paradise.

The march was running by meadow and river, and the swelling of billowy wheat, and great groves of orange trees wherein the sunshine hid itself at noon with the breeze and the mocking birds.

It was far into the evening that John Thrailkill sat by the fire of his mess, smoking and telling brave stories of the brave days that were dead. Others were grouped about in dreaming indolence or silent fancy—thinking, it may be, of the northern land with its pines and firs—of great rolling waves of prairie and plain, of forests where cabins were and white-haired children all at play.

Thrailkill was a guerrilla who never slept—that is to say who never knew the length or breadth of a bed from Sumter to Appomattox. Some woman in Platte county had made him a little black flag, under which he fought. This, worked in the crown of his hat, satisfied him with his loyalty to his lady-love. In addition to all this, he was one among the best pistol shots in a command where all were excellent.

Perhaps neither before nor since the circumstance here related has anything so quaint in recklessness or bravado been recorded this side of the Crusades. Thrailkill talked much, but then he had fought much, and fighting men love to talk now and then. Some border story of broil or battle, wherein, at desperate odds, he had done a desperate deed, came uppermost as the night deepened, and the quaint and scarred guerrilla was overgenerous in the share he took of the killing and the plunder.

A comrade by his side, Anthony West, doubted the story and ridiculed its narration. Thrailkill was not swift to anger for one so thoroughly reckless, but on this night he arose, every hair in his bushy beard bristling.

"You disbelieve me, it seems," he said, bending over the other until he could look into his eyes, "and for the skeptic there is only the logic of a blow. Is this real, and this?" and Thrailkill smote West twice in the face with his open hand—once on either cheek. No insult could be more studied, open and unpardonable.

Comrades interfered instantly, or there would have been blood shed in the heart of the camp and by the flames of the bivouac fire.

Each was very cool—each knew what the morrow would bring forth, without a miracle.

The camp was within easy reach of a town that was more of a village than a town. It had a church and a priest, and a regular Don of an Alcalde who owned leagues of arable land and two hundred game cocks besides. For Shelby's especial amusement a huge main was organized and a general invitation given to all who desired to attend.

The contest was to begin at noon. Before the sun had risen Capt. James H. Gillette came to Thrailkill, who was wrapped up in his blankets, and said to him:

"I have a message for you."

"It is not long, I hope."

"Not very long, but very plain."

"Yes, yes, they are all alike. I have seen such before. Wait for me a few minutes."

Thrailkill found Isaac Berry, and Berry in turn soon found Gillette.

The note was a challenge, brief and peremptory. Some conferences followed, and the terms were agreed upon. These were savage enough for an Indian. Colt's pistols, dragoon size, were the weapons, but only one of them was to be loaded. The other, empty in every chamber, was to be placed alongside the loaded one. Then a blanket was to cover both, leaving the butt of each exposed. He who won the toss was to make the first selection and Thrailkill won. The loaded and the unloaded pistol lay hidden beneath the blanket, the two handles so nearly alike that there was no appreciable difference. Thrailkill walked up to the tent whistling a tune. West stood behind him, watching with a face that was set as a flint. The first drew, cast his eyes along the cylinder, saw that it was loaded, and smiled. The last drew—every chamber was empty. Death was his portion as absolutely and as certainly as if death already stood by his side. Yet he made no sign other than to look up to the sky. Was it to be his last look?

The terms were ferocious, yet neither second had protested against them. It seemed as if one man was to murder another because one had been lucky in the toss of a silver dollar. As the case stood, Thrailkill had the right to fire *six shots* at West before West had the right to grasp even so much as a loaded pistol, and Thrailkill was known for his deadly skill throughout the ranks of the whole Expedition.

The two were to meet just at sunset, and the great cock main was at noon. To this each principal went, and each second, and before the main was over the life of a man stood as absolutely upon the prowess of a bird as the spring and its leaves upon the rain and the sunshine.

And thus it came about:

In Mexico cock-fighting is a national recreation, perhaps it is a national blessing as well. Men engage in it when they would be robbing else, and waylaying couriers bearing specie, and haunting the mountain gorges until the heavy trains of merchandise entered slowly in to be swallowed up.

The priests fight there, and the fatter the *padre* the finer his chicken. From the prayer-book to the pit is an easy transition, and no matter the *ares* so only the odds are in favor of the church. It is upon the Sundays that all the pitched battles begin. After the matin bells the matches. When it is vespers, for some there has been a stricken and for some a victorious field. No matter again—for all there is absolution.

The Alcalde of the town of Linares was a jolly, good-conditioned Mexican, who knew a bit of English, picked up in California, and who liked the Americans but for two things—their hard drinking and their hard swearing. Finding any ignorant of these accomplishments, there flowed never any more for them a stream of friendship from the Alcalde's fountain. It became dry as suddenly as a spring in the desert.

Shelby won his heart by sending him a case of elegant cognac—a present from Douay—and therefore was the main improvised which was to begin at noon.

The pit was a great circle in the midst of a series of seats that arose the one above the other. Over the entrance, which was a gateway opening like the lids of a book, was a chair of state, an official seat occupied by the Alcalde. Beside him sat a bugler in uniform. At the beginning and the end of a battle this bugler, watching the gestures of the Alcalde, blew triumphant or penitential strains acordingly as the Alcalde's favorite lost or won. As the main progressed the notes of gladness outnumbered those of sorrow.

A born cavalryman is always suspicious. He looks askance at the woods, the fences, the ponds, the morning fogs, the road that forks and crosses, and the road that runs into the rear of a halted column, or into either flank at rest in bivouac. It tries one's nerves so to fumble at uncertain girths in the darkness, a rain of bullets pouring down at the outposts and no shelter anywhere for a long week's marching.

And never at any time did Shelby put aught of faith in Mexican friendship, or aught of trust in Mexican welcome and politeness. His guard was perpetual, and his intercourse like his marching, was always in skirmishing order. Hence one-half the forces of the expedition were required to remain in camp under arms, prepared for any emergency, while the other half, free of restraint, could accept the Alcalde's invitation or not as they saw fit. The *most* of them attended. With the crowd went Thrailkill and West,

Gillette and Berry. All the village was there. The pit had no caste. Benevolent priests mingled with their congregations and bet their *pesos* on their favorites. Lords of many herds and acres, and mighty men of the country round about, the Dons of the *haciendas* pulled off their hats to the *peons*, and staked their gold against the greasy silver palm to palm. Fair *senoritas* shot furtive glances along the ranks of the soldiers—glances that lingered long upon the Saxon outline of their faces and retreated only when to the light of curiosity there had been added that of unmistakable admiration.

The bugle sounded and the weighing began. The sport was new to many of the spectators—to a few it was a sealed book. Twenty-five cocks were matched—all magnificent birds, not so large as those fought in America but as pure in game and as rich in plumage. There, too, the fighting is more deadly, that is to say, it is more rapid and fatal. The heels used have been almost thrown aside here. In the north and west absolutely, in New Orleans very nearly so. These heels, wrought of the most perfect steel and curved like a scimitar, have an edge almost exquisite in its keenness. They cut asunder like a sword-blade. Failing in instant death, they inflict mortal wounds. Before there is mutilation there is murder.

To the savage reality of combat there was added the atoning insincerities of music. These diverted the drama of its premeditation, and gave to it an air of surprise that, in the light of an accommodating conscience, passed unchallenged for innocence. In Mexico the natives rarely ask questions—the strangers never.

Shelby seated himself by the side of the Alcalde, the first five or six notes of a charge were sounded and the battle began. Thereafter with varying fortunes it ebbed and flowed through all the long afternoon. Aroused into instant championship, the Americans espoused the side of this or that bird, and lost or won as the fates decreed. There was but scant gold among them, all counted, but twenty dollars or twenty thousand, it would have been the same. A nation of born gamblers, it needed not a cock fight to bring all the old national traits uppermost. A dozen or more were on the eve of wagering their carbines and revolvers, when a sign from Shelby checked the unsoldierly impulse and brought them back instantly to a realization of duty.

Thrailkill had lost heavily—that is to say every dollar he owned on earth. West had won without cessation—won in spite of his judgment, which was often adverse to the wagers he laid. In this, maybe, Fate was but flattering him. Of what use would all his winnings be after the sunset?

It was the eighteenth battle, and a magnificent cock was brought forth who had the crest of an eagle and the eye of a basilisk. More sonorous than the bugle, his voice had blended war and mel-

ody in it. The glossy ebony of his plumage needed only the sunlight to make it a mirror where courage might have arrayed itself. In an instant he was everybody's favorite—in his favor all the odds were laid. Some few clustered about his antagonist—among them a sturdy old priest who did what he could to stem the tide rising in favor of the bird of the beautiful plumage.

Infatuated like the rest, Thrailkill would have staked a crown upon the combat; he did not have even so much as one *real*. The man was miserable. Once he walked to the door and looked out. If at that time he had gone forth, the life of West would have gone with him, but he did not go. As he returned he met Gillette, who spoke to him:

"You do not bet, and the battle is about to begin."

"I do not bet because I have not won. The pitcher that goes eternally to a well is certain to be broken at last."

"And yet you are fortunate."

Thrailkill shrugged his shoulders and looked at his watch. It wanted an hour yet of the sunset. The tempter still tempted him.

"You have no money, then. Would you like to borrow?"

"No."

Gilette mused awhile. They were tieing on the last blades, and the old priest had cried out:

"A doubloon to a doubloon against the black cock!"

Thrailkill's eyes glistened. Gillette took him by the arm. He spoke rapidly, but so low and distinct that every word was a thrust:

"You do not want to kill West—the terms are murderous—you have been soldiers together—you can take the priest's bet—here is the money. But," he looked him fair in the face, "if you win you pay me—if you lose I have absolute disposal of your fire."

"Ah!" and the guerrilla straightened himself up all of a sudden," what would you do with my fire?"

"Keep your hands clean from innocent blood, John Thrailkill. Is not that enough?"

The money was accepted, the wager with the priest was laid, and the battle began. When it was over the beautiful black cock lay dead on the sands of the arena, slain by the sweep of one terrific blow, while over him, in pitiless defiance, his antagonist, dun in plumage and ragged in crest and feather, stood a victor, conscious of his triumph and his prowess.

The sun was setting, and two men stood face to face in the glow of the crimson sky. On either flank of them a second took his place, a look of sorrow on the bold bronzed face of Berry, the light of anticipation in the watchful eyes of the calm Gillette. Well kept, indeed, had been the secret of the tragedy. The group who stood alone on the golden edge of the evening were all who knew the ways and the means of the work before them. West took his

place as a man who had shaken hands with life and knew how to die. Thrailkill had never been merciful, and this day of all days were the chances dead against a moment of pity or forgiveness.

The ground was a little patch of grass beside a stream, having trees in the rear of it, and trees over beyond the reach of the waters running musically to the sea. In the distance there were houses from which peaceful smoke ascended. Through the haze of the gathering twilight the sound of bells came from the homeward-plodding herds, and from the fields the happy voices of the reapers.

West stood full front to his adversary—certain of death. He expected nothing beyond a quick and speedy bullet, one which would kill without inflicting needless pain.

The word was given. Thrailkill threw his pistol out, covered his antagonist once fairly, looked once into his eyes, and saw that they did not quail, and then, with a motion as instantaneous as it was unexpected, lifted it up overhead and fired in the air.

Gillette had won his wager.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE city of all men's hopes and fears and aspirations; the city of the swart cavaliers of Cortez and the naked warriors of Montezuma, who rushed with bare bosom on lance and sword-blade; the city under the shadow of the old-world Huasco, that volcano, it may be, that was in its youth when Ararat bore aloft the ark as a propitiation to the God alike of the rainbow and the deluge, and that when the floods subsided sent its lava waves to the Pacific Ocean; the city which had seen the cold glitter of Northern steel flash along the broken way of Conteras, and wind itself up, striped thick with blood, into the heart of Chepultepec; the city filled now with Austrians and Belgians and Frenchmen and an Emperor newly crowned with manhood and valor, and an Empress, royal with an imperial youth and beauty—the city of Mexico was reached at last.

For many the long march was about to end, for others to begin again—longer, drearier, sterner than any march ever yet taken for king or country—the march down into the Valley of the Shadow, and over beyond the River and into the unknown and eternal.

Marshal Bazaine was a soldier who had seen service in Algeria, in the Crimea, in Italy—especially at Magenta—and he had won the *baton* at last in Mexico, that *baton* the First Napoleon declared might be in the knapsack of every soldier. The character of the man was a study some student of history may love to stumble upon in the future. Past fifty, white-haired where there was hair, bald over the forehead as one sees all Frenchmen who have served in Algeria, he made a fine figure on horseback, because from the waist up his body was long, lithe and perfectly trained; but not such a fine figure on foot, because the proportion was illy preserved between the two extremities. He was ambitious, brave to utter recklessness, crafty, yet outspoken and frank, a savage aristocrat who had married a fair-faced Spaniard and a million, merciless in discipline, beloved of his troops, adored by his miltiary family, a gambler who had been known to win a thousand ounces on a single card, a speculator and the owner of ships, a husband whom even the French called true, a father and a judge who, after he had caressed his infant, voted death at the court-martial so often that one officer began to say to another:

"He shoots them all."

Bazaine was a skillful soldier. As long as it was war with Juarez, he kept Juarez starving and running—sometimes across the Rio Grande into Texas, where the Federals fed him, and sometimes

in the mountains about El Paso, never despondent, it is true, yet never well-filled in either commissariat or cartridge-box. After the visit of General Castelneau, an aid-de-camp of Napoleon, and the reception of positive orders of evacuation, the Marshal let the Liberals have pretty much their own way, so that they neither injured nor interrupted the French soldiers coming and going about the country at will. As the French waves receded the waves of the Juaristas advanced. Bazaine sold them cannon and muskets and much ammunition, it is said, and even siege guns with which to batter down the very walls of Maximilian's palace itself. Those who have accused him of this have slandered and abused the man. He may have known much of many things, of ingratitude not one heart-throb. Not his the aggravation of evacuation, the sudden rending asunder of the whole frame-work of Imperial society, the great fear that fell upon all, the patriotic uprisings that had infection and jubilee in them, the massacre of Mexicans who had favored the Austrian, the breaking up of all schemes for emigration and colonization, and the ending of a day that was to bring the cold, long night of Queretaro.

Rudolph, Emperor of Germany, who was born in 1218, and who was the son of Albert IV., Count of Hapsburg, was the founder of that family to which Maximilian belonged. In 1282 Rudolph placed his son Albert on the throne of Austria, and thus begins the history of that house which has swayed the destinies of a large portion of Europe for nearly eight hundred years, a house which, through many terrible struggles, has gained and lost and fought on and ruled on, sometimes wisely and sometimes not, yet ever ruling in the name of divine right and of the House of Hapsburg.

Through the force of marriage, purchase and inheritance, the State of Austria grew in extent beyond that of any other in the German Empire. In 1359 Rudolph IV. assumed the title of Archduke Palatine, and in 1363 his reign was made notorious by the valuable acquisition of the Tyrol. This was the commencement of the history of the Archdukes, who were thereafter assigned to the high position of Emperor, the first taken from among them being Alfred II., who was chosen in 1438. The marriage of the bold, unscrupulous and ambitious Maximilian I., at the age of eighteen, to Mary, daughter of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, in 1477, added to Austria's territorial claim largely, and embraced Flanders, Franche Comte and all the Low Countries. In 1521 Ferdinand I. married Ann, sister of Louis, King of Hungary and Bohemia, who was killed at the battle of Mohaez, in 1526, his empire being absorbed and incorporated with Austria. Upon the events of the fifteenth century, Charles V. left an immortal impress, and the blood of this great Emperor was in the veins of Maximilian of Mexico.

In 1618 Europe, alarmed at the increasing territorial aggrandizement *of Austria,* and torn by feuds between Protestants and Catho-

lics, saw the commencement of the thirty years' war. It terminated in the treaty of Westphalia in 1648, which accomplished the independence of the German States. In 1713 Austria gained the Italian provinces by the treaty of Utrecht, and in 1726, the last male of the House of Hapsburg, Charles II., died, the succession falling upon his daughter, Maria Theresa. She was succeeded by her son, Joseph II., and in 1792, at the age of twenty-two, Francis II. succeeded his father, Leopold II., and became Emperor of Germany, King of Bohemia, Hungaria, etc. His reign was unusually stormy, and in three campaigns against the French he lost much of his territory and was forced into the unfortunate treaty of Presburg. In 1804 he assumed the title of Francis I., Emperor of Austria, and in 1806 yielded up that of Emperor of Germany. Thus, through an unbroken line, male and female, did the House of Hapsburg hold the title of Emperor of Germany from 1437 to 1806. Maria Louisa, the daughter of this Francis, was married to the great Napoleon in 1810, and in 1813 her father was in arms against France, and in the alliance with Russia, Prussia and England. In 1815 he had regained much of his lost territory, and had succeeded in cementing more firmly than ever the contending elements of the Austrian empire.

Francis I. died in 1835, leaving the throne to his son Ferdinand I., who, in consequence of the political revolution of 1848, the fatigue of state affairs, and a wretched condition of health, abdicated in the same year, in favor of his brother, Archduke Francis Charles, who, on the same day, transferred his right to the throne to his eldest son, the present Emperor, who was declared of age at eighteen. Hungary refused to recognize the new monarch, and constituted a republic under Kossuth, April 14, 1849. Bloody and short-lived, the republic was conquered and crushed under the feet of the Cossack and the Croat.

And in such guise is this history given of one who, inheriting many of the splendid virtues of his race, was to inherit some of its sorrows and tragedies as well.

Ferdinand Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, was born in the palace of Schonbrun, near Vienna, on the 10th day of July, A. D. 1832. He was the second son of Francis Charles, Archduke of Austria, and of the Archduchess Frederica Sophia. His eldest brother was Francis Joseph I., the present Emperor of the Austrian Empire. Two younger brothers embraced the family—and among the whole there was a tenderness and affection so true and so rare in statecraft that in remarking it to the mother of the princes, Marshal McMahon is reported to have said:

"Madam, these are young men such as you seldom see, and princes such as you never see."

In height Maximilian was six feet two inches. His eyes were blue *and penetrating*, a little sad at times, and often introspective. Per-

haps never in all his life had there ever come to them a look of craft or cruelty. His forehead was broad and high, prominent where ideality should abound, wanting a little in firmness, if phrenology is true, yet compact enough and well enough proportioned to indicate resources in reserve and abilities latent and easily aroused. To a large mouth was given the Hapsburg lip, that thick, protruding, semi-cleft under lip, too heavy for beauty, too immobile for features that, under the iron destiny that ruled the hour, should have suggested Cæsar or Napoleon. A great yellow beard fell in a wave to his waist. At times this was parted at the chin, and descended in two separate streams, as it were, silkier, glossier, heavier than any yellow beard of any yellow-haired Hun or Hungarian that had followed him from the Rhine and the Danube.

He said pleasant and courtly things in German, in English, Hungarian, Slavonic, French, Italian and Spanish. In natural kindness of temper, and in elegance and refinement of deportment, he surpassed all who surrounded him and all with whom he came in contact. Noblemen of great learning and cosmopolitan reputation were his teachers. Prince Esteraze taught him the Hungarian language; Count de Schnyder taught him mathematics; Thomas Zerman taught him naval tactics and the Italian language. A splendid horseman, he excelled also in athletic sports. With the broadsword or the rapier few men could break down his guard or touch him with the steel's point.

At the age of sixteen he visited Greece, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Madeira and Africa. He was a poet who wrote sonnets that were set to music, a botanist, a book-maker, the captain of a frigate, an admiral. He did not love to see men die. All his nature was tenderly human. He loved flowers and music and statuary and the repose of the home circle and the fireside. He had a palace called Miramar, which was a paradise. Here the messengers found him when they came bearing in their hands the crown of Mexico—a gentle, lovable prince—adored by the Italians over whom he had ruled, the friend of the Third Napoleon, a possible heir to the throne of Austria, a chivalrous, elegant, polished gentleman.

How he died the world knows—betrayed, butchered, shot by a dead wall, thinking of Carlotta.

France never thoroughly understood the war between the States. Up to the evacuation of Richmond by Lee, Louis Napoleon believed religiously in the success of the Southern Confederacy. An alliance offensive and defensive with President Davis was proposed to him by Minister Slidell, an alliance which guaranteed to him the absolute possession of Mexico and the undisturbed erection of an empire within its borders. For this he was asked to raise the blockade at Charleston and New Orleans, and furnish for offensive operations a corps of 75,000 French soldiers. He declined

the alliance because he believed it unnecessary. Of what use to hasten a result, hear gued, which in the end would be inevitable?

After Appomattox Court House he awoke to something like a realization of the drama in which he was the chief actor. The French nation clamored against the occupation. Its cost was enormous in blood and treasure. America, sullen and vicious, and victor in a gigantic war, looked across the Rio Grande with her hand upon her sword. Diplomacy could do nothing against a million of men in arms. It is probable that in this supreme moment Mr. Seward revenged on France the degradation forced upon him by the Trent affair, and used language so plain to the Imperial minister that all ideas of further foothold or aggrandizement in the new world were abandoned at once and for ever.

When Shelby arrived in Mexico the situation was peculiar. Ostensibly Emperor, Maximilian had scarcely any more real authority than the Grand Chamberlain of his household. Bazaine was the military autocrat. The mints, the mines and the custom houses were in his possession. His soldiers occupied all the ports where exporting and importing were done. Divided first into military departments, and next into civil departments, a French general, or colonel, or officer of the line of some grade, commanded each of the first, and an Imperial Mexican of some kind, generally half Juarista and half robber, commanded each of the last. For their allies the French had a most supreme and sovereign contempt—a contempt as natural as it was undisguised. Conflicts, therefore, necessarily occurred. Civil law, even in sections where civil law might have been made beneficial, rarely ever lifted its head above the barricade of bayonets, and its officers—finding the French supreme in everything, especially in their contempt—surrendered whatever of dignity or official appreciation belonged to them, and without resigning or resisting, were content to plunder their friends or traffic with the enemy.

Perhaps France had a reason or two for dealing thus harshly with the civil administration of affairs. Maximilian was one of the most unsuspecting and confiding of men. He actually believed in Mexican faith and devotion—in such things as Mexican patriotism and love of peace and order. He would listen to their promises and become enthusiastic; to their plans and grow convinced; to their oaths and their pledges, and take no thought for to-morrow, when the oaths were to become false and the pledges violated. France wished to arouse him from his unnatural dream of trusting goodness and gentleness, and put in lieu of the fatal narcotic more of iron and blood.

France had indeed scattered lives freely in Mexico. At first England and Spain had joined with France in an invasion for certain feasible and specified purposes, none of which purposes, how-

ever, were to establish an empire, enthrone a foreign prince, support him by a foreign army, seize possession of the whole Mexican country, govern it as part or the royal possessions, make of it in time, probably, a great menace, but certain—whatever the future might be—to ruffle the feathers pretty roughly upon that winged relation of the great American eagle, the Monroe Doctrine.

Before the occupation, however, Mexico was divided into two parties—that of the Liberals, led by Juarez, and that of the church, its political management in the hands of the Archbishop, its military management in the hands of Miramon. Comonfort, an Utopian dreamer and Socialist, yet a liberal for all that, renounced the presidency in 1858. Thereupon the Capital of the nation was seized by the church party, Miramon at its head, and much wrong was done to foreigners, so much wrong, indeed, that from it the alliance sprung that was to sow all over the country a terrible crop of armed men.

In 1861 England, France and Spain united to demand from Mexico the payment of all claims owed by her, and to demand still further and stronger some absolute guarantee against future murders and spoliations.

England's demands were based upon the assertion that on the 16th day of November, 1860, Miramon unlawfully took from English residents one hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling. This money was in the house of the British Legation. The house was attacked, stoned, fired into, some of its domestics killed and wounded, and the Minister himself saved with difficulty. Afterward, at Tacubaya, an outlying village of the capital, seventy-three Englishmen were brutally murdered—shot at midnight in a ditch, and to appease, it is thought, a moment of savage superstition and cruelty. To this day it is not known even in Mexico why Miramon gave his consent to this horrid butchery. In other portions of the country, and indeed in every portion of it where there were Englishmen, they were insulted with impunity, robbed of their possessions, often imprisoned, sometimes murdered, and frequently driven forth penniless from among their tormentors.

A treaty had been made in Paris, in 1859, between Spain and the Church party, which provided for the payment of the Spanish claims. This treaty was annulled when Juarez came into power, and the refusal was peremptory to pay a single dollar to Spain. The somewhat novel declaration was also made that the Republic of Mexico owed to its own citizens about as much as it could pay, and that when discriminations had to be made they should be made against the foreigner. Spain became furiously indignant, and joined in with England in the alliance.

France had also her grievances. A Swiss banker named Jecker, who had been living in Mexico a few years prior to the Expedition of

the three great powers, had made a fortune high up among the millions. Miramon looked upon Jecker with awe and admiration, and from friends the two men soon became to be partners. A decree was issued by Miramon on the 29th of October, 1859, providing for the issuance of three millions pounds sterling in bonds. These bonds were to be taken for taxes and import duties, were to bear six per cent. interest, and were to have the interest paid for five years by the house of Jecker. As this was considerably above the average life of the average Mexican Government, Miramon felt safe in taking no thought of the interest after Jecker had paid for the first five years. Certain regulations also provided that the holders of these bonds might transfer them and receive in their stead Jecker's bonds, paying a certain percentage for the privilege of the transfer. Jecker was to issue the bonds and to receive five per cent. on the issue. He did not, however, consummate the arrangement as the provisions of the decree required, and at his own suggestion the contract was modified. At last the result narrowed itself down to this: the Church part stood bound for three millions seven hundred and twenty thousand pounds sterling, and Jecker found himself in a position where it was impossible to comply with his contract. In May, 1860, his house suspended payment. His creditors got the bonds, the Church party gave place to the Liberal party, and then a general repudiation came. This party refused to acknowledge any debt based upon the Miramon-Jecker transaction, just as it had refused to carry out the stipulations of a sovereign treaty made with Spain.

The most of Jecker's creditors were Frenchmen, and France resolved to collect not only this debt, but claims to the amount of twelve millions of dollars besides. Failing to obtain a peaceful settlement, late in the year 1860, the French Minister left the Capital after this significant speech :

" If there shall be a war between us it shall be a war of destruction."

And it was.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE three complaining powers—England, France and Spain — met in London, October, 1861, and agreed that each should send upon the Expedition an equal naval force, and that the number of troops to be furnished by each should be regulated according to the number of subjects which the respective powers had in Mexico. It was further expressed and stipulated that the intervention should only be for the purpose of enforcing the payment of the claims assumed to be due, and that in no particular was any movement to be made looking to an occupation of the country. England, however, was dissatisfied with a portion of France's claim, and Spain coincided with England. Notwithstanding this fact, however, a joint fleet was sent to Vera Cruz, which reached its destination January 6, 1862. On the 7th, six thousand three hundred Spanish, two thousand eight hundred French, and eight hundred English troops were disembarked, and by a treaty made with Juarez at Soledad, and signed February 19, 1862, these troops were permitted to leave the fever marshes about Vera Cruz, and march to the glorious regions about Orizava.

Orizava, on the National Road midway between Cordova and Puebla, is a city whose climate and whose surroundings might recall to any mind the Garden of Eden. Its skies are always blue, its air is always balmy, its women are always beautiful, its fruit is always ripe, and its sweet repose but rarely broken by the clamor of marauding bands, or the graver warfare of more ferocious revolutionists.

To admit the strangers into such a land, sick from the tossings of the sea, and weak from the poison of the low lagoons, was worse for Juarez than a pitched battle wherein the victory rested with the invaders. Some of them at least would lay hands upon it for its beauty alone, if other and more plausible reasons could not be found. At an early day, however, the ambitious designs of Napoleon began to manifest themselves. There were some protests made, some sharp correspondence had, not a few diplomatic quarrels indulged in, and at last, to cut a knot they could not untie, the English and Spanish troops were ordered back peremptorily to Vera Cruz, the two nations abandoning the alliance, and withdrawing their forces entirely from the country. This left the French alone and unsupported. The treaty of Soledad expired, and they were ordered by Juarez to return to their original position. For answer there was an immediate attack.

The city of Peublo, ninety miles north from Orizava, strong by nature, had been still more strongly fortified, and was held by a

garrison of twenty thousand Liberals, under the command of Saragosa, an ardent and impassioned young Mexican, as brave as he was patriotic. General Lorencez, who commanded the French, without waiting for reinforcements, and being destitute of a siege train, dashed his two thousand soldiers against the ramparts of Pueblo, and had them shattered and repulsed. The battle lasted a whole day through, and thrice the Third Zouaves passed the ditch, and thrice they were driven back. At nightfall a retreat was had, and after sore marching and fighting Lorencez regained Orizava, fortifying in turn, and waiting as best he could for succor from France.

It came speedily in the shape of General Forey and twelve thousand men. Pueblo was besieged and captured, and without further resistance and without waiting to give Juarez time to repair his losses, he hurried on to the City of Mexico, meeting everywhere an enthusiastic reception from the Imperial Mexicans, who believed that the work of subjugation had been finished.

What the French do is generally done quickly. On the 17th of May, 1863, Pueblo surrendered; on the 13th of May Juarez evacuated the Capital; on the 10th of June the French took possession, and on the 16th General Forey issued a decree for the formation of a provisional government. This new government assembled with great solemnity on the 25th of June. On the 2d of July they published an edict containing a list of two hundred and fifteen persons who were declared to constitute the Assembly of Notables, intrusted with the duty of providing a plan for a permanent government. On the 8th of July this body was installed in the presence of the French Commander-in-chief, and Count Dubois de Saligny, Minister Plenipotentiary of France. A committee was next appointed to draft a form of government, and on the 10th this committee submitted their plan to the Assembly, which was unanimously adopted.

These were its chief points:

1st—The Mexican Nation adopts for its form of government a limited, hereditary monarchy, with a Catholic Prince.

2d—The Sovereign will take the title of Emperor of Mexico.

3d—The Imperial Crown of Mexico is offered to His Imperial Highness, Prince Fedinand Maximilian, Archduke of Austria, for him and his descendants

4th—In case of any circumstances impossible to foresee, the Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian should not take possession of the throne which is offered him, the Mexican Nation submits to the benevolence of Napoleon III., Emperor of the French, to indicate to her another Catholic Prince.

And thus was that Government created which was so soon to set in misery and tears.

It is not generally known, but it is true, however, that as early *as October* 30, 1861, Maximilian was offered the throne of Mexico

and declined it. While expressing himself extremely grateful for the confidence reposed in his wisdom and moderation, and for the many sentiments of respect embraced in the letter containing the offer, he declared that he would first have to be assured of the will and co-operation of the country. And even when the French had conquered and occupied every important place in the Empire, and after the Assembly of Notables had created a government and sent its deputation to notify Maximilian of his unanimous election as Emperor, he still lingered as if unwilling to tempt the unknown. Did some good angel come to him in dreams and whisper of the future? Who knows? *He* at least deserved such a heavenly visit.

After he had accepted the second offer of the throne, and before his departure from Miramar, Maximilian sent a special messenger to Mexico, bearing a communication to Juarez, which was written by Baron de Pont, his counselor. It was dated Bellevue Hotel, Brussels, March 16, 1864, and contained propositions to the effect that Maximilian did not wish to force himself upon the Mexicans by the aid of foreign troops, against the will of the people; that he did not wish to change or make for them any political system of government contrary to an express wish of a majority of the Mexicans; that he wished the bearer of the letter to say to President Juarez, that he, Maximilian, was willing to meet President Juarez in any convenient place, on Mexican soil, which President Juarez might designate, for the purpose of discussing the affairs of Mexico, in an amicable manner; and that doubtless an understanding and conclusion might be reached wholly in unison with the will of the people.

The gentleman bearing the letter went to Mexico, saw President Juarez, stated his mission, and gave him a copy of the communication. The President cooly answered that he could not consent to any meeting with Maximilian.

This was in March. In April, 1864, the newly chosen Emperor sailed away from Trieste, from his beautiful home by the blue Medeterranean; from the Old World with its luxury and its art; from a thousand memories fresh with the dawn of youth and sparkling in the sunshine of happiness; from the broad ægis of an Empire whose monarch he might have been; from a proud fleet created and made formidable by his genius; from the tombs of his ancestors and the graves of his kindred—and for what? To attempt an impossible thing. Instead of a civilized and Christian monarch, the Mexicans needed missionaries. Instead of the graces and virtues of European culture and education, the barbarians required grap-shot and canister. Instead of plans for all kinds of improvements, for works of usefulness and adornment, the destroying vandals could be happy only with a despotism and the simple austerity of martial law. Poor Austrian and poor Emperor! Attempting to rule

"I have under my command at present about 1,000 tried and experienced troops. All of them have seen much severe and actual service, and all of them are anxious to enlist in support of the Empire. With your permission, and authorized in your name to increase my forces, and in a few months all the promises given here to day could be made good."

The Emperor still remained silent. It appeared as if Shelby was an enigma he was trying to make out—one which interested him at the same time that it puzzled him. In the habit of having full and free conversations with Commodore Maury, and of reposing in him the most unlimited confidence, he would look first at Shelby and then at Maury, as if appealing from the blunt frankness of the one to the polished sincerity and known sound judgment of the other. Perhaps Marshal Bazaine knew better than any man at the interview how keenly incisive had been Shelby's analysis of the situation; and how absolutely certain were events, neither he nor his master could control, to push the last of his soldiers beyond the ocean. At intervals the calm, immobile face would flush a little, and once or twice he folded and unfolded a printed despatch he held in his hands. Beyond these evidences of attention, it was not known that Bazaine was even listening. His own judgment was strongly in favor of the employment of the Americans, and had the bargain been left to him, the bargain would have been made before the end of the interview. He was a soldier, and reasoned from a soldier's standpoint. Maximilian was a Christian ruler, and shrank within himself, all his nature in revolt, when the talk was of bloodshed and provinces held by the bayonet. His mind was convinced from the first that Shelby's policy was the best for him, and he leant to it as to something he desired near him for support when the crisis came. He did not embrace it, however, and make it part and parcel of his heart and his affections. Therein began the descent that ended only at Queretaro. After the French left he had scarcely so much as a bundle of reeds to rest upon. Those of his Austrians and Belgians spared by pestilence and war died about him in dogged and desperate despair. They did not care to die, only they knew they could do no good, and as Lieutenant Karnak said, when speaking for all the little handful, they saw the end plainer, perhaps, than any removed yet a stone's throw further from the *finale*.

"This last charge will soon be over, boys, and there won't be many of us killed, because there are so few of us to kill; but (and he whispered it while the bugles were blowing) although we die for our Emperor to-day, he will die for us to-morrow."

When the rally sounded Karnak's squadron of seventy came back with six. Karnak was not among them.

The Emperor did not reply directly to Shelby. He rose up, beckoned De Noue to one side, spoke to him quietly and earnestly for some

brief moments, dismissed his visitors pleasantly and withdrew. His mind, however, it appears, had been made up from the first. He was not willing to trust the Americans in an organization so large and so complete—an organization composed of forty thousand skilled and veteran soldiers, commanded by officers of known valor, and anxious for any enterprise, no matter how daring or desperate. Besides he had other plans in view.

As De Noue passed out he spoke to Shelby:

"It's no use. The Emperor is firm on the point of diplomacy. He means to try negotiation and correspondence with the United States. He thinks Mr. Seward is favorably disposed toward him, and that the spirit of the dominant party will not be adverse to his experiment with the Mexicans. His sole desire is to give them a good government, lenient yet restraining laws, and to develop the country and educate the people. He believes that he can do this with native troops, and that it will be greatly to the interest of the American Government to recognize him, and to cultivate with him the most friendly relations. At any rate," and De Noue lowered his voice, "at any rate, His Majesty is an enthusiast, and you know that an enthusiast reasons ever from the heart instead of the head. He will not succeed. He does not understand the people over whom he rules, nor any of the dangers which beset him. You know he once governed in Lombardy and Venitia, when they were Austrian provinces, and he made so many friends there for a young prince that he might well suppose he had some divine right to reign successfully. There is no similarity, however, between the two positions. A powerful army was behind him when he was in Italy, and a singularly ferocious campaign, wherein the old Austrian, Marshal Radetsky, manifested all the fire and vigor of his youth, had crushed Italian resistance to the earth. It was the season for the physician and the peace-maker, and the Emperor came in with his salves and his healing ointments. Singularly fitted for the part he had been called upon to perform, he won the hearts of all with whom he came in contact, and left at last universally loved and regretted. It is no use I say again, General, the Emperor will not give you employment."

"I knew it," replied Shelby.

"How?" and De Noue shrugged his shoulders.

"From his countenance. Not once could I bring the blood to his calm benignant face. He has faith, but no enthusiasm, and enthusiasm such as he needs would be but another name for audacity. I say to you in all frankness, Count De Noue, Maximilian will fail in his diplomacy."

"Your reasons, General."

"Because he will not have time to work the problem out. I have traveled slowly and in my own fashion from Piedras Negras to

the City of Mexico—traveled by easy stages when the need was, and by forced marches when the need was, fighting a little at times and resting a little at ease at times, but always on guard, and watching upon the right hand and upon the left. Save the ground held by your cantonments and your garrisons, and the ground your cannon can hold in range, and your cavalry can patrol and scour, you have not one foot in sympathy with you, with the Emperor, with the Empire, with anything that promises to be respectable in government or reliable in administration. Juraez lives as surely in the hearts of the people as the snow is eternal on the brow of Popocatapetl, and ere an answer could come from Seward to the Emperor's Minister of State, the Emperor will have no Minister of State. That's all, Count. I thank you very much for your kind offices to-day, and would have given a good account of my Americans if king-craft had seen the wisdom of their employment. I must go back to my men now, They expect me early."

Thus terminated an interview that had more of destiny in it, perhaps, than the seeming indifference and disinclination to talk on the part of the Emperor might indicate. The future settled the question of policy that alone kept the ruler and his subject apart. When the struggle came that Shelby had so plainly and bluntly depicted, Maximilian was in the midst of eight million of savages, without an army, with scarcely a guard, with none upon whom he could rely, abandoned, deserted and betrayed. Was it any wonder, therefore, that the end of the Empire should be the dead wall at Queretaro?

CHAPTER XIX.

THE annunciation of Maximilian's emphatic resolution bore heavily upon the Americans for some brief hours, and they gathered about their barracks in squads and groups to talk over the matter as philosophers and look the future full in the face like men. A soldier is most generally a fatalist. Some few of them have presentiments, and some that abounding reverence for the Scriptures that makes them Christians even in the vengeful passions of pursuit; but to the masses rarely ever comes any thought of the invisible, any care for what lies out of sight, and out of reach, and under the shadows of the sunset world. Sufficient unto the day is indeed for them the evil thereof.

These Americans, however, of Shelby's had moralized much about the future, and had dreamed, it may be, many useless and unprofitable dreams about the conquests that were to give to them a home, a flag, a country—a portion of a new land filled full of the richness of the mines and the tropics. And many times in dreaming these dreams they went hungry for bread. Silver had become almost invisible of late, and if all the purses of the men had been emptied into the lap of a woman, the dollars that might have been gathered up would scarcely have paid the price of a bridal veil. Still they were cheerful. When every other resourse failed, they knew they were in a land of robbers, and that for horses and arms none surpassed them in all the Empire. Hence when Shelby called them around him after his interview with the Emperor, it was with something of apathy, or at least of indifference that they listened to his report.

"We are not wanted," he commenced, "and perhaps it is best so. Those who have fought as you have for a principle have nothing more to gain in a war for occupation or conquest. Our neccessities are grievious, it is true, and there is no work for us in the line of our profession; but to-day, as upon the first day I took command of you, I stand ready to abide your decision in the matter of our destiny. If you say we shall march to the headquarters of Juarez, then we shall march, although all of you will bear me witness that at Piedras Negras I counseled immediate and earnest service in his government. You refused then as you will refuse to-day. Why? Because you are all Imperialists at heart just as I am, and because, poor simpletons, you imagined that France and the United States might come to blows at last. Bah! the day for that has gone by. Louis Napoleon slept too long. The only foreigner who ever understood our war, who ever looked across the ocean with anything of

a prophet's vision, who ever said yes when he meant yes and no when he said no, was Palmerston, and he was an Abolitionist *per se.*"

Here Shelby checked himself suddenly. The old ironical fit had taken possession of him, one which always came on him on the eve of the battle or the morning of the conflict.

"I find myself quoting Latin when I do not even understand Spanish. How many of you know enough Spanish to get you a Spanish wife with an acre of bread fruit, twenty-five tobacco plants and a handful of corn? We can not starve, boys."

The men laughed long and loud. They had been gloomy at first and a little resolved, some of them, to take to the highway. As poor as the poorest there, Shelby came among them with his badinage and his laughter, and in an hour the forces of the expedition were as a happy family again. Plans for the future were presented, discussed and abandoned. Perhaps there would be no longer any further unity of action. A great cohesive power had been suddenly taken away, and there was danger of the band breaking up—a band that had been winnowed in the fierce winds of battle, and made to act as with one impulse, by the iron influences of discipline and disaster. Many came solely for the service they expected to take. If they had to dig in the ground, or suffer chances in the raising of cotton or corn, they preferred to do it where it was not necessary to plow by day and stand guard over the mules and oxen at night—to get a bed at the end of the furrows instead of a fusilade.

To do anything, however, or to move in any direction, it was necessary first to have a little money. Governor Reynolds, with the same zeal and devotion that had always characterized his efforts in behalf of Missourians during the war in his own country, sought now to obtain a little favor for the men at the hands of Marshal Bazaine. In conjunction with General Magruder, he sought an interview with the Marshal and represented to him that at Parras the Expedition had been turned from its original course, and forced to march into the interior by his own positive orders. This movement necessarily cut it off from all communication with friends at home, and rendered it impossible for those who composed it to receive either letters or supplies. Had it been otherwise, and had the march to the Pacific been permitted, in conformity with the original intention, access to California was easy, and the trips of the incoming and outgoing steamers to and from Guaymas and Mazatlan regular and reliable. In their view, therefore, the Marshal, they thought, should at least take the matter under consideration, and act in the premises as one soldier should in dealing with another.

Bazaine was generous to extravagance, as most French officers are who hold power in their hands, and whose whole lives have been spent in barrack and field. He took from his military chest

fifty dollars apiece for the men and officers, share and share alike, and this amount came to each as a rain to a field that the sun is parching. It put into their hands in a moment, as it were, the choosing of their own destiny. Thereafter every man went the way that suited him best.

Commodore Maury had, several months before, been made Imperial Commissioner of Emigration, and was at work upon his duties with the ambition of a sailor and the intelligence of a *savant*. All who came in contact with him loved the simple, frugal, gentle Christian of the spiritual church and the church militant. Some of his family were with him. His son was there, Col. Richard H. Maury, and his son's wife, and other Americans who had families, and who were at work in his office. These formed a little society of themselves—a light, as it were, in the night of the exiles. The Commodore gave the entire energies of his massive mind to the work before him. He knew well the exhausted and discontented condition of the South, and he believed that a large emigration could be secured with but little exertion. He dispatched agents to the United States charged with the duty of representing properly the advantages and resources of the country, and of laying before the people the exact condition of Mexican affairs. This some of them did in a most satisfactory manner, and as a result a great excitement arose. By one mail from New York he received over seven hundred letters asking for circulars descriptive of the country, and of the way to reach it.

Maury's renown had filled the old world as well as the new. His "Physical Geography of the Sea" saw itself adorned in the graces of eleven separate languages. It also brought him fame, medals, crosses, broad ribbons of appreciation and purses well filled with gold, these last being the offerings sea captains and shippers made to the genius who laid his hand upon the ocean as upon a slate, and traced thereon the routes that the winds favored, and the routes that had in ambush upon them shipwreck and disaster. His calm, benevolent face, set in a framework of iron gray hair, was one which the women and the children loved—a picture that had over it the aureole of a saint. No gentler man ever broke bread at the table of a court. Much of the crispness and the sparkle of the salt water ran through his conversation. He was epigrammatic to a degree only attained on board a man-of-war. His mind had the logic of instinct. He divined while other men delved. Always a student, the brilliance of his imagination required at his hands the most constant curbing. Who that has read that book of all sea books has forgotten his reference to the gulf stream when he says: "There is a river in the midst of the ocean." Destiny gave him a long life that he might combat against the treachery of the sea. When he died he was a conqueror.

General Magruder was the Imperial Commissioner of the Land Office, and he, too, had gathered his family around him, and taken into his service other Americans weary of degradation at home, and exiles in a land that might to-day have been Maximilian's. Magruder had once before entered Mexico as a conqueror. All its ways and its moods were known to him, and often in the sunshiny weather, when the blue air blessed the glad earth with its blessings of freshness and fragrance, those who were dreaming of the past followed him hour after hour about Chepultepec, and over the broken way of Cerro Gordo, and in amid the ruins of Molino de-Rey, and there where the Belen gate stood yet in ghastly and scattered fragments, and yonder in its pedregral and under the shadow of Huasco, about the crest of Churubusco, green now in the garments of summer, and asleep so peacefully in the arms of the sunset that the younger loiterers think the old man strange when he tells of the storm and the massacre, the wounded that were bayoneted and the dead that were butchered after all life had fled. There are no specters there, and no graves among the ruins, and no splotches as of blood upon the velvet leaves. Yes, surely the old man wanders, for but yesterday, it seems to them, the battle was fought.

Soldiers never repine. Destiny with them has a name which is called April. One day it is gracious in sunshiny things, and the next ruinous with rainstorms and cloudy weather. As it comes they take it, laughing always and at peace with the world and the things of the world. Some faces lengthened, it may be, and some hopes fell in the hey-day and the morning of their life, when Shelby told briefly the story of the interview, but beyond the expressions of a certain vague regret, no man went. Another separation was near at hand, one which, for the most of them there, would be the last and irrevocable.

In the vicinity of Cordova there was a large extent of uncultivated land which had once belonged to the church, and which had been rudely and unscrupulously confiscated by Juarez. When Maximilian came into possession of the Government, it was confidently believed that he would restore to the church its revenues and territory, and more especially that portion of the ecclesiastical domain so eminently valuable as that about Cordova. It embraced, probably, some half a million acres of cotton and sugar and coffee and, well watered, and lying directly upon the great national road from Vera Cruz to the Capital, and upon the Mexican Imperial Railway, then finished, to Paso del Macho, twenty-five miles southward from Cordova.

Maximilian, however, confirmed the decree of confiscation issued by Juarez, and set all this land apart for the benefit of American emigrants who, as actual settlers, desired to locate upon it and *begin* at once the work of cultivation. Men having families

received six hundred and forty acres of land, at the stipulated price of one dollar and a quarter per acre, and men without families three hundred and twenty acres at the same price. Commissioner Maury, remembering his schooling and the experience of his Washington days when he ruled the National Observatory so much to the glory of his country and the honor of science, adopted the American plan of division, and thereby secured the establishment of a system that was as familiar to the new comers as it was satisfactory.

Many settlers arrived and went at once to the colony, which in honor of the most perfect woman of the nineteenth century, was named Carlota. A village sprung up almost in a night The men were happy and sung at their toil. Birds of beautiful plumage flew near and nearer to them while they plowed, and in the heat of the afternoons they reposed for comfort under orange trees that were white with bloom and golden with fruit at the same time. So impatient is life in that tropical land that there is no death. Before it is night over the eyes the sun again has peopled all the groves with melody and perfume. The village had begun to put on the garments of a town. Emigration increased. The fame of Carlota went abroad, and what had before appeared only a thin stream of settlers, now took the form of an inundation.

Shelby told his men all he knew about Carlota, and advised them briefly to pre-empt the legal quantity of land and give up at once any further idea of service in the ranks of Maximilian's army. Many accepted his advice and entered at once and heartily upon the duties of this new life. Others, unwilling to remain in the Empire as colonists, received permission from Bazaine to march to the Pacific. On the long and dangerous road some died, some were killed, and some took shipping for California, for China, for Japan, and for the Sandwich Islands. A few, hearing wonderful stories of the treasures Kidd, the pirate, had buried on an island in the Pacific Ocean, got aboard a schooner at Mazatlan and sailed away in quest of gold. Those that survived the adventure returned starving, and for bread joined the Imperial army in Sonora. Perhaps fifty took service in the Third Zouaves. A singular incident determined the regiment of their choice. After authority had been received from the Marshal for the enlistment, a dozen or more strolled into the Almeda where, of evenings the bands played and the soldiers of all arms promenaded. In each corps a certain standard of height had to be complied with. The grenadiers had need to be six feet, the artillery men six feet and an inch, the cuirassiers six feet, and the hussars six feet. Not all being of the same stature, and, not wishing to be separated, the choice of the Americans was reduced to the infantry regiments. It is further obligatory in the French service, that when soldiers are on duty, the private in addressing an officer

shall remove his cap and remain with it in his hand until the conversation is finished. This was a species of discipline the Americans had never learned, and they stood watching the various groups as they passed to and fro, complying scrupulously with the regulations of the service. At last a squad of Zouaves sauntered nonchalantly by—great bearded, medaled fellows, bronzed by African suns and swarthy of brow and cheek as any Arab of the desert. The picturesque uniform attracted all eyes. It was war dramatized—it was campaigning expressed in poetry. An officer called to one of the Zouaves, and he went forward saluting. This was done by bringing the right hand up against the turban, with the palm extended in token of respect, but the turban itself was not removed. The subordinate did not uncover to his superior, and therefore would the Americans put on turbans, and make Zouaves of themselves. Captain Pierron, more of an American than a Frenchman, supervised the metamorphosis, and when the *toilette* was complete even Shelby himself, with his accurate cavalry eyes, scarcely recognized his old Confederates of the four years' war. At daylight the next morning they were marching away to Monterey at the double quick.

General Sterling Price, of Missouri, with a remnant of his body guard and a few personal friends, built himself a bamboo house in the town of Carlota, and commenced in good earnest the life of a farmer. Emigration was active now both from Texas overland and by water from the gulf. General Slaughter and Captain Price established a large saw-mill at Orizava. General Bee engaged extensively in the raising of cotton, as, also did Captains Cundiff and Hodge. General Hindman, having mastered the Spanish language in the short space of three months, commenced the practice of law in Cordova. General Stevens, the chief engineer of General Lee's staff, was made chief engineer of the Mexican Imperial Railway. Governor Reynolds was appointed superintendent of two short-line railroads running out from the city. General Shelby and Major McMurty, with headquarters at Cordova, became large freight contractors, and established a line of wagons from Paso del Macho to the Capital. Ex-Governor Allen, of Louisiana, assisted by the Emperor, founded the *Mexican Times*, a paper printed in English, and devoted to the interests of colonization. Generals Lyon, of Kentucky, and McCausland, of Virginia, were appointed Government surveyors. General Watkins was taken into the diplomatic service, and sent to Washington on a special mission. Everywhere the Americans were honored and promoted, but the army, to any considerable number of them, was as a sealed book. Where they could have done the most good they were forbidden to enter.

To the superficial observer the conditon of affairs in Mexico in the latter part of the year 1865 seemed most favorable, indeed, to

the ultimate and successful establishment of the Empire. The French troops occupied the entire country. M Langlais, one of Napoleon's most favored ministers, had charge of the finances. Under his experienced hands order was rapidly lifting itself above the waves of chaos. The Church party, always jealous and suspicious, still yielded a kind of sullen and ungracious allegiance. Maximilian was a devout Catholic, and his Empress was a devotee in all spiritual matters, but theirs was the enlightened Catholicism of Europe, which preferred to march with events and to develop instead of attempting to thwart and retard the inevitable advance of destiny. They desired to throw off the superstition of a century of ignorance and degradation and let a flood of light pour itself over the nation. An impoverished people had not only mortgaged their lands to the clergy but their labor as well. The revenues were divided equally between the bishops and the commandantes of the districts. Among the Indians the influence of the monks was supreme. In their hands at any hour was peace or war. They began by asserting their right to control the Emperor, they ended in undisguised and open revolt. Desiring above all things the confidence and support of the church, Maximilian found himself suddenly in an unfortunate and embarrassing position. He was between two fires as it were, either of which was most formidable, and in avoiding the one he only made the accuracy of the other all the more deadly. Without the revenue derived from the sequestrated lands the church had owned in enormous quantities, he could not for a month have paid the expenses of his Government. Had he believed a restoration advisable he would have found it simply impossible. The ArchBishop was inexorable. Excommunication was threatened. For weeks and weeks there were conferences and attempted compromises. Bazaine, never very punctual in his religous duties, and over apt to cut knots that he could not untie, had always the same ultimatum.

"Our necessities are great," he would say, "and we must have money. You do not cultivate your lands, and will not sell them, you are opposed to railroads, to emigration, to public improvements, to education, to a new life of any kind, form or fashion, and we must advance somehow and build up as we go. Not a foot shall be returned while a French soldier can shoot a chassapot."

The blunt logic of the soldier bruised while it wounded. Maximilian, more conservative, tried entreaties and expostulations but with the same effect. A breach had been opened up which was to increase in width and destruction until the whole fabric fell in ruins. When in his direst extremity, the Emperor was abandoned by the party which of all others had the most to lose and expiate by his overthrow.

CHAPTER XX.

THE Empress Charlotte was a woman who had been twice crowned—once with a crown of gold, earthly and perishable, and once with a crown of beauty as radiant as the morning. When she arrived in Mexico, this beauty, then in its youthful splendor, dazzled all beholders. Her dark auburn hair was heavy, long and silken. Her eyes were of that lustrous brown which were blue and dreamy at times, and at times full of a clear, penetrating light that revealed a thought almost before the thought was uttered. Her face was oval, although the forehead a little high and projecting, was united at the temples by those fine curves which give so much delicacy and expression to the soul of women. Her mouth was large and firm, and her teeth were of the most perfect whiteness. About the lower face there were those lines of firmness which told of unbending will and great moral force and decision of character. Beneath the dignity of the Queen, however, she carried the ardor and the joyfulness of a school girl. He nose was acquiline, the nostrils open and slightly projecting, recording, as if upon a page, the emotions of her heart, and the dauntless courage which filled her whole being. At times her beautiful face wore an expression impossible to describe—an expression made up of smiles, divinations, questionings, the extreme and blended loveliness of the ideal and the real—the calmness and gravity which became the Queen—the softness and pensiveness which bespoke the woman.

The gallery that contained the portrait of Maximilian would be incomplete without that of his devoted and heroic wife. She was a descendant of Henry IV. of France, the hero of Ivry, a ruler next in goodness and greatness to Louis IX, and the victim of the fanatical assassin Ravaillac. Her father was Leopold I., of Belgium, one of the wisest and most enlightened monarchs of Europe. An Englishman by naturalization, he married the Princess Charlotte Augusta, daughter of George IV., the 2d of May, 1816. His English wife dying in childbirth, in 1817, Leopold again married in 1832, uniting himself with Louise Maria Theresa Charlotte Isabella de Orleans, daughter of Louis Philippe, King of France. Of this marriage was the Empress Carlota born on the 7th of June, 1840, and who received at her christening the names of Maria Charlotte Amelia Auguste Victoire Clementine Leopoldino. Her father was called the Nestor of Kings, and her mother the Holy Queen, such being her charity, her purity and her religious devotion. He first died in 1865, while the Empress was in Mexico, and the st in 1850. At the time when she most needed the watchfulness

and advice of a father, she was suddenly bereft of both his support and his protection.

No monarch on earth ever had a more ambitious and devoted consort. The daughter of a king, and reared amid thrones and the intense personal loyalty of European subjects, she believed an empire might be established in the West greater than any ever founded, after long years of battle and statecraft, and she entered upon the struggle with all the impassioned ardor of her singularly hopeful and confiding nature. Her unrivaled beauty won the enthusiasm of cities, and her unostentatious and Christian charity erected for her a throne in the hearts of the suffering and unfortnate. When the yellow fever was at its height in Vera Cruz, and when all who were wealthy and well-to-do had fled to the higher and healthier uplands, she journeyed almost alone to the stricken seaport, visited the hospitals, ministered unto the plague-stricken, ordered physicians from the fleet, encouraged the timid, inspired the brave, paid for masses for the dead, and came away wan and weary, but safe and heaven-guarded. The fever touched not even the hem of her garments. Fate, that sent the east wind and the epidemic, may, like the stricken sufferers, have thought her an angel.

There were pestilence and famine and insurrection in Yucatan. The Indians there, naturally warlike and enterprising, rose upon the Government and cast off its authority. Tribes revolted and warred with one another. The French, holding the large towns, fortified and looked on in sullen apathy, sallying out at times to decimate a province or lay waste a farming district. In a few weeks the insurrection would be civil war. It was decreed in council that the Emperor's presence was needed in Yucatan. His affairs at home, however, were not promising, and he tarried a little to arrange them better before leaving. Of a sudden the Empress besought leave to go in his stead. It was refused. She persevered day after day, and would not be denied. Inspired with more than a woman's faith, and heroic in all the grandeur of accepted sacrifice, she made the perilous journey, taking with her only an escort and a confessor. Her arrival at Merida was like a coronation. All the State arose to do her homage. She went among the tribes and pacified them. She redressed their wrongs, brought back the rebellious leaders to a strict allegiance, cast herself into the midst of pestilence, opened the churches, recalled the proscribed and scattered priests, and came away again an angel. Unto the end the faith she founded in her husband's empire remained unshaken. After Queretaro, Yucatan relapsed into barbarism.

The year 1865 was spent by the Emperor and Marshal Bazaine in vigorous attempts to pacify the country and consolidate its power. The Liberal cause seemed hopeless. Nowhere did Juarez hold a seaport, an outlying mine, a foot of grain-growing territory, a ship, an

arsenal, a field large enough to encamp an army. Yet he held on. That sluggish, tenacious, ferocious Indian nature of his was aroused at last, and while he starved he schemed. A sudden dash of cavalry upon his winter quarters at El Paso drove him into the United States. He went to San Antonio a fugitive President without a dollar or a regiment, and waited patiently until the force of the blow had spent itself. As the French retired he advanced. Scarcely had his adieu been forgotten in El Paso when his good day greeted its good people again. Everywhere, also, were his guerrillas at work. Once in a speech upon the annexation of San Domingo, Carl Schurz exclaimed: "Beware of the tropics." And why? Because the tropics breed guerrillas. They do not die in war times. Malaria does not kill them. To eradicate them it is first necessary to find and to capture them. They can not be found and fought. All nature is in league with them—the heat, the bread-fruit, the bananas, the orange-groves, the zepotas, the mangos, the coco-nuts, the monkeys. These last sentinels through imitation, chatter volubly at the pursuers and cry out in soldier fashion and in words of warning: "*Quien vive!*" Wherever the Spanish blood is found there is found also an obstinacy of purpose impossible to subdue—a singularly ferocious and untamable resolution that dies only with annihilation. It will never make peace, never cease from the trail, never let go its hold upon the roads, never spare a captive, never yield a life to mercy, never forgive the ruler who would rule as a Christian and make humanity the law of the land.

All the following that Juarez had now was one of guerrillas. Porfino Diaz lived by his wits and his *prestamos*. Escobedo, constitutionally a coward and nationally a robber, preyed alone upon his friends. Try how they would, the French found him always a runaway or a thief. Negrete, with six thousand blanketed *ladrones*, abandoned a captured train and fled as a stampeded buffalo herd before a battalion of Zouaves. Lozado preserved in the mountains of Nayarit an armed neutrality. Corona, in the delightful possession of his beautiful American wife, sat himself down in Sonora and waited for the tide to turn. For his country he never so much as lifted his hand. Cortina prayed to the good Lord and the good devil, and went alternately to mass and the monte bank.

They all held on, however. An unorganized commune—the goods of other people were their goods, the money of other people was their money. As long as the rains fell, the crops matured, the cattle kept clear of the murrain, and bread-fruit got ripe, and the maguey made mescal, they were safe from pestilence or famine. The days with them meant so many belly fulls of *tortillas* and *frijoles*.

With the French it is different. Red tape has a dynasty of its own—a caste, a throne, an army of field and staff officers. Each day represented so many rations, so many bottles of wine, so many

ounces of tobacco, so many cigars, so much soup and bread and meat. Failing in any of these, red tape stepped in with its money commutation in lieu of rations. Then for each decoration there was an annuity. Some Zouaves drew more pay than generals of brigade. The Malakoff medal so much, the Inkermann medal so much, the Chinese Emperor's Palace medal so much, the Fort Constantine medal so much, the Magenta and Solferino medals so much, the Pueblo medal so much, and so much for all the rest of the medals these many laureled and magnificent soldiers wore. When they were paid off they had monthly a saturnalia.

To make both ends meet, Napoleon's great finance minister, Langlais—loaned as an especial favor to Maximilian—did the work of a giant. One day he died. Apoplexy, that ally and avenger of the best-abused brain, laid hands on him between the Palace of Chepultepec and the office of the treasury. In two hours he was dead. All that he had done died with him. Of his financial fabric, reared after so many nights of torture and trouble, there was left scarcely enough of pillar or post to drape with mourning for the single-minded, sincere and gifted architect. In the dearth of specie the church was called upon. The church had no money, at least none for the despoiler of its revenues and the colonizer of its lands. Excommunication was again threatened, and thus over the threshhold of the altar as well as the treasury, there crept the appalling shadow of bankruptcy.

Bazaine threatened, the Emperor prayed, the Empress threw into the scale all her private fortune at her command. Outside the cabinet walls, however, everything appeared fair. Brilliant reviews made the capital gorgeous and enchanting. There were operas, and fetes, and bull-fights, and great games of monte in the public square, and duels at intervals, and one unbroken tide of French successes everywhere. Napoleon sent over in the supreme agony of the crisis two ship loads of specie, and there was a brief breathing time again. Meanwhile they would see, for when it is darkest it is the nearest to the morning.

Inez Walker, the rescued maiden of Encarnacion, was too beautiful to have been lightly forgotten. Free once more, and with the terrors of that terrible night attack all gone from her eager eyes, she had continued with the Expedition to the capital, courteously attended each day by an escort of honor furnished as regularly as the guards were furnished.

In the City of Mexico, at the time of her arrival, there was an American woman who had married a Prussian prince, and who was known as the Princess Salm Salm. Once when she was younger, she had ridden in a circus, several of them, and as Miss Agnes Le Clerc was noted for her accomplished equestrianism, her magnificent physique, a beauty that was dark and over-bold, a devil-may-

shall not display his cards, the guerrilla uncoil his lasso, the grand dame exhibit her prudery, the detective his insincerity and the priest his protests and his confessional. Appetite admits of no divided sovereignty, and hence, at meal time, the French recognize only one class in society, that of the superlatively hungry.

The Princess Salm Salm returned the salutation of several French officers as she entered, and bowed once or twice in acknowledgment of salutes rendered by the Austrians of her husband's brigade. Beyond these she seemed to prefer isolation and privacy. Among the Belgians there was a Major who had a huge yellow beard, a great coarse voice, a depth of chest like an ox, a sword-belt whose extent would girth a hogshead. In French *cafes*, gentlemen very rarely speak above the low conversational tone of the drawing room. To be boisterous is to be either drunk or a blackguard. This Belgian, Major Medomark of the Foreign Legation, did not seem to be drunk, and yet as he looked at the Princess Salm Salm, his voice would change its intonation and deepen harshly and gratingly. If he meant to be offensive he succeeded first rate.

The Princess pushed back her plate and arose as one who felt that she was the subject of conversation without understanding the words of it. As she passed through the door, Medomark boisterously and in great glee, called out a slang term of the circus, and shouted:

"*Hoop la!*"

The Agnes LeClere that was of the sawdust and tights, the Princess Salm Salm that is now of the titles and diamonds, heard the brutal cry and felt to her heart the studied insult. Turning instantly, she came again half into the *cafe*—her eyes full and discolored with passion, and her face so white that it appeared as if the woman was in mortal pain. She could not speak, though she tried hard, poor thing, but she looked once at Medomark as if to crush him where he sat, and once to Hazel, who understood it all now, and arose as she again retired.

He went straight to his American countrywoman. At the cowardly inference of the Belgian, the French officers had laughed and the Austrians had applauded. Even those of her husband's own brigade had not uttered protest or demanded apology. Hazel found her in tears.

"You have been insulted," he said. "I know it, or rather, I may say I saw it. Not understanding German, if, indeed, the Belgians speak German, I have to rely for my opinion more upon the manner than the matter of the insult. Your husband is away, you are an American lady, you are a countrywoman of mine, you are in trouble and you need a protector. Will you trust your honor in my hands?"

This actress was a brave, proud woman, born, perhaps, to rule *men as much by* the force of her will as the bizarre style of her

beauty and her physical development. She took Hazel's hand and thanked him, and bade him chastise the insolent bully. She knew very well what chastisement meant in the language of a soldier, and she was a soldier's wife. She never referred to the future, however. She did not even evince interest enough to be curious. Perhaps her passion kept her from this—at least her champion bowed low to her as he entered, thinking her the coldest woman a man ever put his life in jeopardy for. Cold she was not. She simply considered what was done for her as being done because of her inalienable right to have it done. She was not familiar, she only tolerated.

Hazel, in stature, was very slight. As he stood up before Medomark the huge Belgian glowered upon him as Goliah of Gath might have done upon David.

"Do you speak English?" he asked of the Major.

"A little."

"Enough to understand the truth when I tell it to you?"

"Perhaps, if it is not so plain that for the telling I will have to break every bone in your body."

Medomark's voice was one of that uncontrollable kind that ran away with a subject in spite of itself. He meant to be quiet so as not to attract attention, but he was so rude that many of the spectators quit eating to look on.

"That lady," Hazel continued, "who has just gone out is a country-woman of mine. She may have been an actress just as you may have been a hangman's son, but whatever she has been she is a woman. We do not insult women in the country where I once lived, nor do we permit it to be done elsewhere. Will you apologize to her?"

"I will not."

"Will you accept this card and let me send a friend to you?"

"I will with pleasure."

"Then, I wish you good day, gentlemen," and Hazel bowed to all as he went out, like a man who had just finished his dinner.

Medomark was brave, besides, he was an officer. There were, therefore, but two courses left to him, but two things to do—to accept Hazel's cartel or to refuse it. In preference to disgrace he chose the duello. Hazel found his second speedily. He, too, was a soldier—one of Shelby's best, James Wood—who would go to any extreme on earth for a friend.

When two men mean business, the final arrangements are simply matters of form. On the morning after Medomark's insult in the *cafe*, Wood called upon him early. During the day the preliminaries were all amicably agreed upon, and at sunrise the next *morning*, about a quarter of a mile southeast of the American burying ground, Hazel and Medomark met at ten paces with duelling

pistols. The Belgian's second was a young French Lieutenant named Massac, who won both the position and the word. When the men took their places, Hazel had the sun in his eyes, and this annoyed him at first, for it was very hot and penetrating. They fired twice at each other. The first time both missed, the second time Hazel struck Medomark upon the outside point of the right shoulder, injuring the bone greatly and severing an artery that bled as if the man would bleed to death. Prompt and efficient surgical skill, however, saved his life. The duel ended after the second fire, and the Princess Salm Salm, so splendidly vindicated at the hands of her young countryman, was the toast thereafter of the officers of the garrison. The Prince on his return could not render thanks enough, nor seek to show his appreciation of the chivalrous act by too many evidences of a more substantial gratitude. The city being under martial law, a court-martial was soon convened for the trial of all who were engaged in the duel. A sentence, however, was never reached. Upon the request of Bazaine, the court was dismissed and the prisoners set at liberty. Medomark recovered fully only to be desperately wounded again at Queretaro, where, after long and devoted attention on the part of Dr. Hazel, a surgeon in the Republican army, he was restored to both health and liberty. From this little episode a friendship sprung up which has remained unbroken to this day. * * * * *

The colony at Carlota grew apace and was prosperous. The men began to cultivate coffee and sugar, and from a jungle the plantations soon bloomed and blossomed like another Paradise. As an especial favor from Maximilian, Shelby was permitted to pre-empt the *hacienda* of Santa Anna, not a *hacienda*, however, that had belonged to this prince and chief of conspirators, but one that had been named for him. Spaniards once owned it, but in the massacres of the revolution all had perished. About the ruins of the fortress which still abounded, there were signs which told of the fury of the onslaught and the scorching of the flames that followed when the rapine and the ravishments were done. Situated two miles from Cordova, and in the very purple heart of the tropics, it might have been made at once into a farm and a flower garden. Twelve acres were put in coffee, and coffee well cultivated and permitted to grow in a land where there is law and protection pays to the raiser a minimum price per acre of $1,500. It seems, however, that nature is never perfect in the equilibrium of her gifts. There, where the soil is so deep, the air so soft, the climate so delicious, the trade winds so cool and delightful, the men alone are idle, and come in the night to the plantations of the foreigners to break down their coffee trees, poison their spring water, wound their dumb stock, and damage everything that can be damaged and that comes in their way.

In the mountains in the rear of Shelby's plantation a robber band rendezvoused. Its chief, Don Manuel Rodriguez, was a daring leader, who descended to the plains at intervals with a reckless following, and made headway for hours at a time in his work of gathering up supplies and levying *prestamos*. In a month after Shelby's arrival a friendly relationship was established, and thereafter, until the end, Rodriguez protected Santa Anna, and lived at peace with all who were settled round about. Just how the negotiations were commenced and consummated which led to a truce so satisfactory and so necessary, none ever knew, but true it is that in the cool of the evenings, and when the French drums had beaten tattoo at the fort only half a mile away, Rodriguez would come down from his fastnesses as a peaceful visitor, and sit for hours among the Americans, asking of the Yankee country, and the ups and the downs of the Yankee war, for, to a Mexican everything is Yankee which is American.

Ex-Governor Isham G. Harris, of Tennessee, also a settler, might have been designated the Alcalde of Carlota. The Confederates looked upon him with a kind of reverence. By the side of Albert Sidney Johnston when he got his death wound, he had taken him in his arms and held him there until the mist came into his sad, prophetic eyes, and until the brave, fond heart, broken by his country's ingratitude, and the clamor of despicable and cowardly politicians, had ceased to beat. Brownlow especially wanted Harris, and so Harris had come to Mexico. He knew Brownlow well—a bitter, unrelenting, merciless fanatic, and a fanatic, too, who had come in on the crest of the wave that had drowned the cause for which Harris fought. He believed that if the old Pagan failed to find a law for his capital punishment, he would succeed certainly through the influence of gold and political power over an assassin. Unwilling at all events to risk the tyrant, he found penniless asylum at Cordova, poor only in pocket, however, and courageous and proud to the last. He was a cool, silent, contemplative man, with a heavy lower jaw, projecting forehead, and iron gray hair. In his principles he was an Ironside of the Cromwellian type. Perhaps the intense faith of his devotion gave to his character a touch of fatalism, for when the ship stranded he was cast adrift utterly wrecked in everything but his undying confidence in the success of the Confederacy. He believed in Providence as an ally, and rejected constantly the idea that Providence takes very little hand in wars that come about between families or States, if, indeed, in wars of any kind. With his great energy, his calm courage, his shrewd, practical intercourse with the natives, his record as a governor and a soldier, he exerted immense influence for good with the soldier-settlers and added much to the strength and stability of the colony.

Colonel Perkins, of Louisiana, a judge of great fame and ability, and a lawyer as rich in triumphs at the bar as he was possessed of slaves and cotton bales upon his plantation, abandoned everything at home but his honor, and isolated himself among his coffee-trees and bananas. When the war closed he took a week to speak his farewells and burn his dwelling house, his cotton presses, his stables, barns, out-houses, and to make in fact of his vast possessions a desert. He had a residence rich in everything that could amuse, instruct, delight, gratify. Painting, statuary, flowers, curiosities, rare plants, elegant objects of vertu and art were there in abundance, and when from the war he returned crushed in spirit and broken in health, he rested one night brooding amid all the luxury and magnificence of his home. He arose the next morning a stoic. With a torch in his hand he fired everything that would burn, leaving nowhere one stone upon another to tell of what had once been the habitation of elegance and refinement. In his Mexican solitude he was an aristocratic philosopher, complaining of nothing and looking back with regret upon nothing. Sufficient unto the day for him had been the evil thereof.

General Sterling Price was another settler. Many of his escort company had taken lands around him. The patriarch chief in a new country, he sat much in the shade about his tent, telling the stories of the war and hoping in his heart for the tide of persecution and proscription in Missouri to run itself out. Politics was as necessary to his mental equilibrium as sleep to his physical. In the old days he had succeeded well. Nature gave him a fine voice, a portly frame, a commanding front, a graceful and dignified carriage, an *aplomb* that never descended into nervousness, and hence as the speaker of a legislative body he was unexcelled. He dreamed of a speakership again, of a governorship, of a senatorship, and he, therefore, cultivated more corn than he did coffee, for it takes three years for coffee to grow and bear, and three years might—well, he did not choose to put himself into the hands of three years and wait.

It would at least be curious, if it were not interesting, to go in among these colonists in Carlota and learn their histories while displaying the individuality of each. A common misfortune bound them all together in the strength of a recognized and yet unwritten covenant. The pressure of circumstances from without kept them indissolubly united. Poverty, that dangerous drug which stimulates when it does not stupefy, lost its narcotism over men whom war had chastised and discipline made strong and reflective. They strove for but one purpose—to get a home and occupy it.

The privateer Shenandoah, that mysterious cruiser which was seen rarely at sea, yet which left upon the waves of the South Pacific a monstrous trail of fire and smoke, sent her officers into the colony with their ship money and their cosmopolitan hardi-

hood. Lieutenants Chew and Scales took valuable land and went enthusiastically to work. Around the *hacienda* of Santa Anna there was a cordon of strange pioneers who had histories written in characters impossible to decipher. The hieroglyphics were their scars.

And so affairs prospered about Carlota, and the long, sunshiny days went on, in which the trade winds blew and the orange blossoms scented all the air. It was near three days' long journey to the Capital, but rumors travel fast when every ear is listening for them, and a report deepened all along the route from Mexico to Vera Cruz that a staff officer of the French Emperor had left Paris for the headquarters of Marshal Bazaine. A multitude of reasons were assigned for the visit. Napoleon might desire, for the purposes of information, the direct observations of one who was intimately acquainted with his views and intentions. It might be, again, with a view to increasing the forces of the Expedition, or to the employment of more active and rigorous measures in the pacification of the country. Accordingly, as men were hopeful or depressed, they reasoned concerning this visit of the French staff officer, even before the officer himself was half across the Atlantic.

From first to last, the treasury of Maximilian had been comparatively empty. He curtailed his own personal expenses, abandoned the civil list, lived like a plain and frugal farmer, set everywhere an example of retrenchment and economy, but it availed nothing. Mexico, with all of her immense mineral resources, is, and has been, usually poverty-stricken. There is no agriculture, and, consequently, no middle class. At one extreme is immense wealth, at the other immense misery Ignorance and superstition do the rest.

His exertions to pay his soldiers and carry forward a few vitally necessary internal improvements, were gigantic. Pending the arrival of the French envoy extraordinary, he had negotiated a loan at home, which was taken by patriotism—a strange word for a Mexican—and which had already begun to flow into his empty coffers.

Things, therefore, were not so dark as they had been when General Castelnau, personal aid-de-camp of the Emperor Napoleon, arrived at Vera Cruz.

General Castelnau kept his own secret well, which was also the secret of his master, Napoleon III. A magnificent review was held in the city of Mexico at which he was present. Soldiers of all arms were there, and a great outpouring of the people. Everything looked like war, nothing like evacuation, and yet General Castelnau brought with him definite and final orders for the absolute and ditional withdrawal of the French troops.

Empress penetrated the purpose of his mission first and ame forward to demand a last supreme effort in behalf of ering throne. She would go to Europe and appeal to its

chivalry. The daughter of a king, it would be to monarchs to whom she would address herself face to face. She was young, and beautiful, and pleading for her crown, and why would not armies arise at her bidding and march either to avenge or reinstate her? Poor, heroic woman, she tried as never woman tried before to stem the tide of fate, but fate was against her. First the heart and then the head, until with hope, faith, ambition, reason all gone, she staggered out from the presence of Napoleon dead in all things but a love that even yet comes to her fitfully in the night time as dreams come, bringing images of the trees about the Alameda, of the palace where she dwelt, of Miramar and Maximilian.

In the summer of 1866 she sailed for Europe. She knew Castelnau's mission, and she determined to thwart it. There was yellow fever at Vera Cruz and pestilence on the ocean. Some of her attendants were stricken down by her side and died at Cordova, others on board the ship that carried her from port. She bore up wonderfully while the mind held out. Nothing affrighted her. The escort marching in the rear of her carriage was attacked by guerrillas. She alighted from it, bade a soldier dismount, got upon the back of his horse and galloped into the fight. Here was an Amazon of the nineteenth century who had a waist like a willow wand, who painted rare pictures, who had a husband whom she adored, who sang the ballads of her own exquisite making, who was struggling for a kingdom and a crown, and who never in all her life saw a drop of blood or a man die.

The fight was simply a guerrilla fight, however, and from an Amazon the woman was transformed into an Empress again—tender, considerate, desperate in the wild emergency upon her, and joyous with the fierce eagerness of her longings and her despair.

Never any more in life did the blue eyes of her husband and her lover gaze upon that fair Norman face, almost colorless now and set as a flint in the stormy sunset of the night when she sailed away to her destiny.

Bazaine took his time to obey his orders—indeed, he had margin enough and leisure enough to contract his lines pleasantly. Not always overbold in retreat, the French had learned well the nature of Mexican warfare and would turn sometimes viciously when galled to wincing on flank or rear, and deal a few parting blows that unto this day are recalled with shudderings or impotent vows of vengeance.

One at Matamoras is worth a mention. The Sixty-second of the line did garrison duty there under Colonel Lascolat. He was to Dupin what the needle-gun is to the smooth-bore. Dupin destroyed singly, at short range, in ambushments, by lonesome roads, in sudden and unmerciful hours—from the depths of isolation and the unknown. Lascolat, an Algerian officer of singular ferocity,

hunted in regiments. Even the physique of his men was angular, akish, undulatory like the movements of a greyhound. They would march thirty miles a day fighting, bivouac anywhere, sleep if they could; very well, if they could not, still very well. With them was a priest who wore five medals he had won in battle. When he had time he shrived all alike. In his hands the cross was good enough for the dying who spoke Spanish and the dying who spoke French. In the presence of the specter he took no thought of nationality.

As Lascolat came out from Matamoras, a portion of Escobedo's forces pressed him inconveniently. His orders from Bazaine were to take his time, fight only when forced, be dignified, patient and discreet, but to make sure of his egress out with everything that belonged to him or his. Lascolat had under him two battalions of 1,000 men each. The third battalion composing the regiment of the Sixty-second had already been sent forward to Jeanningros at Monterey. Escobedo attacked with 5,000. He knew of Lascolat's ferocity, of his terrible doings about and along the Rio Grande, and he meant to take a farewell, the memories of which would last even unto Algeria again.

One afternoon late the line of Lascolat's march led through a ravine, which commenced broad like the mouth of a funnel and tapered down to a point, as a funnel would taper. Near the outlet Escobedo fortified the road with loose boulders. Behind these and upon the sides of the acclivities on either side he placed his men in ambush. He had no artillery, for he so shaped the fight as to make it face to face and deadly. Lascolat entered into the trap listlessly. If he knew what had been prepared for him he made no sign. Suddenly the loose, disjointed, impassive wall outlined itself. Some sharp skirmishing shots came from the front. The shadows of the twilight had begun to gather. It looked ugly and ominous where the stones were.

Lascolat called a halt and rode back along the ranks of his men They were weary, and they had seated themselves upon the ground to rest. His presence fired them as a torch passing across a line of ready gas-lights. He spoke to them pleasantly in his Algerian vernacular:

"The Arabs are ahead. We are hungry, we are tired; we want to go into camp; we have no time to make a flank movement. Shall we make quick work of the job, that we may get some supper and some sleep?"

The men answered him with a shout. The charge commenced. It was a hurricane. The barricade of rocks was not even so much as a fringe of bulrushes. Those who held it died there. The hill slopes, covered with prickly pear and dagger-trees, hid a massacre. *The Sixty-second* swarmed to the attack like bees about a hive in

danger. Paralyzed, routed, decimated, torn as a tempest tears Escobedo's forces fired but one fair volley, and fled as shadows flee when the wind pursues. The dead were never counted. Lascolat's farewell was taken, but those who came out well from the hand-shaking slackened march not a step until the route had passed into Matamoras, and over against a river that might be crossed for the wading. Thereafter the Sixty-second foraged as it pleased, and took its own time toward the coast.

Colonel Depreuil was in danger—Shelby's old antagonist of Parras—and it remained for Shelby to save him. In the marchings and countermarchings of the evacuation, Depreuil, commanding six hundred men of the Foreign Legion, was holding a post twenty leagues northwest of San Luis Potosi. Douay, with inadequate cavalry, was keeping fast hold upon this most important strategical point, awaiting the detachments from the extreme north. Shelby was a freighter now, and had come from the City of Mexico with a strong guard of Americans, and eighty wagons laden with supplies for the French. After reporting to Douay he was sent forward with twenty men and ten wagons to Cesnola; the outlying post garrisoned by Depreuil. The guerrillas, emboldened by the absence of cavalry, had risen up some two thousand strong, and were between San Luis and Cesnola. As Shelby marched on into the open country his advance, under James Kirtley, was fired upon, and two soldiers, James Ward and Sandy Jones, severly wounded. He countermarched to an abandoned *hacienda*, encamped his wagons within the walls, fortified as best he could, and sent Kirtley back with two men to report the condition of affairs to General Douay. Kirtley was not well mounted, he had served awhile in the Third Zouaves, the hostile Mexicans were swarming about all the roads, it looked like death to go on, it certainly was death to be taken, and so he started when the night fell, having with him two comrades, tried and true—George Hall and Thomas Boswell.

It was thirty good miles to San Luis Potosi, and those who waylaid the roads had eyes that saw in the night and were not baffled.

Captain James Kirtley, burnt almost brown by exposure, and by four long years of struggle with the wind and the sun, had the face of a Mexican and the heart of an English lancer who rode down to the guns with Cardigan and the Light Brigade. Peril affected his spirits as wine might. Ambition and adventure with him were twin mistresses—blonde to his eyes, beautiful, full of all passionate love, fit to be worshiped, and they were worshiped. Always brave, he had need to be always generous. Danger, when it does not deter, sometimes gives to those who fear it least a certain kind of pensiveness that is often mistaken for indifference. When aroused, however, this kind of a pensive man rides harder and faster, fights longer and more desperately, will hold on and hang on under greater stress,

reach out his life in his open hand oftener, and die, if so the fates desire, with less of murmur and regret than a regiment of great roystering soldiers whose voices are heard in songs in the night with the mighty roll and volume of the wind among the pines.

Kirtley, even under the tawny paint the sun had put upon his face, would blush like a girl when, to some noted deed of soldierly daring, public attention directed the eyes of appreciation. Praise only made him more reticent and retired. As he never talked of himself, one could not hear ought of his valorous deeds from his own lips, for these were a part of himself. To compliment him was to give him pain—to flatter was to offend; and yet this young hero, not yet a man, surrounded by all things that were hostile, even to the langnage, known to have been a soldier in the Third Zouaves, the terror of the Empire, badly mounted for pursuit or escape, came with a smile upon his face for the perilous venture, and rode away and into the night and the unknown, in quest of succor for Depreuil and his beleaguered garrison.

It was a long thirty miles he had to go, the three men, Kirtley, Hall and Boswell. On every side there were guerrillas. The night was dark, although the road was plain, for it was the great national highway which ran from Monterey to the Capital. The danger, however, came from the fact that it was too plain. Others knew of it, and rode along it, and crouched in ambushment upon it, and made it a torment for small parties by day as well as by night.

Kirtley, even in the darkness, advanced in skirmishing order. First, he of the three went alone in advance, behind him was Hall, and in the rear of Hall, Boswell. Between each was the distance of twenty yards. It was necessary to get word through to Douay, and Kirtley argued the less risk taken the greater chance there would be for one of the party getting through.

"We must keep apart," he said, "just far enough to succor each other, but not too close to be killed by the discharge of a shot-gun, as out of a flock of partridges one might kill a bag full."

The ride was a silent and grimly tenacious one. Three times they turned from the high road to avoid a scouting party of guerrillas, and once, in going past a little group of four or five huts by the wayside—a place, indeed, where *mescal* is sold, and where, upon all the roads in Mexico, huts are concentrated for this purpose alone—Kirtley, who had kept his position fixedly in front the whole night through, was fired upon from an angle of a house. The bullet missed his left thigh barely, and imbedded itself in the flank of his poor, tired horse that had borne himself stanchly through it all. One drop of blood was more really than the weary animal could afford to give up, but this wound bled freely, and the horse staggered as he went. It was yet three leagues to San Luis Potosi, and the night had turned. By dint of much coaxing and walking

to relieve him, Kirtley managed to get over some further ground slowly. He felt for his horse, as all cavalry soldiers do, and from the wound to his abandonment he never struck him once with the spur, though it might be that his life hung upon the gait the horse went, weak and crippled as it was. The wound was deeper than any one of the three thought, and so, when nearer the bottom of an abrupt descent, the gallant steed lurched forward suddenly, caught as it were by his fore feet, reeled blindly, and fell forward, too helpless to arise again, too far gone for leech or surgeon-craft.

Kirtley murmured not. Looking once at his faithful companion, as if in infinite pity, he strode on under the stars on foot, keeping his place still in the advance, and keeping his pensive face fixed in the iron mold of its energy and determination.

It was daylight when the three dauntless scouts reached the French outposts at San Luis Potosi—tired, safe, proud of the perils passed, ready to return at a word and to carry back the succor Shelby so much needed at this time himself, and the succor Depreuil had needed, without knowing it, for a week.

Douay gave to the three soldiers a soldier's welcome. His old gray head, inclined a little forward, heard all the report through that Shelby had sent, and it was brief enough even for him who dealt mostly in gestures or monosyllables.

"You have ridden all night," he said, "and you need food, sleep, brandy, horses. Captain."

An aide came.

"Your pardon one moment, General," said Kirtley, "while I correct you. We do not need any sleep. As we return we can sleep as we ride. That was once part of our drill. We left our General in danger, and he in turn sent us forward to notify you of the danger of your Colonel. We will take the food, the brandy and the horses, but the sleep, no, General, with many thanks."

Douay's keen brown eyes opened wide at this frank and ingenuous speech. It pleased him more than he cared to say, more than he admitted then. Afterward, when a soldier led up a magnificent Arab stallion to the *meson* where Kirtley was eating and presented it to him in the name of Douay, the young American felt in his heart the gratified pride of one whose perils and frankness had merited recognition at the hands of him who had fought in the four quarters of the world, and who had grown up from childhood to old age a hero beloved by the army and revered by a nation.

Before the sun rose three squadrons of Chasseurs, a section of flying artillery, and the three Americans thrown forward as guides, were galloping back toward the *hacienda* at which Shelby was fortified and fighting. Each American had been supplied with a splendid horse by Douay, and althought they had ridden ten leagues the night before, they pressed on indifferent to fatigue and impervious to the demands of sleep.

It was time. Shelby, of his whole force of twenty men, had only fifteen left: Two had been wounded, and three had been sent back to San Luis Potosi for succor. Of the wagons he had formed a corral. Between the wheels and in front and rear he had piled up sand-bags. Among the freight destined for Dupreuil's outpost were several hundred sacks of corn. These were emptied, filled up again with sand, and laid two deep all about the wagons. No musket ball could penetrate them, and the guerrillas had no artillery.

A summons came to him for surrender.

Shelby parleyed all he could. He dreaded a charge where, from sheer momentum, five hundred sheep might overrun, and, perhaps, crush fifteen men. A renegade priest named Ramon Guitierrez, having the name of a blood-thirsty priest and the fame of a cowardly one, too, commanded the besiegers. Before Shelby would talk of surrender he wanted to see some show of force. His honor did not permit a capitulation without his reason was convinced that to resist would be madness. In other words, he wanted on his side the logic and reasonableness of war.

Guitierrez took a look at the sand bags, and thought Shelby's propositions very fair. He took another and a closer look, having in his vision this time the gleaming of fifteen rifle barrels and the rising and falling of rough, hairy faces above the parapets of the hastily constructed fort, and he concluded to accept it. To be very certain of passing in review all the men he had, he marched about in various directions and in the most conspicuous places for several hours—precious hours they were, too, and worth a week of ordinary time to those who never meant to surrender, but who expected to fight desperately, maybe unavailingly, before the friendly succor came.

When the parade was over Guitierrez sent word to ask if Shelby would surrender.

No, he would not. He had counted some five hundred illy armed *rancheros*, and he meant to fight them to the death. Firing at long range commenced. The Americans did not reply to it. The sun was too hot for the kind of work that did not pay in corpses. Emboldened by this silence, the Mexicans crept closer and closer. Here and there a bullet found its way into the fort. Volley answered volley now, and then the noise died out into calm, cold, cautious skirmishing. Shelby had mounted two dark looking logs at either angle of the *corral*, and these, from a distance, looked like cannon. It might not be best to charge them, and so Guitierrez, crept backward and forward until the day wore well on its way. Suddenly he gathered together his followers and made a little speech to them. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon. Both *Ward* and Jones, who had been wounded the day before, had *insisted* on holding an embrasure between them. They had strength

enough to load and fire their breech-loaders, and they were not refused. Every bullet counted in the desperate melee.

With a shrill, short yell the Mexicans dashed forward to the attack. Had the wave held on its course it would have inundated the earthwork. It broke, however, before it reached half way across the open space behind which it had gathered for the onset. Those in front began to fire too soon, and those in the rear, not seeing from the smoke what was really in front, fired, too, and without aim or object. With unloaded guns they dared not go on —the fire of the Americans was distressing beyond endurance—the wave broke itself into fragments, and the sun sunk lower and lower.

"Nearly out of the wilderness, boys," Shelby said; as his wary and experienced eyes took in the outline of the spent charge as it made itself clear against the range of hills in rear of it.

"We need water greatly," Ras Woods ejaculated, his mouth parched and his face black with powder smoke.

"In an hour you shall drink your fill," replied Shelby, "for in an hour the French will be here."

"But if Kirtley has fallen."

"He will not fall. Luck goes with him everywhere. What's that?"

He pointed as he spoke to a sudden agitation and fluttering among the masses of the besiegers, who were now galloping furiously to and fro, utterly without a head and heedless of all threat or command.

"Ah!" and Shelby's face cleared up all at once, as he returned to Woods, "you can go out for water now, the fight is over."

Before he had finished, the full, ringing notes of the French bugles were heard, and in a moment more the squadrons emerged from the trees, galloping straight and in beautiful order toward the guerrillas.

There was no combat after the French appeared. What killing was done was done solely upon those who were too slow in the race, and who could not reach the rocks in time that rose up on three sides as a series of walls that had once been laid with much symmetry and had fallen in rugged yet regular masses in some great convulsion or upheaval of nature. Nowhere in fair fight was a Mexican cut down, nor at no single time did even a squad rally among the rocks and fire back upon the pursuing cavalry. The panic at last degenerated into a stampede, while the impenetrable groves of cactus shrubs and the broken and uninhabitable country swallowed up the fugitives. The chase soon ended and the French returned.

These two rescuing squadrons were led by Captain Mesillon, whose orders were very full and explicit. He was first to cut

Shelby out from the hostile forces which surrounded him, and next to report to Shelby and march whithersoever Shelby directed.

The French rarely put faith in foreign officers. Their vanity—a kind of national inheritance—recognized no merit like French merit, no superiority in war, politics, diplomacy, love or religion like French superiority. Hence, where Frenchmen are concerned, they invariably insist that Frenchmen shall alone be responsible. In this instance, however, Douay wrote this manner of a note to Shelby:

"To complete the conquest of Colonel Depreuil, of whose bearing toward you at Parras I have been duly informed by General Jeanningros, I chose that he shall owe his life to you. Captain Mesillon awaits your orders. I need not advise you to be circumspect, and to tell you to take your own time and way to reach Cesnola and bring my Frenchmen back to me, for whom, I imagine, there is no great love in the hearts of its inhabitants."

Mesillon reported, and Shelby put himself at the head of the Cuirassiers.

"Since Depreuil has to come out from Cesnola," Shelby remarked to the young French Captain, "and since General Douay expects us to make haste and bring him out, there is no need to take our wagons further. Guitierrez has been too badly frightened to return here much under a month, and beyond his forces I can hear of no others in the mountains round about. We will let the wagons, therefore, remain where they are, forage and rest here until the night falls, and then—strengthened and refreshed—cut through, ride down or ride around everything that opposes us. So make these resolutions known, Captain."

The Frenchman bowed and retired. He saw in a moment that the soldier who was talking to him knew more of the warfare ahead in a moment than he had ever seen in his life. He knew, furthermore, that if the worst come to the worst, it would not be the fault of the commander if Depreuil was not rescued.

The night came and the column started. Between the road where the wagons were left, and Cesnola, the entire country was alive with guerrillas. Beyond Cesnola there were no Imperial troops of any kind, and between Cesnola and San Luis Potosi there was neither garrisoned town nor fortified village. It was a stretch of ambush sixty miles long.

When the night came Shelby put himself at the head of his detachment and never drew rein until Cesnola was reached. The column was ambushed seven separate and distinct times, and fired upon from hedges-rows, from behind houses in villages through which it passed, and from a variety of places that were inaccessible to the sudden dash of cavalry. Twenty-eight French soldiers were killed and wounded. Twice the Captain solicited the privilege of

making a charge upon the unseen enemy crouching by the roadside, and twice he was refused.

"You lay too much to heart these mosquito bites," Shelby said to him kindly, "when there is danger of centipedes and tarantulas before we are done with it. A man is bound to fall out here and there, hard hit and may be killed, but the balance will be enough to get through. When one gets surrounded as Depreuil has done, one must expect to pay the penalty of the rescue. Sometimes it is extremely costly, but the night favors us, and there is no moon. Keep with your men, Captain, encourage them, expose yourself freely in front of them, talk to them calmly, and my word for it you shall reach Cesnola with fewer depletions in your ranks than if you charged into the unknown every time a musket volley came from it."

Depreuil did not know of his danger. The succoring party appeared to him as an apparition. Well fortified at Cesnola, and having at his command no cavalry with which to ascertain what existed beyond the range of his cannon, he eat, and slept, and drank absinthe with the same *nonchalance* his life in Parras manifested. Safe for the day, he took no thought of the morrow. He was one of those officers who believed that one French battalion was stronger than destiny—more powerful than fate.

Mesillon awoke his reverie rudely. When there had been explained to him all the risk Shelby had run in getting cavalry to him, how he had fought, and marched, and planned, and endured solely for his sake and for the sake of humanity. Depreuil's heart softened quickly. He came to Shelby as one who felt that he had a great debt of gratitude to repay, and took his hands in both of his.

"Never mind the past," he commenced, "nor the rude things said and done in Parras. I see it all now. Perhaps I owe my life to you—certainly the lives of many of my soldiers, for whom I am responsible. In future let us remember each other only as brave men and soldiers. I, too, like Captain Mesillon, put myself under your orders. When shall we evacuate Cesnola?"

Shelby had his revenge at last—that kind of revenge which is always sweet to noble minds—the revenge of returning good for evil. He answered him:

"Would you take your heavy cannon with you?"

"I don't know. Would you?"

"In my military life I never left a trophy in the hands of my enemies. Were I a Frenchman I would surely carry off my French guns."

"Then in a day we can march."

"Let it be so, but make haste, Colonel. This country breeds guerrillas as the marshes do miasma."

Still leading, Shelby came away from Cesnola in command of the whole French force. Depreuil's men wondered a little, but

Dupreuil, in the height of his gratitude, thought no compliment sufficiently high to pay the rough-clad, quiet American fighter, who did not even have so much as a red sash around him as an insignia of rank or authority.

Fighting commenced almost as soon as the evacuation of Cesnola took place. Heading always the Americans and Cuirassiers in parson, however, Shelby was enabled by several sudden and bloody repulses to put such a wholesome fear of punishment in the minds of the pursuers that they gave him ample time to carve out for the train a safe road in front while protecting amply the perilous road in the rear.

For three days and nights he held on his course, fighting constantly and caring alike for his dead and his wounded. The morning of the fourth day brought him to the French lines of San Luis Potosi and to an ovation. General Douay turned out the whole garrison under arms, and, as the detachment which had been doing garrison duty at Cesnola marched in—worn by much fighting—weary from long marching—dusty and faint, yet safe and victorious—it was saluted with sloping standards, presented arms, and the long exultant roll of triumphant music.

In the evening Douay called upon Shelby.

"I have come to reward you," he said, in his usual bluff and sententious manner, "and would be glad to know your price."

"Your friendship, simply," was the reply of the proud American.

"That you already have," the good old General continued, "but you are poor, you are an exile, you can have no refuge more in this country when it is known that you rescued a French garrison, you have been turned aside from your business as freighter, and I demand the privilege of paying you at least for your time, and for your losses in mules and wagons."

"Very well, General," Shelby replied, "but as you are leaving the country you must wait until we meet again in the City of Mexico. Until then remember your promise."

CHAPTER XXI.

In the short space of time accorded to him between the reception of the orders brought for the withdrawal of the French troops and their actual accomplishment, Maximilian did the work of one who meant to fight a good fight for his kingdom and his cause. And yet for the great superstructure he tried so hard to rear and decorate, the poor man had never considered a moment about its foundation. He had no standing army—nothing to rely upon when the French left that was real and tangible—nothing that was frank and manly and that would take him boldly by the hand and say: "Sire, we are here; trust us as you would yourself."

When that sudden dash of cavalry, which drove Juarez across the Rio Grande and into Texas, had spent itself, and when it was believed that there was no longer in the land either a regularly armed or regularly organized force of Liberal soldiers, the celebrated black flag order was promulgated. This law—based upon the declaration that Juarez had left the country, and that consequently there could be no longer in existence any regularly constituted government—required all Mexicans captured with arms in their hands after the date of the decree—October 3d, 1865—to be summarily put to death. Maximilian resisted its passage to the last, but Bazaine was inexorable. He appeared before the Council of State and declared upon his official honor that Juarez had left the territory of Mexico. He complained of the leniency shown to the guerrillas, and cited numerous instances to prove how French soldiers, captured on detached service, had been first tortured and then most brutally murdered, while those Mexican prisoners tried under the ordinary forms of a court-martial, had either been punished lightly or suffered to escape altogether.

Bazaine triumphed, as he always did when brought in contact with the soft, pliable nature of the Emperor, and almost immediately after the decree was issued, there was enacted under it a fearful obedience. General Mendez, one of the few Mexicans really and sincerely devoted to Maximilian, was holding the enemy in awe in the State of Morelia. Of a sudden he turned upon a guerrilla force, routed it, captured well on to a hundred, shot them all, and proclaimed in triumphant language that such should be the fate of all who came within reach of his hands. Among the slain were General Arteaga and Colonel Salasa. Arteaga was what was rare in Mexico, a genuine humorist. Corpulent, fair though born in the tropics, fond of laughter and wine, in no wise cruel or vindictive, a soldier from necessity rather than inclination, a judge whose decisions

were always in favor of the guilty, it did seem a sin to shoot the great, harmless, laughing *gourmand*, who told his jokes much oftener than his beads, and had a whole regiment of friends in the very ranks of the French army itself. Other executions took place in other portions of the Empire, and when the Emperor found that he could no longer resist the tide of blood that had set in, he quarreled with Bazaine. The Marshal was firm, however, and the Emperor fled to Cuernavaca. This was a small town forty miles southwest from the City of Mexico. It had the deliciously blended climate of the tropical and the temperate latitudes. It was summer in the day, and autumn in the night-time. Maximilian had a retreat here, and thither he would go when State cares pressed too heavily from without, and little spites and pitiful envies and jealousies from within. He had a house there and a garden, and among his books and his flowers he held loving converse with the past and the present—the great who had passed away from earth and the beautiful which still remained. From these communions and reveries he would return a more patient and a more gentle man.

The shooting went on, however, and Mendez and Miramon obeyed the decree with a persistence characteristic solely of the Spanish blood.

As the French lines contracted, the skeleton regiments and brigades of Juarez werefully recruited. In many places those Mexican troops who were in the service of the Empire were turned upon and and beaten. At other times they ran without a fight, throwing away their arms and disbanding in hopeless and helpless confusion. Nowhere in the whole Imperial army was there an organization worth its uniform save and alone those few Austrians and Hungarians personally devoted to the Emperor and calmly resolved to die. If at any time Shelby's conversation ever recurred to him, he made no sign. He saw probably, and felt more keenly than any one there the need of the American corps Shelby could and would have recruiting for the asking, but even in the death hour, and in front of the ruined wall at Queretaro, he died as he had lived—a martyr to his belief in the sincerity of Mexican professions.

Of a sudden, and at one merciless blow, Sonora was wrenched from the grasp of the Empire. The French had already abandoned it, but an Austrian, devoted to the Empire, General Landberg, held it for his Majesty. The forces under his command werecomposed almost exclusively of Mexicans. Some few companies of these had American officers. One in particular was commanded by a young Confederate, Captain W. M. Burwell, who was from the Valley of Virginia, and who had won high honor in Pelham's memorable artillery. He was only twenty, and had a face like a school girl. Tall, *gentle in* aspect and manner, with deep blue eyes and raven hair *that* curled and shone, he came into the Empire a boy adventurer,

seeking fame and service in a foreign land. The Princess Iturbide, when the Valley of Virginia was a Paradise, had visited at his father's house and had looked in admiration into the blue eyes of the beautiful boy. This boy, not yet a man and the smoke of Virginia battle-fields not yet gone frem his long black hair, came to the country of the Princess, and to her palace by the Alameda. When he came out from her presence he was a Captain. He put on his uniform and came among his comrades in those few brief days, before the marching, a young Adonis—lithe, superb, a little Norman in feature, having red in his cheeks and dark in his hair.

All day had the battle ebbed and flowed about the port of Guaymas. A swart, fierce southern sun, coming in red from the ocean, got hotter and hotter, and by high noon it was blistering in among the foot hills that held the thin handful of Landberg's dissolving army. Beautiful on the crest of the darkening conflict stood the young Virginian, no air brave enough anywhere to blow out the curls of his clustering hair, no succor anywhere near enough to saved the flushed cheeks from the gray and the pallor of the death that was near. Landberg fell in the thick of the fight, cheering on his men who had fought well for Mexicans, but who had fought for all that as men who had no hope. A Frenchman, Colonel De Marsang, rode to the front. The army was falling to pieces. On watch in the port of Guaymas two French frigates had been waiting since the sunrise. There stood safety and refuge for the shivered remnants when once well extricated from the coil that Landberg had failed to break, but how get through. De Marsang spoke to Burwell, saluting:

"Will your men charge?"

"It may be, Colonel. Your orders."

"Yonder is a battery on a hill," pointing as he spoke to four sixteen pounders massed upon an eminence that commanded the only road of retreat to Guaymas, "and it is scant of supporters. Silence it for a brief half hour and what is left of Landberg's loyal followers shall be saved."

Burwell drew his sword. He spoke to his men very gently. He put himself at their head. There was a sudden rush of some fifty or sixty desparate soldiers—a mass of blue and flame and dust and fury—the great roar of the guns broke hoarse and loud above the shrill, fierce cheer of the men, and the road was clear.

They brought him back from the rout of the cannoniers with a film on the blue eyes and white on the pallid cheeks. He spoke not, neither did he make moan. To-day in Guaymas there are yet those who cross themselves and tell with bated breath about the charge of the *muy bonita Americano.*

Sonora was thus lost to Maximilian, and all the coast bordering upon the Pacific. In the north, department after department was

abandoned by the French, and at Matamoras, after a bloody siege and a desperate combat at the end, Mejia—an Indian of pure blood and truer and braver than all the multitude of Castilian' flatteries who blessed the Emperor and fled from him when the darkness came—cut his way out from environment and fell back wearily and hard bestead toward Monterey. In the passage out through the lines of Escobedo's army, an American squadron died nearly to a man. It had been recruited upon the Rio Grande, and was composed equally of those who had served in either the Federal or Confederate army. Its Captain, Hardcastle, was one of Hooker's best scouts; one Lieutenant, Inge, had made himself a name with Mosby; another, Sarsfield, an Irishman from Memphis, had killed a comrade in a duel in Georgia, and had fled as it were from a spectre which pursued him; seven of the privates had but an arm apiece; all had seen long and desperate service—all were soldiers who seemed to have no home and no country.

Children of the war, what a life history many of them had. It is related of the little band that, the night before Mejia began the work that had need to be ended speedily, they exchanged with one another the secret of each heart. Sorrows had come to the most of them, and memories that were too sad for repining, too bitter for tenderness or tears. A boy was there not yet twenty. He had been a soldier under Lee and had loved a woman older and wiser than himself. One day he told her all and she laughed in his beardless face, a laugh that went deeper than any word of cold contempt or stern refusal. He was too young, she said. He knew she meant too poor. The morning after the interview, while it was yet dusky and dim in the east, a firm, set face was turned fair to the south, and James Randolph had left his native land forever. Among the foremost in the charge, and when the force of the squadron had spent itself, he was taken up dead from among the feet of the horses, happier than he had been, perhaps, since the parting months agone.

One was there because a life of peace had become intolerable. Hardcastle, a born soldier, fought for the love of the strife; Inge, to better his fortune; Sarsfield, to exorcise a memory that made his sensitive life a burden; a few for greed and gain; not any one for hatred or revenge.

Mejia loved his Americans, and had done a General's part by them. None rode finer horses, none displayed more serviceable arms. What they had to do they did, so terribly that none ever rose up to question the act. On guard they were never surprised; on their honor, they never betrayed; on duty, they never knew an hour of rest; on the foray, they kept a rank no stress had ever yet *destroyed*, and in the fight, when others halted or went forward, as *those* who grope, these—grim, silent, impassible as fate—rode

straight on; resisted, very well; verpowered, still very well; cut to pieces—that might be. Having shaken hands with life, what meant a few days more or less to all who saw the end approaching.

Escobedo had surrounded Matamoras with about 25,000 troops, not good troops, however, but hard to dislodge from the fortifications in which they had encased themselves. To get out, Mejia had to cut his way through. The American squadron went first. There was a heavy fog that had blown in from the gulf on the morning of the venture, so heavy, indeed, that the first files could not see the third files, nor the third the fifth, nor the Captain his Lieutenants in their places behind him.

No matter; a squadron like this did not need the sunlight in which to die.

It took an hour of furious work to open the only road between Mejia and Monterey—between a massacre as ferocious as the nature of the bandit, Escobedo, and the succor of Jeanningros' Zouaves marching twenty leagues in twenty hours to the rescue. Out of seventy-two, rank and file, only eleven escaped free and scathless. Afterward, in relating the story of the escape, General Mejia remarked sententiously to Governor Reynolds:

"To maintain an empire it is necessary only for a score of regiments, such as the squadron that charged at my command nine separate times, losing always and always closing up."

To-day it is doubtful if any man knows where even one of the heroes lies buried, nor aught of his inner life, nor anything of why or how he died.

"So much the leaden dice of war
Do make or mar of character."

In the height of the tide of evacuation, Maximilian turned his eyes once more in the direction of the colonists. A French Baron, Sauvage by name, and an Englishman in finance and education, obtained from the Emperor a grant of land as large about as the State of Delaware. It was rare and valuable land. It grew India-rubber trees and mahogany trees. It was in the tropics, and it was fertile beyond all comparison. The Tuspan river ran through the grant diagonally from northwest to southeast. It had a seaport—Tampico—where the largest vessels might ride at anchor, and where only in the unusually sickly years did the yellow fever come at all.

Several tribes of Indians inhabited this section of the Empire, mostly ignorant and unknown Indians, yet supposed to be friendly and well disposed. At least the death of no white man had been laid at the door of any of the tribes, probably from the fact that no white man had ever been among them.

Sauvage dreaded Indians because he had never dea with them. He was a cultivated and elegant gentleman. He loved to linger long at dinner and late over the wine, to take his ease in his own

way and to protect his person. He wanted a partner who, used to peril and privation, would not object to the life of a pioneer. Shelby was recommended. Freighting was no longer pleasant or profitable. Concentrated now principally in the cities, the French did not attempt to patrol the roads nor to afford protection to those who lived away from he garrisoned towns and who needed protection. As a consequence, Shelby and his partner, Major McMurty, disposed of such stock as was left to them after the rigors of the rainy season and cast about for other work neither so difficult nor so uncertain.

Shelby met Sauvage, and when the interview was over a scheme of colonization was formed which needed only time to have added to the Empire a bulwark that might have proved impregnable. Surveyors under the charge of Major R. J. Lawrence, once a resident of Kansas City, were dispatched immediately to the granted lands. A railroad from Tampico to Vera Cruz was projected and a subsidy at the rate of $20,000 per mile pledged by the Emperor. With Shelby to plan was to execute. Two hundred men were employed before the ink of the alliance between himself and Sauvage was scarcely dry. Taking passage in a rickety schooner to Havana, Shelby bought a seaworthy sail-boat there and loaded the boat at once with American plows, harrows, railroad tools of all kinds, and staple provisions enough for a summer's campaign. At the same time he also flooded Texas and Arkansas with his circulars setting forth the advantages of the Tuspan country, its immense resources, the benefits a colonist might receive from a location there, and giving also the nature and quality of the soil, its products and the average price per acre under the Imperial decree confirming the grant. The circular soon begot an interest that was intense. Twenty families in a neighborhood would unite and send an agent forward to investigate the prospects of the colony. Meanwhile the railroad was commenced. From Havana Shelby went to Vera Cruz, where he purchased another schooner belonging to the French fleet of observation in the harbor. Bazaine was in the city when he arrived in port. He went straight up to his hotel and spoke to him thus:

"Marshal, we have taken upon our hands much work. We have farming implements of all kinds, but we have no guns. Give us arms and ammunition. Your army of occupation has recently been supplied with Chassepots, and it is not your intention to take your old muskets back to France. Some you will sell, some you will destroy, and some you will give away. Give me, therefore, five hundred of your most serviceable, and ball cartridges enough for a six month's siege, and when you hear of our colony again you will hear of a place as promising as the scheme of your Emperor in Africa."

Bazaine listened to this frank volubility as one does to something he has but rarely heard in his life, smiled, shrugged his shoulders, but gave the order just the same. Before the sun set, Shelby was sailing out from the harbor and past the dark battlements of San Juan d'Ulloa, the owner of half a thousand elegant guns, a great store of ammunition, and a faith in the future that amounted with him to an inspiration.

The Americans flocked to him from every direction. His name and his fame seemed a talisman. As fast as they arrived he armed them, and it was well that he did so. A tribe of Indians, the Tolucas, owning lands directly on the northern boundary of the grant, grew jealous of a sudden at the growing colony, and sought to exterminate it. There were bad Mexicans among them who did the scheming and the plotting, and one rainy night a foray of eleven hundred dashed down upon the outposts. Shelby was with his surveying party at the time, a little detachment scarcely thirty strong. These fortified themselves behind a breastwork of logs, and fought until the settlement could be aroused. When the reinforcements were all up, Shelby massed them compactly together, and dashed down upon the invaders. They fought badly, and soon broke and fled. For thirty long and weary miles he followed them through swamp and chaparal, over ravines and rivers, by day and by night, killing what came to him, sparing naught that fell in his way. Weary, the men declared the work done well enough. He ordered them forward fiercely.

"What," he cried out, "is the necessity of doing to-morrow or the next day what could be so well done to-day? The colony is young, it is hated, it has been in perpetual ambush; it must have over it a mantle of blood. Forward, and spare not."

The blow dealt the Tolucas was a terrible one, but it was necessary. Thereafter they traded in peace with the whites, and maintained the alliance unbroken until the colony itself was destroyed, and the Americans driven out from all part or lot in the country.

Through no fault of any American there, however, the colony did not live. Shelby did the work of a giant. He was alcalde, magistrate, patriarch, contractor, surveyor, physician, interpreter, soldier, lawgiver, mediator, benefactor, autocrat, everything. All things that were possible were accomplished. Settlers came in and had lands given them. The schooners were loaded with tropical fruits and sent to New Orleans. When they returned they were filled with emigrants. The railroad took unto itself length and breadth and crept slowly through morass and jungle toward Vera Cruz. Disease also decimated. The rank forests, the tropical sun. the hardships and exposures of the new and laborious life told heavily against the men, and many whom the bullet had spared the fever finished. The living, however, took the place of the dead, and the work went on.

One day news came that the French garrison at Correzetla had marched at sunset for the Capital. Of all the good five hundred foot and horse not even so much as a saber or a sabertash remained to hold the mountain line between the guerrillas of the south and the little handful of pioneers hewing away in the wilderness of mahogany, toiling by day and standing guard by night. It could not be far to the end. A sudden irruption of robbers, quite two thousand strong, poured through the gaps in the broken and higher country, and drove rapidly in all the outlying posts along the frontier. If any settler there, tarrying late to save from the wreck whatever was valuable or dear to him, fell into their hands, it was a rope, a dog's death, and a grave that hid in it neither coffin nor shroud. Death to the Gringo came on every breeze that swept to the sea.

Shelby knew that the beginning of the end was at hand, and that he had great need to bring back from the overthrow all that was worth a stroke for rescue. He met this last danger as he had met all others, with arms in his hand. He massed once more his movable columns and fought as he fell back in front of his sick and his helpless, dealing such blows as became one who fel that the sun had been turned away from him, and that thereafter it would be neither a cloudless sky nor a peaceful twilight.

The citizens rose in the town of Tampico when it was known that the French had retired, and seized upon the schooners at anchor off the bar. Some among their crew made battle and died in vain and in discharge of a duty that had neither country nor cause to remember and reward it. When the vessels were burned their corpses were thrown headlong into the sea. Nothing survived the inundation. The fields were all laid waste the habitations were all pillaged and destroyed, what remained of the farming implements were broken to pieces, the luxuriant growth of the tropics sprang up in a night as it were, and hid the work of the devoted colonists. There was a moment of savage exultation over the wreck and the ruin of the beautiful valley and to-day all the magnificent land watered by the Tuspan river lies out under the sun, a waste place and a wilderness. Worn by long marching and fighting, the survivors found refuge at last in Cordova, homeless, penniless, and strangers in a strange land.

And death came, too, to one among the exiles who had cast in his lot in their midst as a Christian hero, and who had fought the fight the hero always fights. Henry Watkins Allen, ex-Governor of Louisiana, and a general of brigade in the Confederate army, was carried up from the lowlands of the Gulf to die. Shattered by wounds, and broken in health and fortune, he bore so bravely up that none knew, not even those who knew him best, how weak was the poor tried frame, and how clearly outlined to his ownvision was the invisible angel of the somber wings.

Selected by the Emperor to publish a newspaper in the English language and in the interest of the Empire and colonization, he had founded the *Mexican Times*, and had labored faithfully for the stability of the Government and the development of its mineral resources. Singularly gentle and lovable for one so desperately brave, he gave his whole time to the labors of his position, and toiled faithfully on in the work taken upon his hands to do. The Americans looked upon him as an adviser and friend. Marshal Bazaine counseled with him and bestowed upon him his confidence, and Maximilian trusted him as he would a household officer or aide. His charities were unostentatious and manifold. He delighted in giving his scanty means, and in keeping from his left hand what his right hand contributed. He wrote boldly and to the point. In the army his record had been one of extraordinary daring in a corps where all had been brave. Badly wounded at Shiloh, he kept his saddle until the battle was over, and led his troops the long day through, as though impervious to human weakness or physical pain. Later, at Baton Rouge, under Breckenridge, he had made a charge upon a battery, the fame of which filled the West. The guns were taken in the terrible contest, but Allen was lifted up from among his horse's feet, maimed, inert, speechless, almost dead. Three bullets from a canister shot had penetrated both legs, shattered the bones of one of them, and wounded him so desperately that for five months it was an almost hopeless struggle for life. To the last he was a sufferer and an invalid.

Having occasion to visit Vera Cruz on business during the height of the yellow fever, the hand of death was laid gently and silently upon him, and he returned to the City of Mexico to die. The conflict did not last long. What could the emaciated soldier do in the grasp of one so relentless and so fierce? The old wound bled afresh, and the old weakness had never left him. Bazaine sent to him his own physician. All that skill could do was done; all that tenderness or affection could suggest was performed. In vain. The good man died as he had lived, in peace with the world and with the good God who had afflicted him sorely in His own wise way, and who carried his soul straight to heaven.

The work of evacuation went steadily on. As the French retired, city after city received the Liberals with many demonstrations of joy. In some of these, also, those Mexicans who had sympathized with the Empire were cruelly treated; in others they were imprisoned or shot. The armies of Juarez were recruited by a levy *en masse* of all capable of bearing arms in the territory overrun by his ragamuffins. American sympathy was not wanting. Whatever in the way of arms, ammunition, supplies or clothing was needed, was bountifully supplied. A picked detachment of Californians, three squadrons strong, formed a desperate bodyguard for the

President. Unquestioning as fate, they did his bidding even to torture and to massacre. They were feared and hated of the nation.

A blow fell now, and fell suddenly, upon the colony of Carlota. The name itself, of all names, was the most fatal, and it appeased somewhat the fierce hatred of the born robbers and traitors, who hated everything noble or true, to plunder all who were unresisting or defenseless, and who had over them the blessing of the stricken woman of Miramar.

In a night the labor and toil of a long year were utterly broken up and destroyed. A band of freebooters from the mountains, nearly two thousand strong, poured down through the gap the French had left unprotected, and the pillage was utter and complete. Quite an hundred colonists, males all of them, were captured in the night and marched far into the gloomy places and recesses of the mountains. Their sufferings were terrible. Barefooted, days without food, beaten with sabers and pricked with lances, some few died and the rest, after a month of barbarous captivity, made their way back to the French lines, scarcely more than alive. All had been robbed, many had been stripped. Those who survived the blow and the thrust were but few—those who were naked were the most numerous.

The blow finished the colony. The farming implements were destroyed, the stock was slaughtered in the fields, the cabins were burnt, the growing crops beaten down under the feet of the horses, and what the hurrying cavalry spared the winds and the torches finished. Nobody pitied the Americans. In the upheaval of all stable things, and in the ever-increasing contraction of the Imperial circle, what mattered a robbery more or less. The days of the colonists were numbered when the French vessel that bore Castelnau anchored off the mole at Vera Cruz.

Still, however, the Americans were here and there in demand. An English company owning valuable silver mines at Pachuca, felt the terror of the French withdrawal, and sought for something stronger to rely upon than Mexican manhood. Colonel Robert C. Wood was in the City of Mexico at the time and was called upon to take command of the Company's forces. These were peons and miners. He recruited in addition a dozen Americans and went down to Pachuca to look after the silver deposits entrusted to his keeping. Vast masses of enormously rich ore, cut off from the seaports because of the revolution going on in the land, were piled up in huge heaps awaiting shipment Wood took a look at it all and turned to its owner, an old Englishman, nervous but brave:

"How much is it all worth?"

"Well on to a million."

"They will come for it strong, then—the robbers?"

"No, not for the silver ore, but for a ransom. I could stand one, or two, or three among the chiefs and pay them all well, but up among the hundreds it is impossible."

Wood took command and went to fortifying. The third day he found himself surrounded. A summons to surrender came. Before firing a gun a Mexican always seeks to arrange a capitulation. Palaver, from his own strong term *palabres*, means after all nothing but words, words, words, in the rugged old Spanish. Since the commander was not influenced to surrender, he had but one thing to do —he fought like a tiger. In the end the first robber chief was driven away, for the Englishman's habitation was a fort, an arsenal, a storehouse, and a silver mine. Others advanced to the attack, but Wood held on for three weeks, fighting every day, and keeping his own right royally. The siege might have lasted longer, but Mendez, an Imperial Mexican, swept down from the Capitol and drove before him like chaff the robber bands, preying alike upon the innocent and the guilty. Colonel Wood marched out with the honors of war, the Englishman made his voyage sure to Vera Cruz; there was no more fighting about Pachuca, but there was no more silver ore as well.

As the news of reverse after reverse came to Maximilian, he turned once more his despairing eyes toward the Americans, and sought among them for the nucleus of a corps. He sent for Shelby, who was at Cordova, and had him to come post haste. Feeling that it was too late, Shelby yet answered the summons with alacrity, and presented himself to the Emperor.

The interview was brief, but, brief as it was, it was almost sad.

"How many Americans are yet in the country?" the Emperor inquired.

"Not enough for a corporal's guard," was Shelby's frank reply; "and the few who are left can not be utilized. Your Majesty has put off too long the inauguration of a plan which, while it might not have given you as many soldiers as France, would at least have restored a formidable rallying point, and stayed for a time the tide of reverses that is rising all over Mexico. I don't know of 200 effective men among my countrymen who could be got together before the evacuation is complete."

"I need 20,000," the Emperor rejoined, as one who talked mechanically.

"Yes, 40,000. Of all the Imperial regiments in your service, you can not count upon one that will stand fast to the end. What are the tidings? In Gaudalajara, desertion; in Colima, desertion; in Durango, Zecatecas, San Luis Potosi, Matehuala—it is nothing but desertion, desertion. As I came in I saw the Regiment of the Empress marching out. You will pardon me if I speak the truth, but as devoted as that Regiment should be, I would call upon your Majesty to beware of it. When the need is greatest its loyalty will

be most in doubt. Keep with you constantly all the household troops that yet belong to the Empire. Do not waste them in doubtful battles. Do not divide them among important towns. The hour is at hand when instead of numbers you will have to rely upon devotion. I am but as one man, but whatever a single subject can do that thing shall be done to the utmost."

The Emperor mused some little time in silence. When he spoke again it was in a voice so sad as to be almost pitiful.

"It is so refreshing to hear the truth," he said, "and I feel that you have told it to me as one who neither fears nor flatters. Take this in parting, and remember that circumstances never render impossible the right to die for a great principle."

As the Emperor spoke he detached the golden cross of the Order of Guadalupe from his breast and gave it into the hands of Shelby.

He has it yet, a precious souvenir—the sole memento of a parting that for both was the last on earth.

CHAPTER XXII.

It was in these last days of the Empire that General J. A. Early, a noble Southern Tacitus, came over from Havana to Mexico. His journey from the United States had been a romantic one. After Lee's surrender at Appomattox Court House, General Early, with the keen eye of a thorough sportsman, had selected a horse in Virginia that in every way suited his ideas of a horse. Above all things he wanted one full of action and endurance. The ride before him was from ocean to ocean, as it were, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Having on nothing that would stand in the shape of the uniform of a soldier, and a good enough looking citizen in all except the bronze of his rough campaigning, he rode through Virginia and North Carolina, through Tennessee and Mississippi, into Arkansas, and across it into Texas, and on through outlying bands of guerrillas and robbers to the port of Matamoras. Sometimes he went hungry for bread. For days together he had no shelter. He spoke but two words of Spanish, and those contemptuously, because the words themselves expressed so aptly the Mexican's idea of eternal procrastination. He got along somehow, however, and made his appearance to the few who were left among the Mexicans, as full of the fire of war, and as indifferent to either extreme of fortune as when amid the echoes of the long and perilous battle he had seen victory come and go, at one time his hand maiden, at another his Delilah.

General Early, even then, had written his book reviewing the military campaigns of Sheridan in the Valley of Virginia. Some articles had appeared in the American press not exactly between them, but about them. Each had written freely of each. Each was a man who followed up his words, if need be, with blows. He disliked skirmishing very much, that was only skirmishing, so he concluded to go over to Havana and challenge Sheridan. He argued that Sheridan was an Irishman, that he probably would not be averse to the operations of the code, that he was personally braveand that a shot or two between them, while it might not settle a single point at issue, would at least clear up the atmosphere of the correspondence a little, and round off some of the angularities of the two antagonistic natures. He was overpersuaded, however, and did not send the challenge. He returned to Canada, published his book, told some very necessary yet unpalatable truths, and has remained on duty ever since, a watchful sentinel over Southern honor as amplified and exemplified by Southern history.

Foreigners of all nations now began to put each his house in order. None had faith in the Empire, none believed that it could survive the shock of the French withdrawal three months. Maximilian had no money. He was suspicioned of the church. The Archbishop was his enemy. His wife, really and truly his better half, his noble, selfsacrificing, heroic Carlota, was dead to him, to his love, to whatever of triumph or despair the future had in store for him. The dark hour was upon Saul. Shrouded in the mental blackness of a great darkness, Maximilian, as he always did when he was hard hunted, fled to Cuernavaca. He remained three days, the prey of conflicting emotions, and the one isolated and desolate figure in a land that had in it the birds and the odors of Paradise.

When he returned he had taken upon himself a sudden resolution. He would leave the country, too, he had said to some of his nearest followers. The Emperor Napoleon had urged him to retire with the French. The Emperor of Austria had done the same, so had the Queen of England, so had Bazaine, so had everybody, who knew how the scholar, and the gentleman would at last be destroyed in a contact with brute force, ignorance and cupidity. There can be no doubt whatever of the Emperor's intention at this time to abandon Mexico. The condition of his wife's health, the attitude of the Catholic Church, his empty treasury, the mutiny and disaffection among his native regiments, the baseness, corruption and falsehood on every hand, so impressed him at last that a great reaction came and a great disgust for the people whose cause he had espoused and whose country he had endeavored to pacify and redeem. He retired suddenly to Orizava, a city two days' journey toward Vera Cruz. The movement was ominous, and a great fear fell upon those among the Imperialists who had yet the manhood and the decency to thus preserve the semblance of affection. Generals Miramon and Marquez went to him at once. Long consultations followed, and the result arrived at was a decree on the part of the Emperor convoking a national Congress, on the most ample and liberal basis, wherein all political parties might participate. On the 12th of October, 1866, the Emperor returned to Pueblo, one day's journey toward the Capital, one day's journey farther from the seacoast. The Imperialists again took courage. On the 5th of January, 1867, the Emperor returned again to Mexico.

During his stay in Orizaba, his Majesty had a long and confidential interview with Governor Thomas C. Reynolds. He had been in the habit of consulting him upon various occasions, and had in more than one instance followed the advice given by this remarkable, clearh-eaded and conscientious man. To Reynolds he *unbosomed* himself fully and without reserve. He dwelt upon the *condition* of the country and the apparent hopelessness of the effort

he was making to maintain himself. He complained that he had no advisers who understood the nature of the surroundings, and who could give a sensible and patriotic reason for anything. He wanted sympathy really as much as he did advice, and Reynolds gave him both. He urged upon him the necessity of remaining in Mexico and of dying, if needs be, for his kingdom and his crown. Reynolds also recalled briefly the history of his ancestors, the names great among the greatest of his race, and reminded him as delicately as possible, yet very firmly, that, Hapsburg as he was, he had need but of two things—to perish or succeed. There was a sacred duty he owed, first to his name, and then to those other young and dauntless spirits who had followed him across the ocean and who could not be abandoned to be destroyed. Men of the Hapsburg race either conquered destiny or were conquered by it in war harness and in front of the fight. Standing or falling, he should head his armies and trust himself, as his ancestors had done before him, to the God of battles and the sword.

Maximilian returned to the City of Mexico, as has been already stated, on the 5th of January, 1866. On the 6th of February, of the same year, the French troops left the Capital. The Congress provided for at the Council of Orizava, owing to the deplorable condition of the country, did not meet. War was in the land, and rapine, and the slaughter of those who did not resist, nor yet had any arms in their hands. Bazaine, the night before the evacuation of the city, sought a private interview with the Emperor, and had it granted far into the morning. As a soldier he reasoned with the Emperor simply as a soldier. Treating the whole question at issue as one of men and means entirely, he demonstrated how futile all resistance would be, and how utterly impossible it was to maintain an alien government without an army. Having his mind made up, however, with the fixedness of desperation, Maximilian took no heed of Bazaine's inexorable logic. The two parted coldly, never to meet again, but not as enemies. The Marshal pitied the Emperor, the Emperor smiled upon the Marshal. In the presence of death, the man who can smile and forgive upon earth, is already forgiven in heaven.

If there were any Mexicans now in the Empire really devoted to Maximilian they made no effort to sustain him. As the French lines receded the lines of Juarez moved up and occupied everything. Regiments deserted in a body, garrisoned towns were given up, the native troops would not fight agains native troops—all cohesiveness was gone. There was no discipline; it was dark in every quarter, and the time for giants to arise was near at hand. In this condition of the country Maximilian took the field.

From the first he led a forlorn hope. The whole Imperial fabric, unsupported by French bayonets, literally fell to pieces. Miramon

was defeated in Durango; Mendez had to retreat from the South; Marquez lost Pueblo and the outlying towns about the Capital; from a force amounting to fifty thousand men on paper, Maximilian, all told, and when every General and every detachment was in at Queretaro, could not, if he had tried, have counted nine thousand soldiers, who had faith in the destiny of the Empire, and who knew how to die for it.

On the 13th of February, 1866, the Emperor, leaving Marquez in command of the City of Mexico, concluded to take command of the army in the field. Accordingly, on that day he marched northward. The force under him numbered barely eighteen hundred, and was composed equally of the three arms, infantry, cavalry and artillery.

The first day's march brought slight skirmishing; on the fourth day the skirmishing grew suddenly heavy and hot; the Hungarians of his body guard made a splendid charge, the road was tolerably well cleared, and on the morning of the 19th, amid the ringing of innumerable bells and the noisy demonstrations of a vast multitude, the Emperor entered the city of Queretaro.

It was an historical city, this of Queretaro. Fifty-seven leagues from the Capital, it had been founded about the year 1445, and was a part of the empire of Montezuma I. A Spaniard, Fernando de Tapia, conquered it in 1531, and conferred upon it the name of Santiago de Queretaro—or, in the Tarasco idiom, a place where ball was played.

Ominous christening! The ball now about to be played was with those iron ones men play with death when death, must win.

The population of Queretaro was fully fifty thousand, and during the war with the United States the Mexican Congress held its sessions there. Afterward, in 1848, the commissioners of peace assembled there and signed the famous treaty of Hidalgo.

The Emperor was no soldier, and yet he believed some fortifications were necessary to protect his inferior force from the greatly superior force he knew was rushing to overwhelm him from every portion of the Empire. From the 1st of March to the 16th he worked like a grenadier He rarely slept. He ate as the men did, fared alike with his soldiers, he appealed to them as a comrade, led them forward as a king, and was beloved beyond all.

On the 14th of March General Escobedo, at the head of thirty thousand Mexicans, moved down from the north and invested the city. Here was one who had never known an hour of mercy; who had iron gray hair; who was angular and gaunt; who lived much alone, suspicioned all men; who had been known to have rivals poisoned; who hated the French worse than the Austrians, the Americans worse than the French, and who was a coward.

On the 14th of March the city was attacked—thirty thousand against nine thousand. All day long the Emperor was under fire. At night he took no rest. Brave, modest, gentle, no exposure was too great for him—no personal hazard accounted a feather's weight in the scale of the day's doubtful fortunes.

Not yet satisfied of his grip upon the town, Escobedo retired worsted. The grim lines of circumvallation, however, grew stronger day by day, and to the siege of the place a tide of soldiers poured constantly in, armed in all fashions, ragged, hungry for food, ravenous. It mattered not for guns. They had strength, and they could dig to keep well at bay those who, sooner or later, had to come out or starve.

Succor was needed, and on the 22d of March, at the head of one thousand mounted men, General Marquez, at the command of the Emperor, started to the Capital. He was to procure men, provisions and munitions of war, and he was to return within fifteen days. All his orders were explicit. If he had not men enough to garrison and defend the City of Mexico, and also to increase his force sufficiently for the defense of Queretaro, then he was to abandon Mexico, and return with every soldier and every round of ammunition he could raise to the headquarters of the Emperor. The Emperor also conferred upon Marquez the title of *Lugar Teniente*, or what is usually translated as meaning Lieutenant General. It does mean this, and much more. Such an officer, in the absence of the sovereign, takes his place, and is recognized and obeyed accordingly. He has the absolute power of life and death in his hands, can declare war, appropriate money, make treaties, act, in short, as an absolute and unquestioned autocrat, and then in the end explain nothing.

Marquez never returned to Queretaro. Was he a traitor? In the peculiarly expressive language of the race to which he belonged, the answer is only a shrug of the shoulders and a *quien sabe*. In a nation of traitors, what matters one or two more or less? Marquez not only did not report, but such were the infamies of his reign in Mexico, and such the outrages and oppressions he put upon the people, that many, even in the last sad days of the Empire—many, indeed, who were faithful and pure of heart—rose up to curse Maximilian, and to rejoice when the couriers came riding southward, telling of how the work was done.

On the 27th of March a passable sortie was made. Two hundred Austrian Hussars, of the household troops, and a squadron or so of Hungarians, dashed across an open field at the charge, capturing two pieces of artillery and two hundred men.

No succor came from the Capital. Marquez reached the City of Mexico in safety and increased his forces to four thousand soldiers, eight hundred of whom were Europeans. Instead of marching immediately northward to Queretaro, he marched directly south-

ward to Puebla, then held by an Imperial garrison, but closely besieged by General Porfirio Diaz. As Marquez approached, Diaz stormed the city, enlisted a large proportion of its defenders in his own ranks and turned savagely upon Marquez. He retreated at first without a battle. Diaz pressed him fiercely, some heavy skirmishing ensued, but in the end all opposition ceased, and the remnant of Maximilian's army cooped itself up within the walls of Mexico and surrendered later at discretion.

On the 14th of April, at Queretaro, the Emperor's forces made another sortie, taking nineteen guns and six hundred prisoners. It was then his intention to abandon this position and reach Mexico by forced and incessant marches. But upon ascertaining fully the results of the victory, and becoming thoroughly acquainted with its magnitude and effect, he countermanded the order of execution and tarried yet a while longer, hoping to hear something that would reassure him from other quarters. Finally abandoning all idea of succor from the movements of Marquez, he ordered Prince Salm Salm, on the night of the 17th, to go in quest of him, ascertain exactly his intentions, arrest and iron him if the need was, and bring back with him every available soldier possible under his command.

Prince Salm Salm, at the head of five hundred cavalry, sallied out precisely at midnight and advanced probably half a league. Suddenly a tremendous fire was opened upon him from artillery and infantry. Severely wounded in the foot himself, and satisfied from the force in position across his only road of exit that he could not get through, he returned within the lines, baffled and demoralized.

On the 1st of May still another sortie was attempted. Miramon led this, and led it badly. Two hours of desperate fighting gave him no advantage, and when at last he was forced back, it was with a precipitancy so great as to appear like a rout.

The cloud of disaster now became darker and nearer. Maximilian bore up bravely. As long as his private funds lasted, he divided them among the sick and the wounded. Constantly in the front of the fight, and dauntless in the discharge of every duty, he commanded, inspired, toiled and faced the inevitable as became the greatness of his nature and the magnitude of the interests at stake. He commanded scarcely nine thousand men. Foremost in the sorties, forming all the forlorn hopes, looking forward to the future only as those who had no future, his Europeans died and made no moan. Many near and dear to him had fallen. Some who had followed his fortunes in other lands and on seas full of wonder and peril, fell where could come to them neither friendly hand nor sepulchre. Those the enemy got they mutilated—those who dragged *themselves* back from the battle's wreck, slowly and painfully, had *the prayer* of the priest and the last warm grasp of a kingly hand.

These were all—but to these poor, faithful, simple-minded soldiers, these were a great deal.

On the morning of the 13th of May, Maximilian determined, when the night came, to abandon the city of Queretaro. Having yet, however, to arm some three thousand citizens, the evacuation was postponed. On the evening of the 14th, Miramon came to the Emperor and suggested to him the importance of calling a council composed of all the Generals of the army. Above all things it was necessary to have unity of action, and this could best be done after a full and free interchange of opinion was indulged in. The Emperor consented, and in consenting signed his death warrant.

Before the consultation was had, the Emperor turned his honest, clear blue eyes upon the face of Colonel Lopez, commander of the Empress' Regiment, and said to him very gently, as he laid his hand, comrade fashion, upon his shoulder, decorated with the epaulettes the Empress herself had braided:

"*You* need take no concern about the march. Your regiment has been detailed as my especial escort."

The Judas smiled as all Judases have done for six thousand years, and went his way to betray him.

The Generals met during the day of the 14th, and resolved to march out from Queretaro at eleven o'clock that night. When the time came the volunteers were still unarmed, and some of the Generals asked the delay of another day. General Mendez, also, a gallant and devoted officer, being quite unwell and unable to ride, sent Colonel Redonet to the Emperor with a petition asking for further time that he might conquer his malady and lead his old brigade in person.

Maximilian yielded to these urgent solicitations and fixed at last positively upon the night of the 15th.

Full fifty thousand men now invested Queretaro. Corona, a General of more than ordinary Mexican ability, came down from Durango and joined his forces to those of Escobedo. The lines of investment were complete—fifty thousand besieging nine thousand.

About the headquarters of Maximilian all was silence and expectancy. General Castillo, of the Imperial staff, conveyed to the various officers, secretly and verbally, the orders for the night. Nowhere did the gleaming of camp fires appear. The infantry were to carry their cartridges and blankets, the cannon upon the fortifications were to be spiked and the magazines flooded. Some eight and ten-pounders, dismounted and packed on mules, together with light supplies of grape and canister, completed the arm of resistance in the way of artillery.

On the west and directly in front of the lines held by Corona the entire garrison was to be concentrated. Thence pouring out through

the night—surprising, stabbing, bayoneting, gaining the rugged defiles of the Sierra Gorda—there was slight work thereafter in laying hands upon succor and safety.

Twelve hundred armed citizens of Queretaro were to remain behind and protect the people and the property of the city as far as might be. These, after twenty-four hours had passed, were to surrender to General Escobedo. The Emperor retired at eight o'clock and slept until one. Prince Salm Salm, until twelve o'clock, was busy in arranging the private papers of Maximilian and in packing them in small canvas sacks that might be strapped to the saddles of the escort company. Many were busy in writing words of tenderness and farewell. As there were no lights, the staff officers assisted each other by smoking cigarettes close to the paper that a few words might be scribbled by the fleeting and uncertain light.

The sortie might have won. It was the last and only resort of nine thousand desperate men who had been starving, who in eleven days had only scant allowances of mule or horse meat, and who had been under fire long enough to be acclimated.

It was not to be, however. Between one and two o'clock the traitor Lopez, having previously communicated with Escobedo, crept silently from his quarters and took his way through the dark and narrow streets of Queretaro. Colonel Garza, commanding the advance outposts of the investing army, met him first. Garza was an honorable soldier who despised the work he was engaged in, and the man who came to him in the midnight, a coward and a traitor. As he advanced to meet him he did not extend his hand, but said curtly:

"You are expected. Such work as this needs to be done quickly."

Garza reported with Lopez to General Veliz, a division commander. The three together visited Escobedo and returned almost directly, Garza having been ordered to follow the traitor with his command and do as he was bidden.

There was a large church on the south called La Cruz, and near this church a hole in the wall of defense. Thither went Lopez, Veliz and Garza. Here Veliz halted, but Garza and Lopez went on. Be it remembered, also, that Lopez had been the officer of the day, that he was the highest just then in authority in the city, and that having the pass word, he could arrange the forces at pleasure, and transpose or withdraw posts and outposts as the exigencies of his terrible treason might demand.

When the nearest station of Imperial troops was reached, Garza halted his command. Lopez rode forward and asked of the officer on duty if there was any news.

"None," was the reply.

"Then parade your men and call the roll."

This was done with military accuracy and speed. Afterward the detachment was marched to the rear of Garza, leaving him in

possession of the fort. The Liberals were in Queretaro. The beginning of the end was at hand. Other Liberal officers were put in possession of other posts, and before an hour had passed the treachery was complete. As the Liberal forces entered the city, quite a number of the Imperial officers were awake. As they saw Colonel Rincon's regiment—a Liberal regiment of some celebrity—march by their barracks, they looked out carelessly and took no note. Some of their own troops, they imagined, were going by or getting ready for the sortie.

By half past three o'clock fully two-thirds of the city was in possession of the Liberals. Suddenly and with great force all the church bells began to ring. The streets were filled with bodies of armed men. Aides galloped hither and thither. Skirmishing shots broke out in every direction. There were cries, shouts, the blare of bugles, and from afar the heavy rumbling and dragging of artillery.

Great confusion fell upon the Imperialists. Some thought that Marquez had returned, and had attacked and defeated Escobedo. Others, that it was only a fight at the outposts—many, that the short, hot work of the sortie had actually begun. And so it had, with the lines reversed. Lopez had an adjutant, a Pole named Yablonski, who was with him in his treasonable plot, but who yet sought to save the Emperor. Feigning sleep, he had not yet closed his eyes in slumber. All his senses were on the *qui vive* for the ringing of the bells that were to usher in the tragedy. The first echo brought him to his feet—erect, nervous, vigorous.

Maximilian occupied the convent of La Cruz, and next to the room of the Emperor was that of his private secretary, Jose Blasio. Yablonski went close up to Blasio and whispered:

"The enemy are in the garden; get up!"

Half dressed and heavy with the deep sleep of exhaustion, Blasio staggered into the apartment of the Emperor. In a few moments Maximilian knew all. He was the coolest man there, and so sad and so gentle that it seemed as if he did not care to live. The convent was surrounded. Castillo, Guzman, Salm Salm and Padillo, all officers who were quartered near the Emperor, walked into his presence. Padillo informed him that the enemy were in possession of the convent; that ten pieces of artillery had been taken in its very plaza, and that all defense of the mere building itself was useless. Maximilian very quietly took up a brace of revolvers, handed one to Padillo, and went to the door of his room, followed by Padillo, Blasio and Salm Salm. "To go out here or to die is the only way," he said, and they crossed the corridor.

A sentinel at the head of the steps halted them. Maximilian leveled his revolver. An officer of the Liberal army—a brave, chivalrous and heroic Mexican, supposed to be Col. Rincon—

struck with a strange and generous pity, cried out to the sentinel:

"Let them pass; they are citizens."

In the Plaza a line of leveled muskets again came up in front of them. Capture was imminent—or death unknown and ignominious. Again Rincon spoke to the soldiers:

"Let them pass; they are civilians."

The lines opened and the Emperor, followed by his little escort, reached the regiment of the Empress. Lopez, its Colonel and its betrayer, was at its head, mounted and ready for orders. A huge hill, El Cerro de las Campanas, was the rallying point now of Maximilian's confused, scattered and demoralized forces. Thither he hurried with what was left of this chosen body of his very household's troops. On the way Castillo was met, who cried out:

"All is lost. See, your Majesty, the enemy's force is coming very near."

Just then a body of infantry was entering the Plaza. Mistaken in their uniforms, and not aware of the extent and nature of the surprise, Maximilian exclaimed:

"Thank God, our battalion of Municipal Guards are coming."

The error, however, was soon discovered and the little party started again for the hill, El Cerro. Maximilian was on foot. A horse, however, was brought to him which he mounted, reigning it in and keeping pace with his companions. Lopez remained close to his side. Passing the house of one Rubio, a rich Mexican, though not an Imperialist, Lopez said to the Emperor:

"Your majesty should enter here. In this way alone can you save yourself."

Maximilian refused peremptorily, and issued his orders with singular calmness and clearness. Meeting Captain Jenero, General Castillo's adjutant, he bade him seek Miramon at once and order him to concentrate every available soldier upon El Cerro de las Campanas. To another officer he cried out:

"Go among your men and talk to them. Expose your person and teach them how to die."

On the summit of the hill there were only about one hundred and fifty men gathered. These, belonging principally to the infantry regiments, had strayed there more because of the observation the elevation afforded than of a knowledge that it was the rallying point. Not all of them had ammunition. Some, roused suddenly from sleep, had snatched up only their guns and rushed out alarmed into the night. Soon the cavalry of the Empress arrived, and, recognizing the Emperor, cheered for him bravely. This devotion

[illegible] him, and under the light of the stars he was seen to lift up [illegible]nd bow his head.

[illegible]he thinking of Carlota?

Miramon did not come. The firing grew heavier in every direction. Mejia rallying a few men in the Plaza del Ayuntamiento followed the regiment of the Empress. As they approached Maximilian spoke to Salm Salm.

"Ride forward and see if Miramon can not be distinguished among those who are coming up."

General Mendez, a lion in combat, and so weak from illness as to be put with difficulty upon his horse, was surprised in the Alameda, and surrounded. Would he surrender? Never: and the battle began. It was a carnage—a massacre. His men fell fearfully fast—shot down, helpless, by an unseen and protected foe. A ball broke his left arm. He swayed in the saddle, but he held fast.

"Bring here a strap!" he shouted, and strap me fast. I want to die in the harness."

He tried to cut through to El Cerro. Met half way, and caught in a dreadful ambuscade, the slaughter was renewed. Another ball carried away the point of his chin, and yet a third disabled his right shoulder, and yet a fourth killed his horse. Scarcely alive, he was dragged out insensible. Reviving a little toward daylight, at six in the morning a fusilade finished him. Among all the soldiers of Maximilian, he was the noblest, the bravest and the best.

How fared it with Miramon, sound asleep when the traitor Lopez stole in through the battered wall at the head of an insatiable tide swallowing up the tottering and dissolving fabric of Imperialism?

CHAPTER XXIII.

AWAKENED by the ringing of bells, the broken rattle of irregular musketry, and now and then a cannon shot, Miramon half arose in his bed, cleared his eyes from the heaviness of sleep, and spoke calmly to his aid-de-camp.

"I fear that we are lost. Inside the walls a traitor has surely been at work."

He dressed himself speedily, and descended into the street. It was full of soldiers. He imagined that they were his own. He spoke to them and announced his name and rank. An officer on horseback rushed upon him, put a carbine to his cheek and fired. Miramon, his jaw-bone shattered and his flesh blackened and powder burnt, swayed backward nearly from his feet, caught himself, lifted himself upright, and killed the officer dead in his saddle who had shot him.

Miramon had a devoted body-guard, and it rallied around him. In the darkness the fight became furious. Striving in vain to reach the hill where he supposed the Emperor was making a desperate stand, and weak from the loss of blood, Miramon staggered upon an open door and entered a house. It was the house of Dr. Samaniegos, who hid him and kissed him, and, Mexican like, went out into the streets to give his life away. He proclaimed aloud to the Liberals that Miramon was alone in his house, and that the time was opportune to lay hands upon him. A band rushed in and bound and gagged him, and dragged him away—suffering excruciating torture—to the convent of Terrecitas.

The Emperor, therefore, waited in vain for Miramon—waited in agony and uncertainty until two batteries of San Gregorio and Celaya opened a tremendous fire upon his position. Turning to Prince Salm Salm, he was heard to exclaim from the depths of his despair:

"Oh, my friend, would that one of these shells would end it all now, and speedily."

Alas! he was reserved for Mexican bullets.

Directly, Colonel Gonzales galloped up with a portion of a regiment, saluted, and reported the condition of Miramon. Maximilian sighed heavily, rested his head upon his hands for a few moments, and then demanded suddenly of Castillo and Mejia if it were possible to break through the lines of the enemy.

Old Mejia, the small, cool, devoted Indian fatalist and fighter, turned his glass toward the enemy and surveyed them accurately through the night. When he had finished, he merely shrugged his shoulders and replied:

"Sire, it is impossible. If you order it we will try it. For my part, I am ready to die. For fifty years I have waited for this."

Maximilian then took Padillo by the arm and spoke to him briefly:

"It is necessary to make a quick determination in order to avoid greater misfortunes. Is it surrender?"

"Yes, sire," said Castillo, Padillo, Gonzales, and "Yes, sire," said Mejia, in a sad whisper, his head drooping upon his breast.

Immediately a white flag was lifted up from the top of the hill, and messengers were sent at once to Escobedo asking an interview upon the following basis:

"First—To make Maximilian alone the victim of the war.

"Second—The men of the army to be treated with the soldierly consideration merited by their valor and devotion.

"Third—The lives and liberty of those who were immediately in the Emperor's personal services."

Before an answer was returned, Maximilian saw in the distance a small squadron of soldiers, dressed in scarlet, and riding at a rapid speed toward the Campanas. He mistook them for his own Hussars, and cried out, his voice heavy with emotion:

"It is too late—they come too late, but see what a fearful risk they run to reach me. Look how they endure the fire of the batteries. Who would not be proud of such soldiers?"

Alas! they were not even a portion of his own decimated yet devoted foreign followers. They were the advance of Trevina's robber cavalry, coming to hunt the Emperor.

As they drew near, the fire slackened, and suddenly ceased altogether. An officer, a captain, rode forward, and with a vulgar and cowardly epithet, demanded Maximilian. His Majesty, calm as a grenadier on guard, stepped outside the fortification, and replied with much sweetness and dignity:

"I am he."

"Mendez has been shot," this officer continued brutally, "and Miramon, and by and by it will come Maximilian's and Mejia's turn."

The Emperor did not answer. He pitied the coward who did not know how to treat misfortune. Sternly bidding his subordinate to go to the rear, General Echegarry, a Liberal officer of some humanity, rode to the front and demanded courteously the surrender of Maximilian and his officers. This was at once accorded, the Emperor again exclaiming, "If you should require anybody's life, take mine, but do not harm my officers. I am willing to die if you require it, but intercede with General Escobedo for the life of my officers."

Presently General Corona rode up, and again the Emperor interceded for his personal adherents:

"If you want another victim, I am prepared to go. Do not harm those whose only crime in your eyes is their devotion to me."

Corona replied coldly:

"It does not belong to me to make promises. Until you are delivered to the General-in-chief in person, your own life and that of your officers will be safe."

Horses were furnished, and the Imperialist Generals, Costello, Mejia and Salm Salm, together with the Emperor, and the Liberal Generals, Corona and Echegarry, mounted and rode down the hill toward the city. It was not long before General Escobedo was met, when a countermarch was had, and they all returned to the hill again, and into the fort where they dismounted.

After dismounting, Maximilian extended his hand to Escobedo. His own safety never, for a single instant, seemed to have entered his mind. His talk was ever of his followers.

"If you wish more blood," he remarked to Escobedo, "take mine. I ask at your hands good treatment for the officers who have been true to me. Do not let them be insulted or maltreated."

"All shall be treated as prisoners of war, even your Majesty," was the significant reply of the Mexican butcher.

In an hour, with a heavy guard over him—homeless, crownless, sceptreless—Maximilian was a close prisoner in the convent of La Cruz. At his special request the officers of his household, Prince Salm Salm, Colonel Guzman, Minister Aguirre, Colonel Padillo, Dr. Basch, and Don Jose Blasio, his Secretary, were permitted to be imprisoned in the same building. They remained four days there—three of which the Emperor remained in bed, seriously sick of a dysentery. On the fifth day they were removed to the Convent of Terrecitas. After enduring seven days of rigorous captivity in this gloomy abode, they were taken to the Convent of Capuchinas, where were also imprisoned all the Generals of the Imperial army. For four days they all remained together on the first floor. On the fifth, Maximilian, Mejia and Miramon were separated from the rest and imprisoned in the second story. The work of winnowing had already commenced—so soon and yet so ominous.

Here the Emperor had leisure to review the past, and answer to his own heart the question: Had he done his duty. In his conscience, perhaps, there was little of upbraiding. True, he had committed mistakes here and grievous errors of judgment yonder; but who is infallible? He had tried to do right, and he had nothing to reproach himself with. No form of speech could express his astonishment at the betrayal of Lopez. He had trusted him in all things, confided in him, leaned upon him, lifted him up and promoted him, brought him to the flattery and friendship of his beautiful Empress—*and in the* one supreme moment of his destiny, in the very hour of *the desperate* crisis of his life and his reign, this Lopez, this tawny,

fawning, creeping, cowardly thing, surrendered himself without so much as a quickened pulse-beat, or a guilty and accusing blush. He had been the godfather to Lopez's child. He had laid bare to Lopez the inmost recesses of his heart, and in his last and most terrible hour to be betrayed when the struggle he was making was not even for himself, was too bad.

Nor did Lopez lay himself down on a bed of roses when the black treachery was done. His beautiful wife deserted him, and published to all Mexico the story of his infamy and ingratitude. His children abandoned his household and sought shelter and protection with the mother. On dress parade one day, when an army was on review, a Juarista Colonel smote him upon either cheek, the lazzaroni hooted at him and cried out "*el triador! el triador!*" as he passed along, the very beggars turned away their eyes from him without asking for alms, and nowhere could he find pity and charity except in the bosom of that church which, no matter how dark are the stains of blood upon the hands of the sinners, prays always that they may be made white as snow.

The captivity of Maximilian continued. It was rigid, gloomy, foreboding — a little darker than Spanish captivity generally, because to the cruelty of the original Spaniard, there had been added the cunning and selfish craftiness of the Indian. He was denied all intercourse with his fellows except that which the officials had. His food was coarse, his water not plenty, his sunlight barred out, and his pure air made pestilential because of the filth with which they delighted to surround him.

Physical deprivations, however, made no way to subdue the lofty pride and the Christian heroism and fortitude of his kingly character. His head was yet borne splendidly erect, and in the day or the night-time, in a room that was like a dungeon, or in the vestibule where the naked and unwashed animals of sentinels slept, he was the same patient, kindly, courteous gentleman—true to his name, his lineage, and his manhood.

The half-breed butchers, however, who were soon to try him, and to sit with sandalled feet about the table where military justice was to declare itself, tried first, in Indian fashion, to degrade the victim they meant to torture alive. A proclamation, purporting to have been written by Maximilian, was printed in every newspaper in the Empire. It bore no date. It was abject, cowardly, plausible if a Mexican had written it, a paltry forgery when ascribed to a Hapsburg, and it was as follows:

"The Archduke Ferdinard Maximilian, of Hapsburg, ex-Emperor of Mexico, to all of its inhabitants:

"COMPATRIOTS:

"After the valor and the patriotism of the Republican armies have brought about the end of my reign in this city, the obstinate

defense of which was indispensable to save the honor of my cause and of my race; after this bloody siege, in which have rivaled in abnegation and bravery the soldiers of the Empire with those of the Republic, I am going to explain myself to you.

"Compatriots: I came to Mexico animated not only with a firm hope of making you, and every one of you, individually happy, but also protected and called to the throne of Montezuma and Iturbide by the Emperor of France, Napoleon III. He has abandoned us cowardly and infamously, through the fear of the United States, placing in ridicule France itself, and making it spend uselessly its treasures, and shedding the blood of its sons and your own. When the news of my fall and death will reach Europe, all its monarchs, and the land of Charlemange, will ask an account of my blood, and that of the Germans, Belgians and French shed in Mexico, from the Napoleon dynasty. Then will be the end.

"The whole world will soon see Napoleon covered with shame from head to foot.

"Now the world sees his Majesty, the Emperor of Austria, my august brother, supplicating for my life before the United States, and me a prisoner of war at the disposition of the Republican government, with my crown and heart torn to pieces.

"Compatriots: My last words to you are these: I ardently desire that my blood may regenerate Mexico; and that as a warning to all ambitious and incautious persons, you may know how, with prudence and true patriotism, to take advantage of your triumph, and through your virtues ennoble the political cause, the banner of which you sustain. May Providence save you, and make me worthy of myself. "MAXIMILIAN."

The vile forgery went everywhere. The soldiers on guard that could read, read it aloud and laughed long and derisively in the hearing of the Emperor. A copy was brought to him. He wrote upon the back, in pencil, this:

"I authorize Colonel and Aid-de-Camp Prince Salm Salm to deny in my name this last effort to disgrace me before posterity. This proclamation is not mine, its sentiments are not mine, its declarations are not true, and these, therefore, certainly can not be mine. Should Colonel and Aid-de-Camp Prince Salm Salm escape the fate certainly in store for me, he will publish in Europe this my earnest declaration."

Salm Salm did survive him, and history has given the lie fully to the black plot worthy of the nation that concocted it.

The trial was a farce. Since the work of the traitor Lopez, there had been no hope for Maximilian.

On Tuesday morning, May 28, 1867, the friends of the Emperor *began to* bestir themselves in his behalf. Mr. Bansen, the Hamburg *Consul*, resident at San Luis Potosi, the wife of Prince Salm Salm,

Baron Magnus, the Prussian Minister, and Frederick Hall, an American lawyer, concentrated themselves at Queretaro and laid plans for the acquittal of his Majesty.

Maximilian talked much before his trial—the broken and unconnected talk of one who felt without seeing it, the shadow of approaching death. He declared that he came to Mexico with the sincere belief that he was called to the government by the great masses of the people. After his reception at Vera Cruz he had remarked to the Empress: "Surely the deputation were right when they said a majority of the Mexicans were in favor of our coming to be their ruler. I never in all Europe saw a sovereign received with such enthusiasm as greeted us."

He put upon Bazaine the responsibility of the decree of October 3, 1865, that decree which required the execution of all Liberals caught with arms in their hands. Bazaine, he said, appeared before the Council of State and declared that decree to be a military necessity. Juarez was in Texas, although Juarez had always denied having been driven out of the country. On this point he was exceedingly sensitive, and because of the statement made by the Emperor that Juarez was no longer in the territory he professed to rule over as President, he, the Emperor, was clearly of the opinion that Juarez most heartily despised him.

Maximilian might have gone further and said to his hatred there had been added ferocity.

The Emperor held the Americans in high estimation. He said: "The Americans are a great people for improvements, and are great lovers of justice. They pay such respect to the laws that I admire them. And if God should spare my life, I intend to visit the United States and travel through them. You can always rely on the word of an American gentleman."

Efforts were made to bring the trial before the Mexican Congress, but it failed. The cruel Indian, Juarez, dared not trust any tribunal other than the court martial, one organized to convict, and one that would, therefore, be deaf, blind and unsparing.

On the morning of June 4th, Maximilian remarked gayly to one of his counsellors:

"We must hurry with business. I have been talking with Miramon. He has counted up the time and says that he thinks they will shoot us on Friday morning."

This was on Tuesday that he spoke so, and while under the impression that the lawyers he had sent for to the City of Mexico would not be permitted to come through the lines and defend him.

Still the lawyers did not come, and the Princess Salm Salm determined to go alone to look for them. She had a carriage but no horses, and an application was made to a Liberal General to furnish just two animals to take her to the nearest stage station.

The General replied that if he had a thousand to spare, he would not let one go for any such purpose. This kind of spirit prevailed, with here and there an exception, the entire army. In such spirit was the Court Martial selected, and in such spirit did Escobedo declare to Juarez that unless Maximilian was shot he could not hold his troops together.

In these early days of June some thoughts of escape presented themselves to the Emperor's mind, and a plan to save him had been agreed upon. A slippery Italian rascal, one Henry B. del Borgo, a Captain in the Liberal army, had received two thousand dollars from Maximilian to purchase six horses, saddles, equipments and pistols. Of this amount the Italian spent six hundred dollars in horses and accoutrements, which were to be ready at a designated spot on a certain night. The three prisoners were futhermore to be let out at the proper time, when a quick rush was to take place, and a desperate gallop for the mountains. Mejia knew all the country, the plan was a most feasible one, but to the surprise of every one, the Italian after divulging all the particulars of the plot, including his own actions was permitted to retire upon the balance of the money and take with him the compliments of Escobedo for the patriotism and ability he had manifested in thus finding out and exposing the schemes of the traitors.

After this betrayal on the part of the miserable little Italian, all the foreigners were ordered to leave Queretaro. Escobedo would make no exceptions. Maximilian's American counsel had to go with the rest, and all of the Austrian and Belgian officers and soldiers who were not to be tried for their lives immediately.

The Government of Mexico recognized Maximilian only as the Archduke of Austria, and his Generals, Miramon and Mejia, only as so-called Generals. As such the court martial proceeded to try them.—a court composed as follows: Lieutenant-Colonel Platon Sanchez, President; Captains Jose Vincente Ramirez, Emilio Lojero, Ignacio Jurado, Juan Rueday Auza, Jose Verastigui, and Lucas Villagran. It held its first session on the 27th day of May, 1867, and on the 14th of June, of the same year, at midnight, the three prisoners, Maximilian, Mejia, and Miramon, were sentenced to death. On the 16th, Escobedo telegraphed to Juarez as follows:

"CITIZEN PRESIDENT:

"The sentence which the Council of War pronounced on the 14th instant, has been confirmed at these headquarters, and to-day, at ten o'clock of the morning the prisoners were notified thereof, and at three o'clock this afternoon they will be shot.

"ESCOBEDO."

A petition, asking Maximilian's life, signed by his Mexican lawyers, Messrs. Mariane Riva Palacio and Rafael Martinez de la Torre, was peremptorily denied. Again they sought the President, and

begged at his hands a brief respite. Five days were granted, and an order sent by telegraph to Escobedo to stay the execution until the 19th.

Juarez had his headquarters during the trial at San Luis Potosi. Hither came Baron Von A. V. Magnus, the Prussian Minister near the Imperial Government of Mexico. He came to intercede in behalf of Maximilian, and to do all that was possible to be done in his behalf. He, too, visited Juarez, represented to him the uselessness of the sacrifice, pointed out the impossibility of any further foreign intervention in the future, and in the name of mercy, and for the sake of Christian charity and forgiveness, asked the life of Maximilian at the hands of the President of the Republic.

It was of no avail. As cold as the snow upon the summit of Popocatapetl was the heart of Juarez.

Baron Magnus abandoned the effort and went from San Luis to Queretaro. On the 15th news came that the Empress Carlota was dead. General Mejia was chosen to convey this information to the Emperor, which he did gently and delicately. Maximilian wept a little, went away alone for a few brief moments, and came back a king again. In his last hours he meant to be strong to every fate.

In the afternoon he wrote to Baron Largo, a member of his personal staff, and one who had been banished by General Escobedo on the 14th of March:

"I have just learned that my poor wife has died, and though the news affects my heart, yet, on the other hand and under the present circumstances, it is a consolation. I have but one wish on earth, and that is that my body may be buried next to that of my poor wife. I entrust you with this, as the representative of Austria. I ask you that my legal heirs will take the same care of those who surrounded me and my servants, as though the Empress and I had lived."

On the 18th Baron Magnus arrived in Queretaro, and immediately visited the Emperor. Still hoping against hope, he again put himself in communication with Juarez. Maximilian was to be shot on the 19th, and at midnight on the 18th Baron Magnus sent the following message:

"His Excellency Senor Lerdo de Tejada:

"Having reached Queretaro to-day, I am sure that the three persons condemned on the 14th died morally last Sunday, and that the world so estimates it, as they had made every disposition to die, and expected every instant, for an hour, to be carried to the place where they were to receive death, before it was possible to communicate to them the order suspending the act.

"The humane customs of our epoch do not permit that, after having suffered that horrible punishment, they should be made to die the second time to-morrow.

"In the name, then, of humanity and heaven, I conjure you to order their lives not to be taken; and I repeat to you again that I am sure that my Sovereign, his Majesty the King of Prussia, and all the monarchs of Europe united by the ties of blood with the imprisoned Prince, namely, his brother, the Emperor of Austria; his cousin, the Queen of the British Empire; his brother-in-law, the King of the Belgians, and his cousins, the Queen of Spain and the Kings of Italy and Sweden, will easily understand how to give His Excellency Senor Don Benito Juarez all the requisite securities that none of the three prisoners will ever return to walk on the Mexican Territory.

"A. V. MAGNUS."

To this appeal the present President of the Republic, then Juarez's Secretary of State, sent the following reply:

"SENOR BARON A. V. MAGNUS:

"I am pained to tell you, in answer to the telegram which you have been pleased to send to me to-night, that, as I declared to you day before yesterday, in this city, the President of the Republic does not believe it possible to grant the pardon of the Archduke Maximilian, through the gravest considerations of justice, and of the necessity of assuring peace to the Republic.

"SEBASTIAN LERDO DE TEJADA."

No hope. Maximilian knew and felt it from the first, and so he had long ago made up his mind to die. He made one more effort however, to save the lives of his companions. On the 18th, the day before his execution, he sent the following dispatch to the President:

"SENOR BENITO JUAREZ:

"I desire that you may preserve the lives of Don Miguel Miramon and Don Tomas Mejia, who day before yesterday suffered all the tortures and bitterness of death; and, as I manifested on being taken prisoner, I should be the only victim.

"MAXIMILIAN."

To this touching appeal there never came an answer. The sullen and savage Indian was losing caste in this contrast with the chivalrous and Christian European, and to escape further humiliation, he added to his cruelty the natural national characteristic of stoicism.

At about half past eleven o'clock on the night of the 18th, Escobedo visited Maximilian. The interview was very brief. He asked the Emperor for his photograph, which was given him, shook hands with him at parting, and strode away a guilty, swarthy, conscienceless murderer, not daring to look back upon the young, dauntless face, so fair and so fresh in its nobleness and beauty.

The Emperor next prepared himself for death. He took from his finger his marriage ring, and gave it to his physician, Dr. Samuel Basch, requesting him to carry it to the Archduchess his mother. *He still supposed* his wife to be dead, and God in His mercy let him *die so.*

There were yet some letters to write. The first was to Baron Largo:

"I have nothing to look for in this world; and my last wishes are limited to my mortal remains, which soon will be free from suffering and under the favor of those who outlive me. My physician, Dr. Basch, will have my body transported to Vera Cruz. Two servants, Gull and Tudas, will be the only ones who will accompany him. I have given orders that my body be carried to Vera Cruz without any pomp, and no extraordinary ceremony be made on board. I await death calmly, and I equally wish to enjoy calmness in the coffin. So arrange it, dear Baron, that Dr. Basch and my two servants be transported to Europe in one of the two war vessels.

"I wish to be buried by the side of my poor wife. If the report of the death of my poor wife has no foundation, my body should be deposited in some place until the Empress may meet me through death.

"Have the goodness to transmit the necessary orders to the Captain of the ship de Grœller. Have likewise the goodness to do all you can to have the widow of my faithful companion in arms, Miramon, go to Europe in one of the two war vessels. I rely the more upon this wish being complied with, inasmuch as I have recommended her to place herself under my mother at Vienna.

"Yours,

"MAXIMILIAN.

Queretaro, in the Prison of the Capuchinas, 18th of June, 1867.

The second letter was again to Juarez:

"QUERETARO, June 19, 1867.

"SENOR BENITO JUAREZ:

"About to receive death in consequence of having wished to prove whether new political institutions could succeed in putting an end to the bloody civil war, which has devastated for so many years this unfortunate country, I shall lose my life with pleasure if its sacrifice can contribute to the peace and prosperity of my new country. Fully persuaded that nothing solid can be founded on a soil drenched in blood and agitated by violent commotions, I conjure you, in the most solemn manner and with the true sincerity of the moments in which I find myself, that my blood may be the last to be spilt; that the same perseverance, which I was pleased to recognize and esteem in the midst of prosperity—that with which you have defended the cause which has just triumphed, may consecrate that blood to the most noble task of reconciling the minds of the people, and in founding in a stable and durable manner the peace and tranquility of this unfortunate country.

"MAXIMILIAN."

This was all. The morning broke fair and white in the sky, and at half past six three carriages drew up in front of the main gate of

the Convent of the Capuchinas. The bells rang in all the steeples, there were soldiers everywhere, and long lines of glittering steel that rose and fell in yet the soft, sweet hush of the morning.

Into the first carriage got Maximilian and Father Soria, a priest. The Emperor's dress was very plain. He wore a single-breasted black frock coat, with all the buttons buttoned except the last one, a black vest, neck-tie and pantaloons, plain cavalry boots and a wide-brimmed hat, or *sombrero*.

In the second carriage there came Miramon and his priest, in the third, Mejia and his. Then the solemn cortege started. In the extreme advance five cavalry rode, the one behind the other, with an interval between of twenty paces, and yet further in front of the five there rode a solitary Corporal. A company of infantry, eighty rank and file, came after the cavalry. Then followed the carriages, escorted by a battalion of sharpshooters, one-half of whom flanked each side of the road, marching parallel with the vehicles. A rear guard of 250 mounted men closed the mournful procession.

The sun arose and poured its unclouded rays over the city. All the people were in the streets. On the faces of the multitude there were evidences of genuine and unaffected sorrow. Some among the crowd lifted their hats as the victims passed along, some turned away their heads and wept, and some, even amid the soldiers and amid the hostile ranks of the Liberals, fell upon their knees and wept.

The place of surrender was to be the place of execution. Northwest of the city a mile or more, the Hill of the Bells, *El Cerro de las Campanas*, upreared itself. It was enclosed on three sides by six thousand soldiers of all arms, leaving the rear or uncovered side resting upon a wall.

It was half past 7 o'clock when the carriages halted at the place of execution. Maximilian was the first to alight. He stepped proudly down, took a handkerchief from his pocket and his hat from his head, and beckoned for one of his Mexican servants to approach.

The man came.

"Take these," the Emperor said. "They are all I have to give."

The faithful Indian took them, kissed them, cried over them, fell upon his knees a few moments in prayer to the good God for the good master, and arose a hero.

In front of the dead wall three crosses had been firmly imbedded in the ground. On each side was a placard bearing the name of the victims to be immolated there. That upon the right was where the Emperor was to be shot, that in the center was Miramon, that upon the left for the grim old stoic and fighter, Mejia.

Maximilian stroked down the luxuriant growth of his long yellow beard, as it was his constant habit to do, and walked firmly to his place.

The three men embraced each other three times. To Mejia he said:

"We will meet in heaven."

Mejia bowed, smiled, and laid his hand upon his heart.

To Miramon he said:

"Brave men are respected by sovereigns—permit me to give you the place of honor."

As he said this he took Miramon gently by the arm and led him to the center cross, embracing him as he left him for the last time.

Escobedo was not on the ground: An aide de-camp, however, brought permission for each of the victims to deliver a farewell address. The Emperor spoke briefly:

"Persons of my rank and birth are brought into the world either to insure the welfare of the people, or to die as martyrs. I did not come to Mexico from motives of ambition. I came at the earnest entreaty of those who desired the welfare of our country. Mexicans, I pray that my blood may be the last to be shed for our unhappy country, and may it insure the happiness of the nation. Mexicans! Long live Mexico!"

Mejia drew himself up as a soldier on duty, looked up once at the unclouded sky, and around upon all the fragrant and green-growing things, and bowed his head without speaking.

Miramon drew from his pocket a small piece of paper and read as follows:

"Mexicans! behold me, condemned by a Council of War, and condemned to death as a traitor. In these moments which do not belong to me, in which my life is already that of the Supreme Being, before the entire world I proclaim that I have never been a traitor to my country. I have defended my opinions, but my children will never be ashamed of their father. I have not the stain of treason, neither will it pass to my children. Mexicans! Long live Mexico! Long live the Emperor!"

When Miramon ceased reading, Maximilian placed his hand on his breast, threw up his head, and cried out in a singularly calm and penetrating voice, "Fire!"

Eighteen muskets were discharged as one musket. Mejia and Miramon died instantly. Four bullets struck the Emperor, three in the left and one in the right breast. Three of these bullets passed entirely through his body, coming out high up on the left shoulder, the other remained imbedded in the right lung. The Emperor fell a little sideways and upon his right side, exclaiming almost gently and sadly:

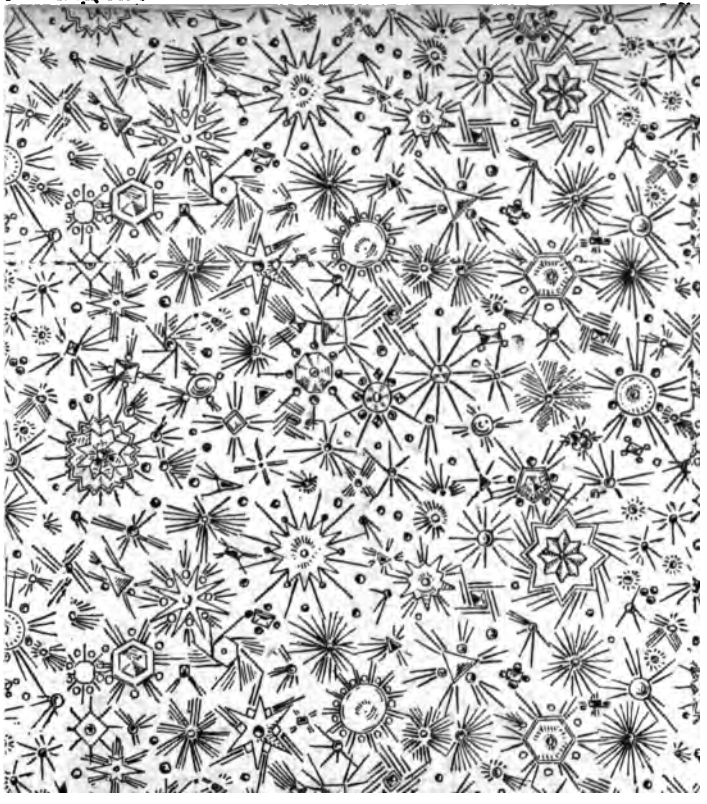
"Oh! *Hombre! Hombre!* Oh! man! Oh! man!"

He was not yet dead. A soldier went close up to him and fired into his stomach. The Emperor moved slightly as if still sensible to pain. Another came out from the firing party, and, putting the

muzzle of his musket close up to his breast, shot him fairly through the heart.

The tragedy was ended; Mexican vengeance was satisfied; the soul of the unfortunate prince was with its God, and until the judgment day the blood of one who was too young and too gentle to die, will cry out from the ground, even as the blood of Abel. Too generous to desert his comrades, too pure in heart to rule as he should have ruled, too confiding to keep a crown bestowed by a race bred to revolution, and too merciful in all the ways and walks of life to maintain fast hold upon a throne carved out from conquest and military power, he died as he had lived, imperial in manhood and heroic in the discharge of every duty.

THE END.



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